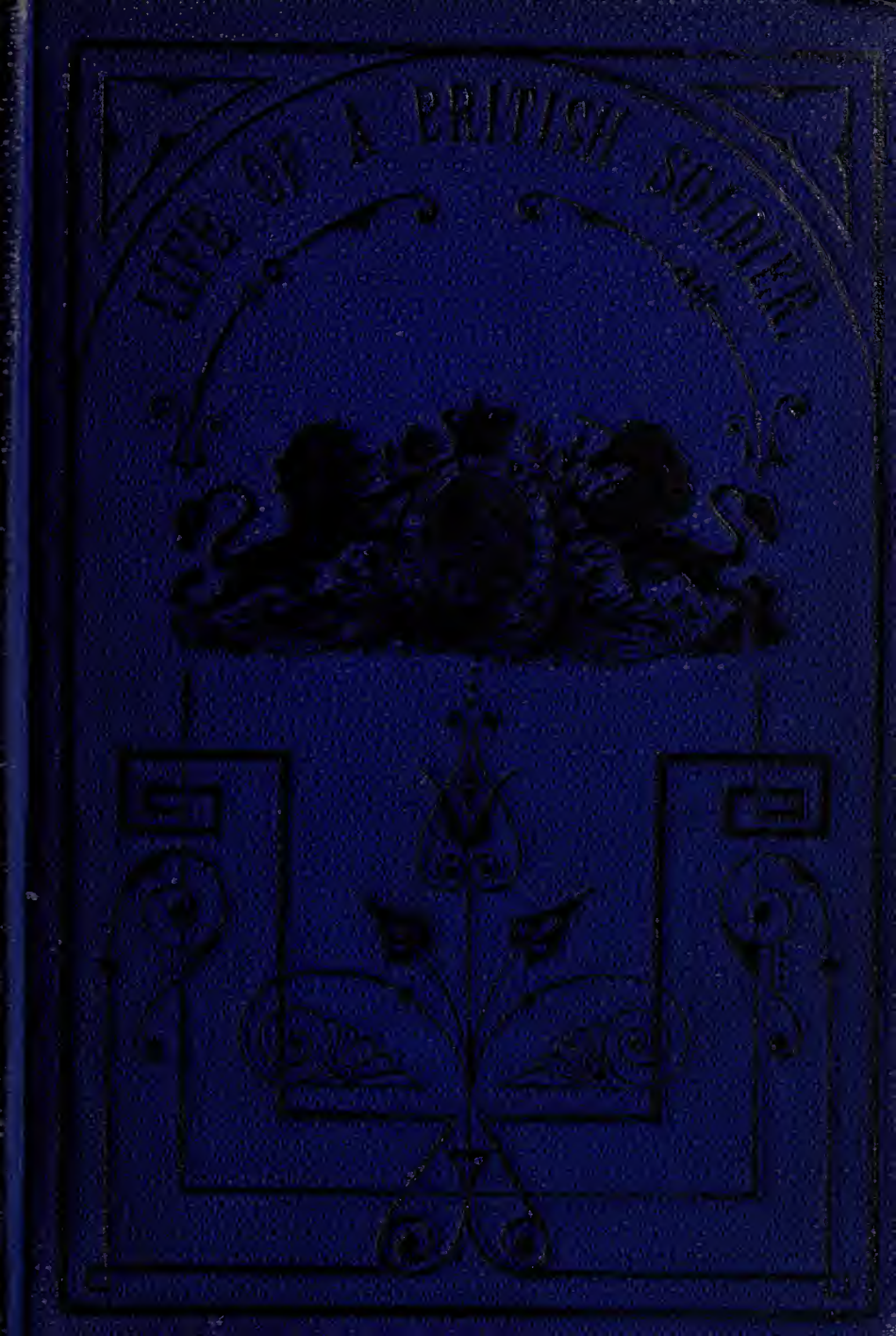
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IN THE LIFE OF

A BRITISH SOLDIER.

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Yours faithfully,

Thomas Faughnan.

STIRRING INCIDENTS

IN THE LIFE OF

A BRITISH SOLDIER

An Autobiography.

BY

THOMAS FAUGHNAN.

Late Colour-Sergeant 2nd Battalion 6th Royal Regiment.

"Faithful unto Death."

32nd Thousand Enlarged and Illustrated.

Picton, Ont.:
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS FAUGHNAN.
1891.

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HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

The Right Honourable The Marquis of Lorne,

K. T. G. C. M. G.,

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

THIS STORY

Of a British Soldier's Life

IS, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY HIS HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THOMAS FAUGHNAN.

509312

TESTIMONIALS TO THE WRITER.

EDINGBURGH CASTLE, *April 26th, 1868.*

I have great pleasure in stating that I have known Sergeant Thomas Faughnan for about nine years, and, during most of that period, he was Pay and Colour-Sergt. of my company. He was also Sergt.-Major of a Detachment of which I had command, and I cannot say too much in his favour, either as a soldier or a trustworthy person.

He always gave me the greatest satisfaction, in the position he was placed, both by his high sense of discipline, as well as his entire knowledge of drill, and he leaves the regiment with the respect of every one.

(Signed) JOHN E. TEWART,
Captain 2nd Batt. 6th Royal Regiment.

[TRUE COPY.]

Sergeant Faughnan was discharged from the 2nd Battalion 6th Foot, in Edinburgh, May, 1868, after twenty-one years' service, with an excellent character. I have pleasure in stating that I consider him a most honest, trustworthy, respectable man ; for many years he held positions of much responsibility.

(Signed) JOHN ELKINGTON,
Colonel Command'g 2nd Batt. 6th Royal Regiment

ALDERSHOT CAMP, *July 10th, 1868.*
[TRUE COPY.]

I have known Sergeant Thomas Faughnan, late Sergeant in the 2nd Battalion 6th Regiment for about ten years, during which time he served as Pay and Colour-Sergeant to a company, with great satisfaction to the Captains , also as Sergeant-Major to a Detachment, in which position, by his steady conduct and fair knowledge of drill, he commanded the respect of his superiors. He has since served as Mess and Wine Sergeant to the Battalion ; and has been sober and attentive to those duties. I can recommend him as a general useful Non-Commisioned Officer.

(Signed) HENRY KITCHENER,
Lieut. and Adjt. 2nd Battalion 6th Foot.

EDINBURGH CASTLE, *25, 4, '68.*
[TRUE COPY.]

I have known Sergeant Faughnan—now taking his discharge from the 6th Regiment, with a pension, after twenty-one years' service—since the year 1860, and have served with him in Gibraltar, the Ionian Islands, and the West Indies. Up to 1865 he was a Colour-Sergeant of the Regiment, and as such was very much respected. About the middle of the year he became Sergeant of the Officers' mess, in which position he remained up to the departure of the Regiment from Edinburgh, on the 22nd May, 1868. He was for about two years caterer of the said Mess, and in addition had charge of all wines, ale, &c. Thousands of pounds must have passed through his hands, for every portion of which he has had to account, and his remaining up to the last moment in the mess is a proof of his having done so most satisfactorily. I, myself, have a very high opinion of Sergeant Faughnan for his straightforwardness, honesty, sobriety, ability, and steady good-conduct. I am sure his loss will be much felt in the 6th Regiment.

(Signed) L. B. HOLE,
Capt. 2nd Batt. 6th Royal Regiment.

[TRUE COPY.]

HORSE GUARDS, WAR OFFICE, S. W., *29th August, 1879.*

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 10th instant, forwarding a book entitled "Life of a British Soldier," by Thomas Faughnan, late Colour-Sergeant 2nd Batt. 6th Foot, I am desired to acquaint you that the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief considers such a production very creditable to this non-commissioned officer, and has directed that it should be forwarded to the Director-General of Military Education, in order that if considered desirable, it may be added to the list of books for soldiers' libraries.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant.
M. F. DILLON,
Major-General.

[TRUE COPY.]

PREFACE.

IN laying the history of my life and travels before the public, I deem it right to state that I am past the middle age; this I feel compelled to mention, because it is my opinion that no man should write a history of himself until he has set foot upon the border land where the past and the future begin to blend. When the past has receded so far that he can behold it as in a picture, and his share in it as the history of a soldier who has fought for his Queen and country, and had many narrow escapes of death. But, thank God, I have been spared thus far to confess my faults, and my good deeds look miserably poor in my own eyes; indeed, I would no more claim a reward for them than expect a captain's commission.

The countries and incidents described in this work will be found, I trust, interesting to all classes of persons. The history of a soldier's life and travels is always an entertaining and instructive one. Many books on the lives of officers have been written by learned men, containing much information, and highly useful to the scholar, but they do not interest the mass of common readers.

Others, again, pass so rapidly from place to place, and are so general in their description, the reader gets but very imperfect ideas from reading them. These extremes the writer has endeavoured to avoid. It has been my object to select the most important events of my life, and to describe them in a plain and familiar style. I have not indulged in learned dissertations, my common, old fashioned Irish school education being too limited to give that classical finish to the work which a learned writer would have done. Indeed, it has not been my intention to write a book for the learned or critical, but to give to the public a volume written in a homely style by a non-commissioned officer, to instruct and interest the family and the common reader as well as my comrades. If, while dilating on the exploits of my comrades in arms, I have omitted to pay proper respect to gallant foes, it is because I know that history will supply the deficiency. Time will gild with glory a Trojan defence, fitly closed by a successful retreat across a burning bridge, under a heavy fire. But come along, dear reader, and try whether in my first chapter I cannot be a boy again, in such a way that my reader will gladly linger a little in the meadows of childhood, ere we pass to riper years and stirring battle-fields.

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STIRRING INCIDENTS

IN THE LIFE OF

A BRITISH SOLDIER.

CHAPTER I.

EDUCATION — MY SCHOOLMASTER — SCHOOL-HOUSE—MY FATHER — MOTHER—SISTERS—OUR HOUSE.

I HAVE for some time been trying to think how far back my memory could go; but, as far as I can judge, the earliest definite recollection I have is the discovery of how I played the truant, in stopping on the wayside playing pitch-and-toss, instead of going to school; and how I cut all the buttons off my jacket and trousers for the purpose of gambling with other boys. After losing all my buttons, I had to pin my jacket to my trousers. In Ireland, in those days, boys had to be content with gambling for buttons, instead of coppers, as now-a-days. I was late for school, and was rather remarkable, going in with my trousers and jacket fastened

together with pins. I remember well the master calling me over to him. Oh! I shall never forget his spiteful countenance, and how he showed his ivories. My heart beat fast. I thought I was very wicked, and fright made my heart jump to my mouth. I had to stand my trial. Master: "Well, boy, what kept you late for school?" Before I had time to answer: "How came the buttons off your clothes? Tell me straightforward, at once, who cut them off, and what became of them. Hold up your head and speak out." "I—I—I—cut them off, sir, to play with the boys, and they won my buttons." "Oh, ho! you have been gambling, have you? I will teach you to cut the buttons off your clothes to gamble, Go, stand in that corner until I am through with the class. Pat Cannon, take this knife, go out and cut a strong birch; this one I have is nearly worn out. I want a strong one for this youth."

While I was standing in the corner, one of the boys, or, as we used to call them, "gossoons," stole over to me and gave me a big shawl-pin, saying: "Stick this in the boy's neck who takes you on his back." I took the pin, as I was told, and nerved myself up for the occasion.

"Dan McLaughlin, take Thomas Faughnan on your back." I was brought up in due form. "Take off your jacket, and get on Dan McLaughlin's back."

No sooner had I got on his back, and before the master had time to administer the first stroke of the birch, than I sunk the big pin into the boy's neck. He shouted at the top of his voice, yelled as if he had been stabbed with

a knife, and fell over the other boys, causing a great commotion. In the uproar and confusion I made my escape out of the school, jacket in hand. The master stood in a state of amazement. It took him quite a while to restore order among the boys. I waited outside until the school came out, then went home with my comrades as if nothing had happened, and did not go to school again for three days. The master reported my absence. My father questioned me concerning my absence from school. I then told him the whole story, and as I was afraid of getting another flogging, he accompanied me to school next day.

It will be necessary here to describe the master and the school. The master had only one leg, and that was his right; he had lost his left while young by some means which I never heard of; he walked with a long crutch under his left arm, and a short one in his right hand. He trotted very fast, considering that he went on crutches. He was, in truth, a terror to dogs or animals which dared to cross his path on his way to or from the school, and could most wonderfully use the right-hand crutch, with great skill and alacrity, in his own defence.

The school was held in the chapel, which was a most peculiar edifice of ancient architectural design. Its shape was that of a triangle, each side of which formed a long hall, one for boys, the other for girls. There was a gallery at the extreme end of the girls' hall which the choir occupied during divine service. The structure was one story in height, and had a very high, slanting, thatched

roof, with narrow gables. The edge of the gables rose, not in a slope, but in a succession of notches, like stairs. Altogether it had an extraordinary look about it—a look of the time when men had to fight in order to have peace; to kill in order to live; every man's hand against his brother. The altar stood on the acute corner of the angle, facing the men's hall, with a railing around it. Under the altar was a small hole, sufficiently large for a boy to crawl in.

One day I had done something for which the master started to punish my back with the birch. He was laying it on pretty stiffly, and he had me in a tight place, when, in self-defence, I pulled the crutch from under him. He fell over, and I retreated into the hole under the altar. However, tracing me out, he started to dislodge me with his long crutch. For every thurst he gave me I gave him one in return, until I found he was too strong for me, when I made one drive at him, jumped out of my hiding-place, and left for home in a hurry that day.

Next day I expected a flogging, but I got off much easier than I had anticipated. Afterwards—how strange!—he took quite a liking to me; and eventually I became a great favourite of his. The number of pupils attending was over two hundred. The hall was supplied with fuel by a contribution of two turf from each scholar every morning, which he brought under his arm. Should a pupil neglect this tribute of fuel, by an arbitrary mandate from the old pedagogue, he was forced to suffer the penalty of his crime, by being debarred from the pleasure of ap-

proaching the fire, therefore he was obliged to sit shivering with cold at wheeling distance from the domestic luxury during the school hours.

The inspector being about to visit the school on his professional tour, the master, who was solicitous, to verify the progress made since the last examination, frequently advised the pupils individually on such questions as he thought most likely would be put by the examining officer. "Tommy, my boy," said he to me one day, "should the inspector ask you what shape is the earth, I will hold this snuff-box in my hand, which will remind you that the earth is round."

At the examination several questions were asked by the inspector. The boy next me was asked, "What shape is the earth." "Long, sir," was the answer. "How do you know that it is long," said the officer. "Because I was an hour coming to school this morning, sir, so I know it must be long." "You might be two hours walking to school," said he, "but that does not prove that the earth is long." "Next boy," said the inspector, "what shape is the earth." The master, through mistake took his square snuff-box which he always used on Sunday from his pocket, instead of the round one which he used on week-days, whereupon I made answer, "Square on Sunday, and round on week-days, sir." "Oh!" said the officer, "that's a curious freak of nature." "Why do you think so?" said he, "Because master's snuff-box is square on Sunday, and round on other days," said I, with a consciousness of pride at having answered the question so cleverly. This answer caused the

inspector to smile when he turned round and beheld the master's rubicund face crimson. Enough of my school history—it would spin out my narrative unnecessarily.

I shall only relate such occurrences as may be necessary to lead to those main events which properly constitute my eventful history. I remember my father, but not my mother. She died when I was yet a baby, and the woman I had been taught to call mother was only my stepmother. My father had married a second time, and now, our family consisted of my father, stepmother, two sisters and myself. Our house was of olden-time stone, grey and brown. It looked very grey and weather-beaten, yet there was a homely, comfortable appearance about it. A visitor's first step was into what would, in some parts, here be called "house place"—a room which served all the purposes of kitchen and dining-room. It rose to a fair height, with smoke-stained oaken ceiling above, and was floored with a home-made kind of cement, hard enough, and yet so worn that it required a good deal of local knowledge to avoid certain jars of the spine from sudden changes of level. My sisters kept the furniture very clean and shining especially the valued pewter on the dresser, of which we were very proud. The square table, with its spider-like accumulation of legs, stood under the window until meal times, when, like an animal aroused from its lair, it stretched those legs and assumed expanded, symmetrical shape in front of the fireplace in winter, and nearer the door in summer. Its memory recalls the occasion of my stepmother, with a hand at each end of it, searching fran-

tically for the level, poking for it with the creature's own legs before lifting the leaves, and then drawing out the hitherto supernumerary legs to support them, after which would come another fresh adjustment, another hustling to and fro, that the new feet likewise might have some chance to rest.

The walls of this room were always whitewashed in spring, occasioning ever a sharpened contrast with the dark brown oak ceiling. If that was ever swept, I never knew. I do not remember ever seeing it done. At all events, its colour remained unimpaired by hand or whitewash.

The old-fashioned fire-place, which occupied a most prominent place in the spacious apartment, stood out from the wall about three or four feet—my father's old arm-chair on one side, and my stepmother's spinning-wheel on the other. The beam which supported the base of this enormous sized chimney projected considerably over the fire-place towards the centre of the room. On the inside of this protuberance hung many branches of dried garden herbs for culinary purposes during the winter months, together with several dried plants of medicinal properties, such as feverfew, dandelion, camomile flowers, &c., as specifics to the many diseases to which the human frame is susceptible.

The outside of this ponderous, but most essential, adjunct of the superstructure, was garnished with articles for domestic purposes. From the ceiling hung a flitch of bacon, with a bronze coloured ham or two, during the

festive season. During the winter evenings many neighbours were wont to assemble around the hospitable, well-swept hearth and comfortable bright turf fire; the old people on one side talking politics and religion, or to sympathize and condole with each other over the harsh treatment perpetrated by some arbitrary land agent on some hard-working, poor, but honest tenant, who had been ejected from his home for non-payment of a rack-rent; while on the other side some antic wag amused the young folk, by some stories and anecdotes of Irish wit and humour, which caused much laughter and merriment. On the walls hung several quaint and curious articles, which attracted my attention particularly—most of them high above my head. Arranged between the old bookshelves were ancient family pictures and heirlooms, emblematic of patriotism, and many other articles of antique and Irish origin. I need not linger over these things. Their proper place is in the picture, with which I would save words and help understanding if I could, by presenting the gentle reader with one. But, unfortunately artists were not so numerous, nor yet so accomplished at that time as they are now-a-days.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

Dear Fiarna! loveliest village of the green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
The never-failing brook at Drumod Mill,
The parish church on John Nutley's hill.

There in the old thatched chapel, skilled to rule,
A one-legged master taught the parish school;
A learned man was he, but stern to view—
His crutch he often used, well the gossoons knew.

Well had the daring urchins learned to trace
His scowling countenance, his fierce grimace:
Yet they laughed with much delight and glee
At all his tales, for many a one had he.

In all my travels round this world so fair,
Of trials and marches I have had my share;
I still have hope my latter days to crown,
'Midst old friends at home to lay me down.

I trust and hope to visit home again,
And sell my book to every village swain;
Round the hearth a wondering crowd to draw,
While spinning yarns of what I heard and saw.

Men who a military life pursue,
Look forward to a home whence they flew;
I still have hopes my long eventful past,
Some day return, and stay at home at last.

CHAPTER II.

RIVER SHANNON—DERRY-CARNA—OUR FARM—MY SISTERS GET MARRIED—CAVE STILL-HOUSE—STILL AND WORM—PROCESS—INTERIOR—PAUDEEN'S STORY—REVENUE POLICE.

OUR residence was situated on a beautiful bay of the River Shannon, in the country of Leitrim. The month was July, and nothing could be more exhilarating than the gentle breezes which played over the green fields that were now radiant with the light which was flooded down upon them from the cloudless sun. Around them in every field, were the tokens of that pleasant labour from which the hope of an ample and abundant harvest always springs.

The bay was bounded on the west by a large wood, where many stately wide-spreading oaks and elms, interspersed with beech, spruce, and other coniferous trees, which had witnessed, perhaps the destructive march of insurgent bands, during the many rebellions and seditious movements which had laid waste the land for so many generations, and drove trade and commerce from our ill-fated country; now, threw out their gnarled limbs, to shelter and protect from the wintry blast

herds of wild deer, or other animals, and game of every description, with which these forests abound. In some places the trees were intermingled with copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as to partially intercept the scorching rays of the summer sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination fancies them as the path to yet wilder prospects of sylvan solitude. This natural picturesque scenery which partly circumscribed this bay, where numerous small boats glide swiftly through its tranquil water, which reflected from its crystal bosom the surrounding objects, or, the shimmering rays of a declining moon that struggled feebly in a western sky, reflecting a pillar of silvery light as it yields supremacy to the myriads of bright stars that twinkled in a clear blue sky. While the reverberation of dulcet sounds from the harp, or bagpipe, might be heard along the banks in the shades of evening, as small excursion parties in pleasure boats, enjoy the salubrious and exhilarating air, by a row on the placid waters. This acquisition afforded ample facility to the surrounding neighbourhood for fishing, boating and swimming during the summer and autumn seasons. Gentlemen from the surrounding counties were frequently invited to these favoured grounds by the owner, Francis Nesbitt, Esq., during the shooting and fishing season. Many a long day have I been out with them, coming home tired, weary and footsore in the evening, after traversing the woods all day with the sportsmen.

Yet those were the happiest days I have ever enjoyed during the whole of my eventful life.

My father and the hired man managed to sow and gather in the produce of the small but productive farm. My sisters and stepmother attended to the domestic duties. I, being the only son, was kept at school till about sixteen years old, after which I had to make myself useful around the house and farm.

About this time my eldest sister was married. Two years afterwards my other sister took unto herself a partner, for better, for worse ; but I fancy it was for the better ; however, I never heard from them but once since I left home.

After those events our family dwindled down to three, viz.: my father, stepmother, and myself. In the evenings, a few other boys and myself were wont to ramble from one neighbour's house to another alternately, for the purpose of hearing the old people tell fairy tales and ghost stories. We frequently visited the potheen still-house, when it was in operation, to see the men making and drinking whiskey, singing songs, and telling of wonderful adventures with gaugers, excisemen, and revenue police. This distillery was situated about two miles in a north-westerly direction from our residence. This part of the country was very rugged and wild, but picturesque. Although a portion of the same landscape, nothing could be more strikingly distinct in character and appearance than the position of those hills. Some composed of steep, barren rocks and deep chasms, while

others were undulating and clothed with verdure. They formed a splendid pasture-land for sheep. In approaching these hills, you struck into a "Borheen" or lane which conducted you to the front of a steep precipice of rocks about fifty feet high. In the northern cover of this ravine, there was an entrance to a subterraneous passage twenty feet long, which led to a large chamber or deep cave, having every convenience for a place of private distillation. Under the rocks which met over it was a kind of gothic arch, and a stream of water, just sufficient for the requisite purpose, fell in through a fissure from above, forming such a little cascade in the cavern as human design itself could scarcely have surpassed in perfect adaptation for the object of an illicit distiller. To this cave, then, we must take the liberty of transporting our gentle reader, in order to give him an opportunity of getting a peep at the inside of a potheen still-house.

In that end which constituted the termination of the cave, and fixed upon a large turf fire which burned within a circle of stones that supported it, was a tolerably sized still made of copper. The mouth of this still was enclosed by an air-tight cover, also of copper, called the head, from which a tube of the same metal projected into a large condenser that was kept always filled with cold water, by an incessant stream from the cascade I have already described, which always ran into and overflowed it. The arm of this head was made air-tight, fitting into a spiral tube of copper, called the worm, which rested in the water of the cooler; and as it consisted of several twists like a cork-

screw, its effect was to condense the hot vapour which was transmitted to it from the glowing still into that description of alcohol known as potheen whiskey, or "mountain dew." At the bottom of the cooler the worm terminated in a small cock, from which the spirits passed in a slender stream about the thickness of a pipe-stem into a vessel placed for its reception. Such was the position of the still, head, and worm, when in full operation. Fixed about the cave, upon wooden benches, were the usual requisites for the various processes through which it was necessary to put the malt before the wort, which is the first liquid shape, was fermented, cleared and passed into the still to be singled; for our readers must know that distillation is a double process, the first produce being called singlings, and the second or last doublings—which is the perfect liquor. Sacks of malt, empty barrels, piles of turf, heaps of grain, tubs of wash, kegs of whiskey, were lying about in all directions; together with pots, pans, wooden-trenchers, and dishes for culinary use. On entering, your nose was assailed by such a fume of warm grains, sour barm, and strong whiskey, as required considerable fortitude to bear without very unequivocal tokens of disgust. Seated around the fire were a party of shebeen men and three or four publicans, who came on professional business. Many questions political and social were propounded and debated while the soul-stirring horn goblet passed round, pledging their fidelity to each other and the cause of illicit distillation. The gauger, revenue police, and informer were depicted and denounced as traitors and

enemies to their cause and country. Land-agents and middle-men were ridiculed and stigmatized with the appellation of blood-sucking hirelings.

"Comrades," said Paudeen Rougha, smacking his lips, after drinking healths apiece to his chums and confusion to their enemies, one evening as they sat around the fire with the still in full blast on the turf-fire, "did ye hear the news?"

"Musha no agra," answered Pete McQuirk, "another gauger kilt, maybe, presarve the hearers."

"No in troth," said Paudeen, "but that upstart, Nick Hogan of Clunathuskin, has been appointed gauger, vice Jim Nulty, who wor found dhrounded in Jerry McGooldrick's bog-hole, shure the Coroner's jury brought a verdict of found dhrounded, d'ye persave?"

"Och! hone! then Pat agra, for the sake of poor Jerry, is it the thruth yer spakin'," queried Pete, "shure I'm so anxious regardin' Jerry an' his ould mother, ye think there's no suspicion av foul play, Pat asthore machree."

"Och! divil a taste," replied Paudeen, "who can tell but that he fell in accidently himself, and I'll be yer bail there's no informer acquainted wid Jerry's little secret d'ye persave."

"Well," said Pete, "that makes me aisy in me mind regardin' Jerry any how, what would his ould mother do if anything happened him? But," continued Pete, "he shouldn't have drounded the ould gauger all out, shure a good duckin' would have been plenty for him. 'Shure it wor better to deal with the divil ye know than the divil

you don't know.' Who knows what sort av Sassenach this newfangled gauger 'll make any how."

"Faith," said Paudeen, "af he follows in his father's footsteps we can't expect much from him; for his father had to fly the counthry through shame and disgrace in regard av a thrick played an him by Shamus the highwayman."

"Arrah musha Paudeen," said Pete, "tell us about that same, shure it'll shorten the night.

"Well, aisy awhile, comrades," said Paudeen, "an I'll be after doin' that same. But, afore I start wid the story pass round the horn till I wet my whistle."

"All right me boy, here's a gollogue, dhrink this dhrop of the real Innishone, look at the bade that's on it," was the response.

After gulping down the contents of the goblet, and wiping his lips with the cuff of his coat, Paudeen moved his stool away from the fire, with his back to the wall and commenced.

"Well, ye all knew ould Squire Hogan, who sould out all his property 'cept the homestead which he left to his hopeful son Nick, and fled the counthry no one knows where."

"Yes, yes, Paudeen, go on," was the answer.

"Well, af ye do, well an' good," said Paudeen. "Ould Billy O'Leary (whom ye all know was a little gone in the upper story, wor a poor, but honest man, rest his soul, he's now dead an' gone), rented a small houldin' from the Squire. Well, af he did well an' good. Afther he had

seeded down his own small farm, the Squire gave him employment round the big house, in ordher to enable him to pay the rent by an odd day's work, d'ye persave. His son, young Shamus (now the terror of the hills) had the run av the big house on account av his father workin' there. But that wouldn't satisfy the young scapegrace, but he must steal the ould Squire's silver spoons. At last, afther many valuable articles had been missed, a trap wor laid to catch the thief. When young Shamus wor caught in the act av stealin' a silver spoon which wor found in his pocket as he wor leavin' the house, the Squire would have the thief transported, only for his poor father who begged him off, on conditions that he would bind him to a thrade where he'd be kept under the eye av his masther.

"'What thrade'll I send him to larn, yer honour,' said Billy.

"'Oh!' replied the Squire, wid a grin, 'I think a highwayman would suit him best.'

"'Very well, yer honour,' replied Billy, as innocent as ye plase.

"Next morning the ould man, accompanied by his son started off in search of a masther. They had not gone far before they met a respectably dressed gentleman.

"'Where are ye goin' with the "gossoon,"' queried the stranger?

"'Och! yer honour,' replied Billy, 'I'm in search av a masther that I may bind me son to a thrade."

"'What thrade d'ye wish him to larn?"

"'Faith, to a highwayman, to be sure, cordin' to the Squire's ordhers.' replied Billy.

"'Well, I'm your man then,' said the stranger, 'I can tache him that purfession, I'll warrant ye.'

"'All right yer honour,' said Billy, 'Shure it's lucky that I am to meet sich a gintleman as yerself.' Shamus wor there an' then bound an' handed over to the stranger by the innocent parent, who returned home satisfied that he had done his duty towards his offspring.

"'Well, Billy,' said the Squire next morning, 'What have you done with your son?'

"'Oh! bedad, what ye tould me, yer honour.'

"'What! bind him to a highwayman?'

"'Yes, in throth yer honour,' said Billy, 'Shure it's lucky enough I wor in meetin' a dacent gintleman as I crassed the mountain, who said he could tache him that same thrade.'

"'It's to be hoped he will, an' stick to him too,' chuckled the Squire with a broad grin, as he turned on his heels an' walked off well pleased at havin' Shamus banished (as he thought) for ever. Two years rouled on an' nothin' wor heard av the young apprentice. Durin' the interval, however, Shamus waxed strong and became a proficient in his profession, under the able instruction of the ould boy himself and his accomplices. One night the robbers went to rob the ould Squire's house. They lowered Shamus down the chimney in a sack by a rope, with instructions to collect all silver plate, money and valuables he could lay his hands on and

pack them in a sack. This Shamus cleverly accomplished, when the robbers drew up the sack, and hearing a noise among the inmates, fled in great haste with the booty, leavin' behind the young apprentice, who findin' that his accomplices had decamped an' left him in the lurch, turned his past experience to his profit by searchin' round the kitchen, an' findin' the hide of a young steer which had been killed the day before, wrapped it around him with the horns stickin' up, an' a broomstick in his hand to personify one of the spirits from the lower regions. He then rattled round with the broomstick among the pots, kettles and crockery, makin' an unearthly uproar in the dead of the night, howlin' like a demon the while, which greatly alarmed the household, who thought the house was haunted. Jack, the coachman, more valiant than any of the other domestics, mustered courage enough to step forward, an' makin' the sign av the cross, questioned the apparition by askin', 'What is there troublin' ye on this earth?' Shamus, who was a ventriloquist, answered in a sepulchral tone:

"'I'll destroy this house an' all the people therein, if ye don't let me out afore the high hour of twelve.' This alarmed the ould Squire, who, accompanied by Jack the coachman, with fear and tremblin' tottered to the door, an' managed to unlock it, when the spectre tore out the door with a horrible noise, tossin' the furniture an' utinsils about with the horns, as he made his exit. He then made his way to the robbers' cave. Bein' well acquainted with the intricacies of the route, he soon accomplished

the tortuous journey, an' approached cautiously to the small window in the rock, where he peeped in an' beheld his accomplices sittin' at a table countin' an' dividin' the spoil, when he wrapped the hide (which he still retained) around him, an' shoved his head an' horns in through the window, howlin' demoniac ejaculations, as of some evil genii who had overtaken the highwaymen in the midst of their villany. The robbers on seein' the horns protrude through the window, an' hearin' the unearthly bellowin', thought some messenger from the infernal regions had come to seize them, started for the door in a terrible fright, an' ran off leavin' all the stolen property behind. Shamus then entered the cave, packed all the booty in sacks, which he placed on two of the horses' backs, mounted the third himself, leadin' the others after him, rode home to his father's house, where he stowed away the stolen treasure, an' put the horses in the stable. He wasn't many days at home when the Squire heard of his return, an' sent for the ould man.

"'What brought yer son home, Billy?' said he. 'Has he ran away from his masther—eh?'

"'No, in troth yer honour; but he has larned his thrade entirely, he tells me.'

"Oh! he has, eh; well, we shall see.' was the rejoinder. 'Tell him unless he can steal the horses from before the plough to-morrow, while workin' in the field, I shall not be convinced that he has not ran away from his master before he became proficient in his callin', and that I'll have him transported.'

"Billy returned to his cabin with tears in his eyes, an' informed the son of what the Squire had said.

"'All right, father,' was the answer, 'ye needn't be afraid; if I couldn't perform that task I'd be a poor highwayman.'

"This answer gave the old man great confidence in his hopeful son.

"Next morning Shamus, by some means best known to himself, secured two young rabbits, which he secreted in a bag. Then he proceeded to some shrubs adjoinin' the field where the men were ploughin', concealin' himself among the bushes. As the men approached the end of the field, he let go one rabbit, which the ploughman at once detected, an' gave chase. 'Come along, Dick,' exclaimed one of the men, 'I always thought the place was alive with rabbits.'

"Shamus then let go another, which confirmed their apprehension. Away they ran after the rabbits through the thick of the wood. In the meantime Shamus unhitched the team from the plough, jumped on one, an' rode off in haste towards his father's house, where he concealed the horses. The ploughmen, not findin' any more game, returned to their plough, but the horses were gone. This alarmed them greatly. Their surmises as to what became of their team were futile. So they fell back on the farm-yard, at the gate of which they met the old Squire.

"'What's the matther, boys?' said the latter, seein' the labourers so excited.

"'Bedad, your honour, there's enough the matter,' was the rejoinder. 'Shure enough, we've lost our team, some thafe has bin an' gone an' stole them while we gave chase to this pair av rabbits, which, ye see, we have captured intirely.'

"'Oh, ye go rabbit-catchin' instead of attendin' to yer business? Ye had better go and find your horses at once,' said the Squire, walking off in a great rage, mutterin' some hard words about that villain Shamus. 'Billy,' said he to the old man, whom he met in the yard, 'I see that your hopeful son has stolen the horses clever enough. But that does not prove that he is an accomplished thief. Tell him from me that unless he can steal the Steed of Bells, over which two men, with loaded revolvers in their hands, keep guard in the stable durin' the night, I shall have him transported."

"The ould man went home with a sad heart, an' delivered the Squire's message to his son.'

"'Oh, father,' said he, 'is that all. Don't be the laste alarmed; I can asily perform that task.'

"During the day Shamus possessed himself av a couple av bottles av rale ould potheen, which he carried in his overcoat pockets, an' repaired to the Squire's yard about twelve o'clock that night. Takin' up his position on the heap of manure outside the stable window, where he gave a lucid demonstration of being blind dhrunk.

"The two men on guard over the steed, hearin' the noise went out, an' findin' a man apparently dhrunk with two bottles av potheen in his pockets, naturally enough carried

him into the stable out av the cowld. Stretchin' him on some straw they helped themselves to the whiskey. Before they had one bottle finished, they were stretched full length on the floor; where their nasal organs belched forth such inharmonious sounds as to indicate very perceptibly that their owners were in the land av dhrames. Shamus then tied their hands an' feet, walked the steed out quietly, jumped on his back an' rode hastily to his father's house, where he secured the steed undher lock an' key. Next mornin' the Squire demanded from the two men an account of their vigilance; an' hearin' that they had slept on their post while the steed was stolen, discharged them from his service.

"'Billy,' said he to the ould man, who was employed clearin' up the yard, I see that your son has stolen the 'Steed of Bells' in a professional manner, but that does not quite satisfy me that he is a thoroughly accomplished thief. Unless he can steal the sheets from off my bed to-night, an' I between them, with two loaded revolvers beside me on the table, an' a lamp burnin' in my room all night, I shall have him transported. But if he accomplishes this theft I shall forgive him all his villany.' The ould man, in despair, went home an' informed his son of the trial of skill imposed by the Squire before he should be forgiven, Whereupon Shamus made answer. Well, I'm thinkin that the ould Squire is determined to put an end to me himself at long run be hook or be crook. But don't be a bit scared, dad.' Durin' the day Shamus had concocted his plans, an' made preparations for the comin' event, in which

he was to be the principal actor. Havin' learned that a young man had been buried the previous day, he proceeded to the cemetery in order to exhume the body. On nearin' the gate he dismounted an' tied his horse in a shady nook, he then advanced cautiously in search of the newly made grave. As he approached it, he heard a noise an' saw two men movin' about; when he took post behind a tombstone an' watched their movements. He saw them open the grave an' lift the corpse, which they dumped into a sack. It then struck him that they were medical students, who wanted a subject for dissection. When he set up behind the tombstone a horrible sepulchral noise, which struck terror into the body-snatchers, who dropped the corpse which they wor crrryin' away an' ran off as if the ould boy himself wor afther them. Shamus then placed the corpse on his horse, mounted an' rode home, where he dressed the body in a suit av his own clothes, Then he proceeded to the Squire's house in the dead of night, with the corpse on his back, mounted to the top of the house by means of a ladder placed there as a fire escape; an' lowered the corpse down the chimney by means av a rope with a slip-knot. The Squire hearin' the noise in the chimney, made sure that Shamus had selected that stratagem to gain access to his room, for the purpose of carryin' off the sheets. He jumped up in the bed an' said to his wife, as he seized an' cocked the revolver, 'I've got the young villain in my power at last, an' will put a stop to his thavin', I'll warrant ye.' There he sat, with the seven-shooter cocked, waitin' for

Shamus to make his appearance. He had not long to wait, for Shamus anticipatin' his intentions, let the corpse down suddenly, when bang went the revolver, an' down fell the body of the supposed thafe. The Squire believin' that he had shot Shamus, took the corpse on his back an' started off to bury it in the corner of a field. He was accompanied by his wife who led the way wid a dark lanthern in her hand. As they proceeded to inter the body they were observed an' watched by two still-hunthers, who wor in sarch av an illicit still, of which they had information was in active operation on that same night. They saw the ould Squire dump the body into the grave which it seems he had previously prepared; while his betther-half threw light on the subject by her presence, an' the glimmer from the dark lanthern which she held in her hand; when the peelers pounced upon them an' carried the pair off without ceremony to the lock-up, where they had to snivel in a cold cell until mornin'. This incident brought the Squire an' his wife into untold disgrace. They wor tried for the murdher av the unknown young man; but, ye know the ould sayin', 'what's the use av goin' to law wid the divil, when the court is held in———' ye know where. But anyhow, through some lack av evidence an' the influence brought to bear on the judge an' jury in their behalf by some of the Squire's ould pals, the pair got off scot free, but had to fly the counthry through shame, lavin' the homestead to their hopeful son, whom I have already tould ye wor appointed gauger in the place av ould Jim Nulty, who wor found dhrounded in a bog hole; oh, divil a lie in it.

"Afther the Squire an' his wife started off for to inter the body, Shamus entered the house an' made his way to the ould Squire's bedroom, divested the bed av the sheets, helped himself to a gallogue or two av the Squire's best potheen, which he found in a bottle on the table by the bedside. He then left the house, mounted his horse, which he had secured in a convenient place, an' rode to his father's cabin. Next mornin' on hearin' that the Squire an' his betther half wor caught by the peelers, while in the act av burying the corpse, an' knowin full well that he would be involved in the tragedy, he fled to the mountains where he took refuge like a fox from that day to this in some den or unknown cave where the peelers could never unearth him. Reward afther reward has bin offered time an' agin for his capture, or such information as would lead to his arrest. But no mortal man can ever find out his hidin' place. Though a terror to the fat graziers, an' great nobleman or agents who may cross his path unaccompanied by a posse of peelers, yet Shamus is well loiked by the destitute of the neighbourhood, for he robs the rich an' helps the poor. Many a distressed widow an' orphan he has relieved by his liberality, an' many a rich man he has victimized between here an' Chlunathuskin, divil a lie in it." Paudeen stood up, buttoned his coat preparatory to going home as he had finished the story.

"Well now Paudeen," said Pete, as he filled the horn goblet from a faucet close to his elbow, after the story was ended and handed it to Paudeen, "that wor a fine story entoirely, and wel. tould, be me soul I think ye must be

dhry, just be afther wettin' yer whistle wid this weeney dhrop afore ye sthart for home, sure it'll keep out the could an' shorten the journey."

Paudeen took the horn with a "thankee Pete," and tossed of its contents, wiped his mouth with the cuff of his coat, pulled his caubeen over his ears, and bid the company good-night.

"Aisy a while, Paudeen," said Pete, with a knowing wink handing him a black bottle, "take this home wid ye, sure a dhrop av the blessed spirits is lucky to have about ye, such a could dark night as this, take it gra sure I know in the mornin' ye'll be afther wantin' a hair from the dog that bit ye, d'ye mind."

"Musha then, now Pete," said Paudeen, with a broad grin, as he took the proffered bottle and placed it carefully in his big frieze coat pocket, which he buttoned up, "faith kind father an' mother for ye to be good natured, sure 'tis they who never sent anyone from their house dhry an' hungry or empty handed, rest their souls."

"Paudeen," said one of the other shebeen-men, "'udn't ye be afther waitin' fur betther company nar yerself, sure we'll be wid ye as far as the cross-roads anyhow."

"Betther company nar meself, did ye say ? faith I'm thinkin' av the peelers meets ye wid them kegs of potheen on yer backs ye won't be considered very good company for any dacent man in the mornin'. So fur feer I'ud be reckoned as one av the gang, I'ud prefur goin' alone be meself, d'ye persave. Good night comrades," said Paudeen as he made his exit.

Pete then filled the publicans' kegs with potheen, placed them in creels, which were then filled up with dry turf, as a blind for the peelers, helped to place the creels on his customers' backs and pocketed the price of his whiskey. The shebeen men then departed with their stock in trade on their backs, and proceeded to their respective shebeen houses, where they vended the soul-stirring element, at a profitable remuneration, to their numerous thirsty customers. The above is a specimen, and one of the many stories told during the winter evenings by the men who frequent these places.

In order to evade the vigilance of the "Revenue Police" or, as they were called, "Still Hunters," the smoke, which passed through a hole in the roof, came up in a pasture-field. On the top of this hole was fitted a wide flag, made to shift at will. On the top of this flag was kept a turf fire, in charge of a boy who herded sheep and goats. When the boy saw the police advancing towards the fire, he would shift the flag over the hole. The police frequently came, lit their pipes, then walked off, and suspected nothing. The boy then shifted back the flag in order to let the smoke escape. In this way the speculator escaped detection.

Several illicit stills flourished in this part of the country, which I frequently visited during the winter evenings. I often accompanied parties who went there for the purpose of purchasing whiskey during the festive seasons, or when a dance or a marriage was about to take place. Whiskey was sure to be the most plentiful bever-

age on these occasions, and the parties interested always endeavoured to secure a plentiful supply of the needful to enliven their guests, and keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down. The boys and girls always expected a big time for fun and frolic. These occasions were therefore looked forward to as a kind of pleasurable occurrence to the rising generation, than which I thought could not be equalled in any country in the world.

Oh! how silly young people are, and how easily led away by the allurements of gay pleasures from the paths of rectitude, which would eventually guide them on the straight road to honour, wealth, fame and glory. But it is needless in thus describing the customs and habits of the peasants, as it would take up too much space, and defeat my object in laying the history of my life and travels before my readers.

CHAPTER III.

ADVANCED SCHOOL—STATE OF THE COUNTRY—EMIGRATION—CAUSE OF POVERTY—IRISH LANDLORDS—POTATO CROP—DISHONEST AGENTS—ELECTION—POLITICS—I ENLIST—THE RECRUITING SERGEANT—MY NATIVE LAND.

ABOUT the time this chapter opens I had been removed from the country school (which has been already described in the first chapter), and sent to a much more advanced and better school in the town of Dromod, County Leitrim. I continued at this school about four years, during which time I waxed strong in mind, strength and learning.

In the meantime the state of the country gradually assumed a worse and more depressing character. Indeed, at this period of my narrative, the position of Ireland was very gloomy. Situated as the country was, emigration went forward on an extensive scale—emigration, too, of that particular description which every day enfeebles and empoverishes the country by depriving her of all that approaches to anything like a comfortable and independent yeomanry. This, indeed, is a kind of depletion, which no country can bear long; and, as it is, at the moment

I write this, progressing at a rate beyond all precedent, it will not, I trust, be altogether uninteresting to enquire into some of the causes that have occasioned it. Of course, the principal cause of emigration is the poverty and the depressed state of the country, wages often being as low as eight-pence a day, and it follows naturally that whatever occasions our poverty will necessarily occasion emigration. The first cause of our poverty then is "absenteeism." I mean the landlords, who draw over six million pounds stg., from their poor but hard-working and honest tenants; then spend it in London, or on the continent of Europe, or other foreign countries, rather than in their own, thereby depriving our people of employment and means of life to that amount. The next is the general inattention of Irish landlords to the state and condition of their property, and an inexcusable want of sympathy with their tenantry, which indeed, is only a corollary from the former, for it can hardly be expected that those who wilfully neglect themselves will feel a warm interest in others. Political corruption, in the shape of the forty shilling franchise, was another cause, and one of the very worst, which led to the prostration of the country by poverty and moral degradation, and for this proprietors of the land were solely responsible. Nor can the loss of the potato crop, as the staple food of the labouring classes, in connection with the truck or credit system, and the consequent absence of money payments —in addition to the necessary ignorance of domestic and social comforts that resulted—be left out of this wretched

catalogue of our grievances. Another cause of emigration is to be found in the high and exorbitant rents at which land is held by all classes of farmers—with some exceptions, such as in the cases of old leases—but especially by those who hold under middlemen, or on the principle of subletting generally. By this system a vast deal of distress and petty but most harassing oppression is every day in active operation, which the head landlord can never know, and for which he is in no other way responsible than by want of knowledge of his estates.

There are still causes, however, which too frequently drive the independent farmer out of the country. In too many cases it happens that the rapacity and dishonesty of the agent, countenanced or stimulated by the necessities and reckless extravagance of the landlord, fall like some unwholesome blight upon that enterprise and industry which would ultimately, if properly encouraged, make the country prosperous, and her landed proprietors independent men. I allude to the nefarious and monstrous custom of ejecting tenants who have made improvements, or, when permitted to remain, make them pay for the improvements which they themselves have made.

A vast proportion of this crying and oppressive evil must be laid directly to the charge of those who fill the responsible situation of landlords and agents to the property in Ireland, than whom in general there does not exist a more unscrupulous, oppressive, arrogant, and dishonest class of men. Exceptions, of course, there are, and many, but speaking of them as a body, I unhappily assert

nothing but what the conditions of property, and of those who live upon it, do at this moment and have for many years testified.

I have already stated that there was a partial failure in the potato crop that season, a circumstance which ever is the forerunner of famine and sickness. The failure, however, on that occasion, was not alone caused by a blight in the stalks, but large portions of the seed failed to grow. In addition, however, to all I have already detailed as affecting the neighbourhood or, rather, the parish of Anaduff, I have to inform my gentle reader that the country was soon about to have a contested election.

Viscount Clement and Samuel White, Esq., were the opposing candidates. The former had been a convert to Liberalism, and the latter a sturdy Conservative, a good deal bigoted in politics, but possessing that rare and inestimable quality which constitutes an honest man. It was a hard contested election. The electors throughout the country were driven to the town on side-cars, escorted by police. The excitement was fearful. However, the people's candidate (Mr. White) gained the election. There was a large amount of whiskey drank during this election, and as a consequence there was plenty of fighting.

About this time there was great excitement among the young people, consequent on the encouragement of emigration to America and Canada. Many young men and maidens embraced the favourable opportunity of emigrating from the neighbourhood in which I lived. But, some-

how, I could never entertain the idea of emigrating, although I had very frequently heard many most favourable reports from both countries. I decided, instead, that I would prefer to join the army, and fight for the honour and glory of my Queen and country.

I had frequently seen splendid, tall, well proportioned, brave looking soldiers, gaily dressed, marching past our house, with their band in front of the regiment, discoursing sweet music, which thrilled my soul with a feeling of enchantment. I invariably accompanied them for several miles, keeping step with the men, who marched to the time of the music. I was so infatuated with the music, the noble bearing and martial appearance of the officers and men, that I could scarcely resist the temptation of following them all day. I then made up my mind to enlist for a soldier. With this intention I went to the fair of Mohill, on the 8th of May, 1847.

On arriving at the principal street of the town, my attention was directed to a crowd collected around a recruiting party—a tall sergeant of most prepossessing appearance, gaily-dressed in the scarlet uniform of the Grenadiers. From his neat, jaunty little forage cap, which sat on three hairs, a bunch of gay coloured ribbons floated in the air, and his slung, brass-mounted, polished sword dangled against his heels. The corporal and privates also were tall and well proportioned young fellows and dressed like the sergeant, only not quite so expensively. Proudly did they march through the streets, gay and independent as the Roman warriors of old. The gallant sergeant with

his penetrating eye and determined countenance, softened with a cheerful look and pleasant smile, winning admiration as he glanced upwards at the windows filled with handsome young maidens and children, who looked on from their elevated position in wonder and amazement at the noble specimens of the British army.

"Halt!" cried the sergeant in a commanding tone, which instinctively brought the party to a stand-still in the middle of the street, where the sergeant gave a vivid picture of military life, of its good pay, splendid uniforms, first class rations, and noble pension on discharge. When speaking of campaigns, battle-fields, long marches, the forlorn hope, and the hard vicissitudes of military life, he declaimed like one who knew something of the terrible drama of war and all its horrors, in which soldiers are the principal actors. "I want able-bodied men," continued the sergeant, "of fine limb and martial aspect, from five feet eight upwards, and not over thirty years of age; with good characters, and free from any disease, blemish, or impediment; fit to work at a fortress, throw up trenches, haul big guns into position, with courage enough to mount the scaling ladders, or charge through a breach or embrasure when storming a fort or citadel, fight single handed with the Indians, capture the sword of the Czar or, the Great Mogul, himself, when called on to do so. I want no lubbers, mind, but gallant fellows with strength, heroic minds and endurance, ready to volunteer for the greatest danger, or go anywhere, to freeze to death in Siberia, or to simmer on the burn-

ing sands of Arabia." Then followed an oration about glory, blood-money, prize-money and beer-money; medals and commissions, which was wound up with an exciting invitation to all the young fellows around to join him.

"Now boys who'll enlist for this and a great deal more. You'll get double pay, double clothing, tools for nothing, superior bedding of long feathers, and three square meals a day, two holidays a week, a pair of trousers and ammunitions a year.

"You'll be taught everything in the army, and made as straight as a tent pole. The humps will be taken off your backs by a pair of loaded clubs, which you'll swing for an hour every morning before breakfast, in order to sharpen your appetite for the enjoyment of that luxurious meal. You'll be taught to turn properly on your heels and toes, and to stand as stiff as starch. You'll be taught the march of intellect, and several other useful steps. The goose step, the balance step, the front step, the back step, the side step, the closing step, the long step, and the short step, the quick step and the slow step, the running step, and the jumping-step, to step before the commanding officer if you misbehave, and from there to step into the black-hole if you don't act as becometh a soldier and a gentleman. Now boys, I am ready to enlist as many as like on the conditions specified, and treat you as gentlemen. There is no compulsion, mind, you must all be free and willing. Remember that the corps I am enlisting for are among the bravest and most honourable in the Service, with the best officers in the

British Army. I have H. M. commission to enlist for the 17th Regiment 'Royal Bengal Tigers' commonly called 'Lily Whites,' the 6th Enniskillen Dragoons and the 33rd, the 'Iron Duke's' old regiment, which distinguished itself in Holland while commanded by then Colonel Wellesley and General Dundas. Now gentlemen, select your choice corps. For young fellows who can do nothing better, it is a noble profession, it creates ambition, gives occasion for distinction, and leads through duty and valour to promotion and honour. Heroes are not found among peasants, but in the army rustics may achieve fame. For such young men as you, the service is the proper place, where you can make a fortune in a few years, and mayhap win your swords and spurs, as many a noble fellow has done before. Who knows but through your own distinguished conduct you may obtain the exalted title Rajah of India or Pasha in the Turkish contingent. Hurrah! hurrah!"

The Queen was cheered and blest, and the sergeant was besieged by applicants ready to take the Queen's shilling. After he had performed the solemn ceremony of enlisting a half dozen country fellows, I myself stepped boldly up and said, "Sergeant, I wish to enlist in the 17th Regiment."

"Bravo," shouted the sergeant, "you are just the young lad I want for that gallant regiment. Upon my reputation there is not a gentleman in the three kingdoms does me greater honour than yourself by selecting the 'Royal Bengal Tigers' for your future career. I have not the

slightest doubt but you will attain the highest rung in the ladder of promotion, or the scaling ladder."

He then told me to hold out my hand and answer the following questions, viz: "Are you free, willing and able to serve H. M. Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors, for a period of twenty-one years, or until you are legally discharged." I answered, I am. The ceremony customary on such occasions was then gone through in a manner that did credit to the sergeant. The significant shilling was placed in my hand in the name of the Queen, binding me irrevocably to H. M.'s service, and a factor of the 17th Regiment. The ribbons were affixed to my hat by the gallant sergeant, who marched myself and six others before the doctor, who approved of our personal appearance. I have had no cause ever since to regret joining H. M.'s service.

MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere Ireland's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more ;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his staff and showed how fields were won."

CHAPTER IV.

SWEARING IN—MARCH TO DUBLIN—SERGEANT'S STORY—ARRIVAL IN DUBLIN—BEGGARS' BUSH BARRACKS—RATIONS—THE CITY—EMBARKATION—THE SHIP—THE VOYAGE—LIVERPOOL—TRAIN TO LONDON—BILLETS—CANTERBURY—JOIN THE 17TH REGIMENT.

THE sergeant conducted me to the rendezvous, where I was obliged to pass another medical examination, and was returned "fit for Her Majesty's service." He then ushered me into a room in which were five more brothers-in-arms. Next morning at ten o'clock, I was taken before a magistrate and sworn-in, after which I received a half-crown, called "swearing-in money." My sister and stepmother hearing I had enlisted came after me the following day, and tried hard to get me off, but the sergeant would not hear of it, and I was unwilling, for I had made up my mind to be a soldier. I was therefore anxious to get away from relations. My anxiety was soon realized, for next morning, after breakfast, we were on the road to Dublin, in charge of an old staff-sergeant, the distance being one hundred and fifty miles, which we accomplished in ten days, not including Sunday. During the route the sergeant had shortened the journey

considerably by the many thrilling stories which he told of the battles, sieges, long marches, and hair-breadth escapes in that memorable campaign of the Peninsular war, where the "Black Watch" to which he belonged, took an important part, and frequently distinguished themselves by their many acts of bravery and devotion; when the artillery of France, levelled with a precision of the most deadly science, played upon them—when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset.

Of the many battles which the sergeant described so well, none had made such an impression on my mind as his description of the battle of Waterloo, in which he was an active participator.

For the edification of my gentle reader I will endeavour to tell his story as nearly *verbatim* as my memory will suggest. But the gallant sergeant being a Highland Scotchman, and his dialect being so inspiring, I feel confident that the story will lose much prestige and interest by my transcribing it, since my orthography and vocabulary fail to give expression to the sergeant's sentiments. Before commencing the story he took a long pull from his canteen, which slung by a leather strap at his side. The contents of which he did not make known, but from the *bouquet* which assailed my olfactory nerves as he uncorked the utensil, the perceptible smack of his lips, and the satisfactory approval which his rubicund features indicated, forcibly impressed me with the belief that the

canteen contained something more soul-stirring than "Adam's Ale." After a pinch of snuff, one or two sneezes, and a couple of short coughs, to clear the throat, he wiped the tears from his eyes with a red silk pocket-handkerchief and said:—

"On the morning of the 18th of June, 1815, when Napoleon had formed his line of battle, his brother Jerome commanded on the left, Marshals Soult and Ney acted as Lieut-Generals to the Emperor.

"The French forces in the field consisted of 75,000 men. The British army did not exceed that number. Each army was commanded by the chief, under whom they had offered to defy the world. So far as the chiefs were concerned they were nearly equal. The British army was formed into two lines. The cavalry was stationed in the rear, distributed along the line, but chiefly posted in rear of the centre. The whole British position formed a sort of curve, the centre of which was nearest to the enemy. The plans of the two great leaders were very simple; the morning broke heavily; the whole day was stormy. Soon after ten o'clock great agitation was seen in the French lines; mounted officers were seen galloping with orders from Napoleon in various directions. Between eleven and twelve the battle opened with a cannonade from the French lines, followed by a fierce attack under Jerome Buonaparte on the advanced post of Houguemont. A cloud of voltigeurs proceeded the column. The Nassau soldiers in the wood were driven back by the French. The assailants surrounded the house (Houguemont) on

three sides, and made desperate attempts to enter; but a detachment of British guards who occupied the villa, defended it, and from the loop-holed walls of the house and garden poured upon the French so severe a fire, that the ground was covered with their killed and wounded.

"Fresh British troops were now sent to the relief of this post; and after great loss the Coldstream Guards drove out the enemy and remained in possession. But, repeated attacks were from time to time made upon it; but at last the French were repulsed by the bayonet. Soon after, the roof was on fire from the shells of the French batteries, but the combat was heroically maintained, and from the charred walls deadly streams of musketry poured forth. While this carnage was going on the whole of the French guns kept up an incessant fire upon the British lines, whose guns powerfully replied, and the advanced batteries, firing with case shot, caused dreadful havoc among the French columns. Perceiving that the assault on Houguemont had failed, Napoleon, under the fire of big guns, ordered a formidable attack upon the left centre. All the firmness and bravery of the British were here required. The British regiments formed squares. The distance between the battalions afforded room enough to deploy into line, when they should be ordered to do so. The appearance of the battalions when thus formed resembled the alternate squares of a chessboard, so that when a squadron of the enemy's cavalry charged between these squares they were exposed at once both to a fire in front from the squares in the rear, and to

volleys on both flanks from the side ones; during the day the French cavalry often experienced the murderous effect of these combined fires. As the French column came up, General Kempt boldly advanced against it with only three British regiments in line—and those weakened by the loss of three hundred men in Quatre Bras—poured in a volley and charged it; while Peck's Brigade, from the extreme left bore down at the same time upon the right division of this column with the bayonet; the French who had actually gained the crest of the position could not stand this, and after delivering their fire turned and fled. It was here that Picton fell, a musket ball having passed through his brain. At this moment, too, the British cavalry made such an effective flank charge upon the French columns at the time when they staggered under the fire of the musketry, that they broke the column with great slaughter, and took two eagles and two hundred prisoners who were sent off to Brussels as the first fruits of the British success. But, our cavalry pushing their advantage too far, were met by a strong body of cuirassiers on one flank and lancers on the other —and having charged up to the enemy's guns, which covered the attacking columns and cut down the gunners —were involved in an unequal combat; so that they were forced to retire taking off an eagle as they did so, which was dearly purchased by the death of their commander. But his brigade avenged him so well that almost the whole Polish lancers were cut to pieces before the day was over. Napoleon still persisted in obstinate

attacks, and his infantry columns advanced supported by a division of cuirassiers. Against these the British brigade of heavy cavalry were led. Their meeting was stern, a combat at sword points worthy of the days of chivalry was kept up—the most desperate blows and passes were exchanged, and notwithstanding the weight and armour of the cuirassiers, the power of their horses and the bravery of their riders, they could not stand the shock, but were ridden down in great numbers, It was one of the fiercest and closest cavalry fights, perhaps ever seen; and ended in several hundred of the French being driven headlong over a deep gravel pit; a confused mass of men and horses exposed to a close fire which soon put a period to their suffering. This impetuous onslaught of the British cavalry caused the enemy to pause, but only to rage with double ferocity by fresh squadrons. Napoleon exhausted his energies in fierce attacks both of horse and foot, supported by the whole strength of his artillery, 200 guns keeping up a constant fire upon the allied position. This fire was so destructive that Wellington directed his troops to retire beyond the exposed ridge, and lie down close on the ground, till on the near advance of the enemy's horse, they were ordered to stand up in squares, advance, meet and repel their charge. The French cavalry undaunted, repeatedly charged to the very centre of the position—column after column, like the waves of the sea—with vain and useless devotion. They paid well for their bravery. As they came up determined to sweep the square before them, their defeat,

as they recoiled from the deadly vollies, resembled a heavy sea pouring itself upon a chain of insulated rocks, and then driven back. And amid all the tumult of that desperate action, the discharge of the artillery, the clash of arms, the shouts of the infuriated combatants, the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, the British remained cool and determined, their bravery shone with the brightest lustre. In vain did desperate heroes among French cavalry discharge their carbines and pistols at the squares to induce them to break the ranks; they regarded but the actual charge, and waited for the word of command to repel the squadrons by their musketry. In vain did the cuirassiers ride round those serried walls of steel, watching for an opening; in vain did they cut and thrust desperately at the men, or stand and gaze till shot down. In vain did the most formidable artillery deal destruction on the thinned squares: as the men dropped down, their comrades closed up their places, and the fronts remained unbroken. Never did the French make more desperate efforts; they prodigally courted destruction, and more than once did their cavalry seize for a moment the British batteries on the brow of the position. The cannons were never withdrawn, the horses only were taken to the rear; the gunners fired to the last moment, and then, with their implements, took refuge in the nearest squares; and when the French were beaten back, again hurried to their guns to discharge their contents at the retiring foe. An incessant fire was kept up from the artillery, though it was little more than half the

strength that Napoleon had; and its formidable discharges were supported well by the continuous rolling fire kept up by the whole British line. Notwithstanding this undaunted defence, the situation of our army was becoming critical. Wellington had placed the best troops in the front line; these had already suffered severely and the quality of the foreign troops brought to support them, proved unequal to the arduous task. The Duke himself saw a Belgian regiment waver as it crossed the ridge of the hill, and was advancing from the second to the first line; he rode up to them, halted the regiment, and endeavoured to lead them into the fire himself; but all his efforts were in vain, and other troops had to be brought up in their place. During the scene of tumult and carnage, Wellington was everywhere, on account of the position of the armies, and the nature of the ground. There was scarcely a square which he did not visit, encouraging the men by his presence, and stimulating the officers by directions. During the hostile charges, he frequently threw himself into the nearest square for protection, and watched every movement and advance of the enemy, piercing through the smoke of battle with an eagle eye, and galloping to every point, however exposed, if it seemed to require his presence. Many of his short phrases addressed to his troops had a talismanic effect. Distinguishable as he was by his suite, and the movements of his staff, who went and came with orders; the bullets repeatedly striking close to him. 'That's good practice,' said he to one of his staff, 'I think the French fire better

than they did in Spain.' Riding up to the 95th Regiment, when in front of the line and threatened with a formidable charge of cavalry, he said 'stand fast 95th, we must not be beaten—what will they say in England.' On another occasion, when brave men were falling very fast, he said, with cool confidence, 'Hard pounding this, but never mind boys, we'll win this battle yet, let us see who will pound longest.' All who heard him issue orders, received fresh confidence from his readiness, decision and cool composure. His staff fell, man by man, beside him, yet seemed in their own agony only to regard his safety An aide-de-camp was sent with an important message to a brigadier; on his return he was shot through the lungs, but borne on by the consciousness of duty, he rode up to the Duke, delivered the answer, and then dropped dead from his horse. As yet it did not seem certain, whether all this sacrifice had not been made in vain. The French, though repulsed on every side, persevered in incessant attacks, and the British squares, from the constant firing and assaults, presented a diminished and less formidable appearance,

"One general officer stated that his brigade had lost one-third of its number, and that the survivors were so exhausted with fatigue, that a brief respite, however short, seemed absolutely necessary. 'Tell him,' said the Duke, 'what he proposes is impossible. He and I, and every British soldier in the field, must die on the spot which we now occupy rather than be beaten.'

"'It is enough,' replied the General, 'I and every man under my command are determined to share his fate.'

"Still the battle raged and was far from being decided. Along the whole line the frightful contest was maintained with unabating stubbornness and ferocity. The infantry advancing in echelon of squares, to meet the French cavalry, while the artillery raked the enemy between the squares as they advanced. The British cavalry were then in reserve; but were ready to charge such of the French as made their way through the intervals of the squares. All this time not a single British square had been broken, and the enemy had suffered severely; though our ranks were sadly thinned by the superior numbers and formidable artillery which had been bearing on them for so many hours. About half-past five two brigades were brought from Hill's corps on the right to the left centre, in anticipation of a renewal of the attack on the weaker part of the position. There was a pause on both sides, only broken by the roar of big guns, and victory seemed to hang in the balance. The crisis of the struggle was at hand. Napoleon was desperate, and resolved to sacrifice his last chance of retreat before the Prussians came up, though his cavalry was already wrecked, and he had lost, besides 15,000 men. There was no time to be lost, for the Prussian guns were beginning to thunder on his flank to the great delight of Wellington, who cried out in a paroxysm of joy, 'There goes "Old Blucher" at last,' and by the light of the setting sun his forces were seen issuing from the woods. Napoleon had still 15,000 men of his faithful guard, who, placed during the action in reserve behind 'La Belle Alliance,' had hardly pulled a

trigger. Leaving his more remote point of observation on the heights in rear of his line, Napoleon led them forward himself to the foot of the allied position. He then caused them to defile before him, and telling them that the British army was nearly destroyed, and that to carry the position they had only to brave the fire of the artillery, he concluded by pointing to the causeway, and exclaimed, 'There, gentlemen is the road to Brussels!' He was answered by loud shouts of '*Vive l'Empereur! vive l'Empereur!*' which induced the British to think that Napolean would in person lead them forward to the attack, and every eye was directed to that quarter, but from the clouds of smoke nothing could be distinctly seen. Meantime Wellington changed the position of his forces, so as to repel the assault, and two battalions of the Guards were formed into line and marched to the brow of the hill, where they were ordered to lie down.

"Led by Marshal Ney, the Imperial Guards advanced dauntlessly, rallying as they went such of the broken cavalry and infantry as yet maintained the conflict. The British line, by the successes on the right, had pushed forward, and now changed from a convex to a concave position; so that our artillery raked the French columns as they advanced; and so accurately were the guns directed that the heads of the columns were constantly cut off. Borne on, however, by the impetuosity of those in the rear, they at length attained the summit of the ridge where the British lay concealed. At this important time Wellington, who had placed himself in the rear of the

Guards, when he thought the French near enough, gave the order at the top of his voice, 'Up, Guards, and at them!' They sprung to their feet as if by magic, poured in on the French a well directed fire which made them stagger; a second volley put them in a sort of panic, and the Duke, galloping close to their rear, cried out, 'Forward, Guards! charge!' They advanced at the charge with three British cheers, and rushed down the hill upon the French with their bayonets at the charge, when the veteran Guards of France, the chosen of Napoleon's army, turned from the shock and fled. Meanwhile the British followed them and discharged several vollies at the retreating masses; on the flanks the cavalry fell upon them in fine style, and nearly destroyed them. Ney fought sword in hand after his horse was shot from under him; his uniform was pierced through with bullets, and he was the last to quit the struggle. Napoleon's only hope was gone when he saw the flower of his army fly before the impetuous charge of the British Guards; but when he saw his cavalry fly and mixing with the fugitives and trampling them down, he cried out, 'All is lost!' then shook his head and turned pale as death. Soon after two bodies of British cavalry rapidly advanced on either flank, and the Prussians were closing up his rear. Now was the time, had his spirit dictated it for Napoleon to die a brave warrior's death; but, no; he said to his aide-de-camp, who remained at his side, the fatal words, 'All is lost; it is time to save ourselves;' and putting spurs to his horse, turned and fled, leaving to their fate the gallant

army which had that day shed their blood for him with such profusion. Meanwhile, the whole British army, led up by the illustrious conqueror himself, charged the French, who still maintained the combat. Amidst increased slaughter, the whole of the enemy fell back, and the remains of Napoleon's grand army rushed away from the indomitable bravery of the British in one tumultuous flight.

"As the British followed up, the French guns had gradually ceased firing, the gunners abandoned them—the drivers cut the traces of their horses, in order that they might fly the quicker—infantry and cavalry, officers and soldiers mingled in the headlong torrent, strewing the field with their dead and wounded as they rushed over waggons, broken arms, and overturned artillery. Flyers and pursuers drove headlong over the slain, dying, and wounded. A slight resistance was made by four battalions of the Imperial Guard who threw themselves into square and stood firm, but even those heroic fellows were soon swept away by the impetuosity of the British.

"The allies continued the pursuit of the flying foe, and the grand army of Napoleon was virtually annihilated. The victorious armies now advanced on Paris without meeting any serious opposition. Shortly afterwards Napoleon, in attempting to escape from the British, was captured and sent as a prisoner to the Island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic, where he died an exile on the 5th of May, 1821."

After the story was ended the sergeant applied the canteen to his mouth and took a long pull, smacked his

lips approvingly, then filled his pipe and commenced smoking. While solacing himself with the soothing condiment, he gave us many words of counsel to be observed while among our comrades in the barrack-room.

I refer to them now because I have stored them up in my memory, and found them as useful elsewhere as in the barrack-room. One was, to observe when a sergeant's or private soldier's wife, who might be in the same room with me, was about to go for a pail of water, or was in want of water, I was to take the pail and say, nay mistress, let me go and fetch it for you, and go at once and fetch the water. Another rule of conduct was, to be willing to lend a helping hand to a sergeant, corporal, or a comrade without being asked. By these little acts of civility and politeness you gain a host of friends, and your name becomes proverbial among the non-commissioned officers and men; your good name will soon reach the ears of the officers and the commanding officer, when you least expect it. Hence promotion, then by emulation, good conduct, and attention to your duties, you soon attain the ladder of fame and become a boon to your Queen and country, an ornament to society, and an everlasting monument of glory to your friends and relatives. Almost all men who have risen above the social level upon which they were born, or who have created new branches of trade, or have been masters, or have made discoveries, have been men who were ever ready to put forth their hands to help a companion in his difficulties or his work, or to do something more than what was allotted for him

to do by his employers. The apprentice, or journeyman, or other person, who will not do more than is allotted to him, because he is not bound to do it, and who is continually drawing a line to define what he calls his rights, with his fellow workman, or with his employer, or if in the army, with his comrades, and the non-commissioned officers immediately over him, is sure to remain where he is, or sink to a lower level. He is not destined to be a commander or an ornament to his profession, nor even a successful master tradesman, nor to be a discoverer in science, or inventor in mechanics, a propounder of new philosophy, nor a promoter of the world's advancement, and certainly not of his own.

It being the month of May, the roads were in excellent order for marching, the weather salubrious and the country looked green and beautiful in the summer sun. The hawthorn hedges along the road, interspersed with primroses and wild flowers, perfumed the air with their fragrance. Altogether the journey to Dublin was a pleasant one, thanks to the staff-sergeant who made it so by the many wonderful stories and hairbreadth escapes which he related during the march.

On our arrival in the evening we were billeted at a public house, where soon after our arrival we enjoyed a hot meal, the landlord being allowed ten-pence for the same, this being according to "Her Majesty's Regulations." After we had regaled ourselves with the landlord's hospitality, the sergeant enjoyed himself with his pipe and a glass or two of beer; he also allowed the re-

cruits to have some beer. I had never tasted beer previous to this, although I had tasted "potheen whiskey." After the sergeant had finished his pipe and glass of beer we retired to bed, slept well, and dreamed of long marches. We were on the march again at eight o'clock next morning, and so every day until we reached Dublin, which we accomplished in ten days.

On arrival in that city I was astonished at the appearance of the splendid high buildings, the like of which I had never seen before; they formed a striking contrast with the cabins which I had been used to look upon in Leitrim. We entered the city from the South, marched past the Royal Barracks, along the Liffey to Carlisle Bridge, where we crossed over; thence past the Bank and Trinity College to Beggar's Bush Barracks, where we were to await orders to join the depot of our regiment in Canterbury.

On arrival in barracks we were told off to different companies *pro tem.*, until our embarkation for Liverpool. This was my first night in barracks. I was shown a bed or cot with three pegs over it, to hang my clothes on. We soon got acquainted with other recruits, and old soldiers, who showed us to the canteen, where there was a large company of soldiers and recruits carousing and singing.

On the first post-sounding, we all had to answer our names in the barrack-room at tattoo roll-call, and be in bed at last post-sounding. Fifteen minutes afterwards "out lights" was sounded, when all the lights were put

out except the orderly sergeants' who had fifteen minutes longer for theirs. *Reveillé* sounded next morning at five o'clock, when we all got up, made our beds, and were on parade at six o'clock, when we were drilled till half-past seven—were practised at the setting up drill and the goose step. It being my first drill, I was somewhat awkward; but I soon became a proficient. We had three such drills daily (Sundays excepted), while we were in those barracks. On being dismissed, we went to breakfast, which consisted of a pound of bread and a basin of coffee each man; my appetite being good I made short work of the pound of bread. Our dinner consisted of soup, beef, and potatoes; at supper we got a quarter of a pound of bread and a basin of tea.

After paying for our rations, washing and barrack damages, there were fourpence left, which I received every day at twelve o'clock, so that I could spend that much for extra food if I wanted it; some of the recruits preferred to spend it on beer.

When the daily afternoon drill was over, I generally walked into the city to see what I could of the place. I went past some splendid shops, saw the soldiers on guard at the castle, went into the Royal, Ship Street, and Linen Hall Barracks, visited Nelson's monument, Sackville Street, Four Courts, and Burn's saloon, in the evening. After we had been a week in barracks, an order came for us to proceed to Canterbury and join our depot there; this order was most agreeable, and we hailed it with pleasure, for we were anxious to get into our uni-

form. Accordingly, two days afterwards, fourteen of us, with a staff sergeant in charge, were paraded on the barrack square. After we had signed our accounts, and were told that our bounty would be paid to us on arrival at our depot, we were told to number off from the right, and showed how to "form four deep." The command "quick march" being given, we marched off to the North Wall for embarkation on board a steamer, which was to sail for Liverpool at four P.M. that day. An officer accompanied us to the steamer to see us all safe on board. Several soldiers came to see us off. I would like to tell my readers more about Dublin, but as I hope to visit it again during my soldiering, I will defer them till further experience has increased my stock of knowledge. Four o'clock P. M. was the time set for our departure; we were all well pleased when we got on board; the afternoon was delightful, so, therefore, we anticipated a pleasant voyage. An ocean ship was to me a novel place, and I had many things to learn.

"What is that little flag at the main-mast?" said I to one of the sailors who stood near me.

"That they call a Blue Peter; it indicates that the ship is to sail immediately."

"And what is that flag at the stern?"

"Why that is the Union Jack, the pride and boast of every British sailor—yea, and every British soldier."

This answer caused my memory to revert back to some historical events which I had previously read; how British soldiers and sailors had shed their blood in defence of

that flag "that braved a thousand years, the battle, and the breeze."

My reflections were broken by the loud, sharp cry of the ship's captain, "All aboard." The last warning was given; friends hastily exchanged the farewell tokens of affection. I saw many, too, struggling to keep their tears back. I stood alone; no one knew me, or cared particularly for me, but I was not an uninterested spectator. I dropped a few tears when I looked on my native land, which I was about to leave, and thought of the friends I had left behind me. All was in readiness—ten minutes past four o'clock, P.M., the ponderous machine was put in motion; the huge paddle-wheels lazily obeyed the mandate. The Blue Peter came down, and the Union Jack went up, and we moved slowly out among the shipping of the harbour. It was a clear, beautiful evening, and the water lay like an immense mirror, in the sunlight. We passed the light-house, which stood at the end of the harbour, like a huge sentinel, to guide the passage to the ocean.

Onward we went; shore and city faded away and disappeared in the distance. I looked out on the wide expanse of waters, the sea and sky were all that could be seen now, except a few sea-gulls, which hovered round the ship in search of an accidental crumb that might be thrown overboard. We were fairly out at sea.

The flags were taken in, and things put in readiness for rougher ocean life; for a time we moved on pleasantly. Towards sun-down, however, a head wind sprung up,

producing that rocking motion of the boat that makes sea life so much of a dread to those unaccustomed to water. At about ten o'clock our head-wind changed to a side-wind, and we had what the sailors call "a chopping sea," producing a very unpleasant motion of the boat.

Previous to this, recruits were in good spirits, but now silence reigned. I could see them getting pale, and one by one go below. I felt myself approaching a crisis of some kind, but was determined to put it off as long as possible. I kept on deck in the open air, and resolutely frowned down all signs of rebellion in my stomach. From what I heard going on around me, I was aware that I was not the worst sufferer; with some the agony of the contest was kept up all night long. At three o'clock A. M., we passed Holy Head; at five we were steaming up the Mersey, and were landed at Liverpool Dock at six o'clock A. M. After a run of twelve and a half hours, here I was, standing in amazement, looking at the forests of masts, and the vast amount of shipping in the docks.

Liverpool is noted principally for its shipping accommodation and fine docks; of these it has now over eleven miles in length, all walled in, and protected by massive gates like the locks of a canal; this renders the shipping very secure. It is a place of great mercantile importance and trade; the streets are continually in a perfect jam, with heavy waggons and vehicles of almost every description. If I was astonished at the appearance of Dublin, how much more so at this great Babel of commerce.

The sergeant took us to an eating-house, owned by one of his acquaintances, where he ordered breakfast, for

which I believe the landlord did not make much profit; for what with sea-sickness, and fasting since three P.M. the day previous, I'll leave it to my readers to determine whether we were able to do justice to the landlord's hospitality or not. After satisfying the cravings of the inner man, we marched off gaily with a light heart, and a full stomach to the Great North-western Railway Station, where we took the ten A.M. train for London. I am now taking my first view of England and English scenery, also my first ride in a railway carriage.

As we passed along, numerous towns and villages dotted the country; multitudes of great black smoke stacks, amid splendid steeples and church towers, side by side, rose in majesty towards the heavens. Thus religion and industry are generally, nay always, found in close proximity; with the smoke of the furnace goes up the incense of worship; with the hum of machinery is mingled the anthem of praise. The train stopped at several stations, which were handsomely fitted up; during the journey we frequently partook of refreshments at the different stations. The train travelled very fast.

After a ride of one hundred and eighty miles, in five and a half hours, we reached London, the great metropolis of England, and the mart of the world. We were set down at Euston station. Now my eyes, indeed, were opened wide, gazing on the magnificence of the great modern Babel of the universe. We were billeted on three different taverns, in close proximity to each other. The sergeant had to report himself at the "Horse Guards."

and hand over some recruits which he had for regiments stationed in London.

He left me in charge of the billets while he was gone. We remained here five days, during which I visited a great many places. There are many wonderful things that can be seen in a brief walk through this great metropolis, if a man has his eyes open.

I should like to have had time here to take my reader to the top of some of the tall monuments, to walk with him among the wondrous fortifications of the "Old London Tower," through the rooms where nobles, princes, kings and queens have been incarcerated; to stand with him on "Tower Hill," where the scaffold and executioner's block tell their dark tales of treachery and blood, and murder. I should like to go with my reader to Westminster Abbey, a wonderful pile, a venerable old church, and the great sepulchral home of England's honoured dead. It is worth a journey across the Atlantic to take a stroll through its cold, damp aisles and chapels; to stand amid its costly monuments and mouldering dust where death for many long centuries has been gathering her glorious trophies, and yet her dark garlands have been recorded and embodied by human skill, art, and genius. I have in a very brief space brought before my readers facts and stories; but I must defer any further description until my next visit, for I hope to see all these wonders again.

The sergeant had done his duty to his satisfaction, and this being our last evening in London he took us to the

Haymarket Theatre, where we witnessed the "Colleen Bawn." This was the first time I ever visited a theatre in my life, or witnessed a dramatic performance of any kind, therefore I can assure my reader that my mind was very much elated and my admiration was spontaneous.

After the play was over, we took the sergeant into a saloon close by, where we regaled him with a cold supper, beer and cigars, after which we went to our billets feeling quite jolly.

Next morning after paying the landlord and bidding him good-bye, we marched to the Waterloo Railway Station, where we took the train at ten o'clock. After a ride of about eighty miles, in two hours, we were in Canterbury, and put down at St. Dunstan Street Station, marched into barracks, and were handed over to the officer commanding the depot of the 17th Regiment of foot, the "Royal Bengal Tigers." We were told off to companies, and shown our quarters. More about Canterbury as my story advances. As I am now stationed here, I hope to have an opportunity of getting acquainted with this ancient cathedral city.

CHAPTER V.

MEDICAL EXAMINATION—RECEIVE MY KIT—DRILL, MANUAL AND PLATOON EXERCISE—DISMISSED DRILL—VISIT THE CITY—DESCRIPTION OF ROUTE—THE MARCH.

THE following morning reveillé sounded at five o'clock, when I turned out, made my bed up, a process by the way which requires a considerable amount of ingenuity, skill and practice to accomplish in a manner sufficient to pass the inspection of the non-commissioned officer who has charge of the room. I will explain the operation for the edification of my gentle reader.

After getting out of bed, and partially dressing myself with boots and trousers, before making my toilet, I go to work in shirt sleeves; lift the clothes off the mattress, which I roll up tightly and secure by means of a long leather strap buckled around its centre, lift it with one hand off the cot, which I turn up with the other hand; placing the mattress square upon the end of the cot, then fold the rug lengthways in four doubles, and place it across the mattress, folding the blankets and sheets neatly according to regulations, showing the edges of the folds as even and straight as a rule; wrap the ends of the rug

round these folds and fasten tightly with a wire hook; turn this compact package over on the mattress; straighten the edges of the folds with the blade of a knife; fasten a card, with my name and regimental number, on the front of my bedding; then go and dress for parade, this I did and was dressed and ready for parade when the drill bugle sounded at half-past five every morning. Some recruits are much smarter at making up their beds than others, who are continually found fault with by the non-commissioned officers, for the slovenly manner in which they fold their bedding. Parade being formed at six by the sergeant-major, the recruits without uniform were not required to drill that morning; drill being over and the bugle for breakfast sounding, we all sat down to a pound of bread and a basin of coffee each. Many who are pampered with luxuries and continually complaining of their appetite, would envy those recruits if they witnessed the short work they made of their pound of brown bread and a basin of coffee after an hour's drill before breakfast. Those who are troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia would save a large amount of doctors' pills and doctors' bills if they would put themselves on soldiers' rations, which would be a sure cure for the worst case of dyspepsia or indigestion, if they have forbearance enough to restrain their appetites from the indulgence in any other luxuries. There are no dyspeptics in the army. After this frugal meal, however, we were marched off to the regimental hospital by the orderly corporal, where we had to pass another strict medical examination as to soundness of the

internal system, limbs and eye-sight; we were ordered to undress, then walk fast and slow, and made to put our bodies into different positions of great difficulty, to shut one eye and look with the other through a tube and count the number of small atoms that were placed on the glass for the purpose of testing the eyesight. After which we were finally returned fit for service; we were next marched to the quartermaster's stores and received our uniform and kit, which consisted of one each of the following articles, viz.: pair boots, cloth trowsers, summer trowsers, shako, tunic, stock and clasp, shell jacket, forage cap, pair mits, tin of blacking, pair braces, clothes brush, canteen and cover, knapsack and straps, great coat and haversack, two shirts, two pair socks, and two towels; for the marking of which we were charged a halfpenny each. We were next taken to the tailor's shop, where we had our clothing altered and fitted; this lasted four or five days, during which time we were exempt from drill; but instead had to do the duties of orderly men by turns, that is, prepare the meals for those at drill, and keep the barrack rooms clean and in proper order. After we got our clothing made to fit us all right, we then turned out to drill three times a day, viz.: before breakfast, club drill; ten o'clock, commanding officer's parade, with setting up drill; afternoon, goose step, extension and balance motions.

At all these parades and drills we were minutely inspected by the orderly sergeant, and afterwards by the sergeant-major, and if the least fault was found, ordered to parade again, which was called "a dirty parade." I

took particular pains to escape the latter. When drill commenced we were formed into squads of six or eight men each, in line at arm's length apart, which is termed "a squad with intervals;" after drilling in single rank for a week, one squad was increased to two ranks at open order, the rear rank covering the intervals. The sergeant-major frequently came round to superintend the drill, and whenever he found an attentive deserving recruit invariably sent him up to a more advanced squad; in this way the more intelligent and deserving recruits were advanced. I was among the lucky ones, who were first sent up, and I afterwards got sent up step by step until I reached the advanced squad, where I learned company's drill without arms, after which we were served with arms, formed into squads, taught the manual and platoon exercise, company and battalion movements with arms. We were then put through a course of ball practice. The distance being fifty, a hundred, one hundred and fifty, and two hundred yards; the "Old Brown Bess" being in use then. The first shot I fired I got a bull's eye, which was reckoned a first class shot then, but how strange that was the only one I got during the whole practice, notwithstanding I tried my level best to get one every time I fired, I then concluded that the bull's eye must have been a chance shot. After we had finished the course, we were again inspected, when we acquitted ourselves to the entire satisfaction of the officers, and were accordingly dismissed from recruits' drill, and returned fit for duty as soldiers. Two days afterwards the head-quarters of the regiment arrived

from Bombay, marched into barracks, band playing, colours flying, forming up on the barracks square. The men were tall and soldier-like, but very much tanned from exposure in the east. Their strength on arrival was only five hundred. We were all delighted to meet the head-quarters, which had been long expected. They had a long, rough voyage of three months, having come in a sailing vessel. After they had been inspected by the commanding officer, Lt. Col. Pinnikuck, they were told off and shown their different barrack rooms. Next day, regimental orders being issued, I heard my name read out, "Private Thomas Faughnan posted to Grenadier or Captain L. C. Bourchier's company." I was well pleased at hearing this, it being reckoned the crack company of the regiment. The whole of the recruits were also posted to the different service companies.

Being dismissed from recruits' drill, I had ample opportunities of walking out in the afternoons and visiting some of the ancient and time-worn places around the city among which was the cathedral, one of the oldest ecclesiastical edifices in England. It was consecrated by Saint Augustine, A. D. 597. Here too, he baptized Ethelbert, King of Kent. Saint Martin's Church-under-the-hill, said to be the oldest in England, is another time-worn structure, partly built of Roman brick and tiles. There are fourteen such old churches here, most of them built of rough flint, and very ancient. Also the ruins of a Norman castle, one of the largest in England, which stands near a mound known as the "Dan John;" connected with this,

are beautiful gardens, where a military band played always on Thursday afternoons, when hundreds of the *elite* of the city assembled to promenade those favoured grounds and enjoy the sweet martial music. This is one of the most delightful stations in England for a soldier, there is no garrison duty to perform, the only duties being the regimental guards, and they come very seldom, the men getting sixteen nights in bed between each guard. Regiments arriving from India are generally stationed here for some time, in order to recruit their strength after foreign service and the long sea voyage. The citizens are very much attached to soldiers, and treat them with the greatest kindness and respect. During the harvest, reapers were very scarce, therefore the soldiers were allowed to go into the fields and assist the farmers in cutting down their grain, for which the men were well paid—horse-reapers were then unknown.

Our regiment was not fortunate enough to be left here much longer, for a letter of "readiness" was received by the commanding officer, directing him to hold the regiment in readiness to proceed to Dover at the shortest notice, which he made known to us in a regimental order that evening. After this order was read we were all on the alert, officers and men preparing for the march, packing officers' baggage, white-washing and cleaning barracks —to save barrack damages, that great curse—ready to hand over to the barrack master.

Accordingly the route came, which was read as follows, viz:—

"Agreeably to a route received this day from Horse Guards, the regiment will parade in heavy marching order, at eight o'clock, A.M., on Tuesday next, the 24th instant, for the purpose of proceeding to Dover, there to be stationed till further orders. The men will breakfast at seven o'clock on that day."

The following morning, inspection of kits, at ten o'clock, by the commanding officer, ordered, and afterwards medical inspection. Next day being Sunday, the regiment paraded at ten o'clock for divine service, when we all marched to church, with the band playing; Protestants and Roman Catholics marching to their different places of worship, no other denomination being recognized in the regiment then; but now all denominations are allowed to march to their respective places of worship. The barracks were inspected on the following Monday morning by the quarter-master and captains of companies. The afternoon was occupied in loading the regimental baggage on the waggons supplied for that purpose.

Tuesday, September 24th, the regiment was on parade, ready to fall in, when the officers and non-commissioned officers' call sounded; the latter, forming in line, were minutely inspected by the adjutant and sergeant-major, at the same time collecting the reports from the orderly sergeants, after which the companies formed on their coverers right in front. The rolls being called, the captains inspected their respective companies; that being finished, the colonel gave the commands: eyes front, steady fix bayonets, shoulder arms, left wheel into line, quick

march, halt, dress. Then the adjutant galloped down the front, collecting the reports, saluting the Colonel as he reported "all correct, colonel!" When the latter gave the command, "form fours, right, quick march!" when the whole stepped off, the band at the same time striking up "Auld Lang Syne;" marched out of barracks, down North Gate, and up High Street, accompanied by an immense crowd of citizens, who very much regretted our departure from their midst.

After marching through the principal streets the music changed to "The Girl I Left Behind Me," of whom a large number accompanied us outside the town, ostensibly in great grief at parting with their sweethearts; when the order was given, "unfix bayonets, march at ease." The latter order being quickly obeyed, for we had a heavy load on our backs, having the whole of our kit in our knapsacks. We were allowed to sing, chat, talk, and laugh, to shorten the journey. I had seen but little of rural England previous to this, and though that was but a glimpse, compared with what I have seen since, it was fresh, vivid, and impressive. I retain it to this day distinctly, and can at will draw out the whole line of country before me; the village wayside inns, half-way house where we halted to rest, piled arms, and were allowed to go into the hotel for refreshments; swinging sign-boards, village green, broad commons, cross-roads, finger-posts, the trees with the dead of many generations under their roots, bearing upon their branches, one might suppose, fruit, but instead, they were loaded with a young genera-

tion of miniature men in round white hats, smock frocks, leather leggings, and laced hobnail boots, and their grown-up relatives in the same sort of dress, standing on the ground, as if they had dropped from the trees when they grew large and heavy. All were out to look at the soldiers, who so seldom march along that road. Women also, and babes in their arms, were out, and laughing little maids, the future brides and mothers of rural England, climbed on the gates and fences to see; and hearing the boys in the trees call out "Soldier, give I that long sword, wilt thee, I be big enough to fight." The gentleman and ladies from the mansion that stood within the wooded parks, walked out and looked upon the unusual sight. So did grave vicars, and rectors, and their servants look out at the long line of brave-looking soldiers, when the trumpets or band played. The village live-stock upon the common, dogs, hogs, asses, and old war-horses, which had once been in military service, now capered when they heard the trumpets, as if young again; all were set astir by the marching of a regiment among them. The cows hobbled to the furthest side of the common, having no sympathy for red coats and big drums; and the geese which had survived the killing and the roasting at Christmas, sheered off, and faced round at a distance to hiss, as if they were disloyal geese hissing a regiment of "Royal Tigers"; as if they knew that soldiers were ignorant of roast goose.

When we were well rested and refreshed (thanks to the landlord, who had everything we desired ready), we re-

sumed our march again, the people cheering and waving their handkerchiefs as the band struck up the "British Grenadiers," and we accomplished the journey of sixteen miles in eight or nine hours, in heavy marching order. On arrival at Dover, at four o'clock P.M., the left wing was stationed at the castle, and the right with head-quarters, at the heights.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL AT DOVER—FIRST GUARD—THE DEAD HOUSE—GHOST—THE HEIGHTS—THE SHAFT FORTIFICATIONS—MARCHING OUT—CHARTISTS' RIOTS—TRAIN TO LONDON—DEPARTURE OSBORNE HOUSE—MAIN DOCK—ROUTE TO CHATHAM—THE SIEGE—SHAM FIGHT.

ON the arrival in barracks, the companies were shown their respective quarters, where we soon divested ourselves of our knapsacks, arms and accoutrements; orderly men were told off to draw rations and prepare supper, others were told off to unload baggage, while the remainder went to fill their beds with straw at the barrack stores; after which, cleaning of arms and accoutrements occupied the remainder of the evening. We were exempt from drill the following day, in order to get our barracks and appointments thoroughly clean and in proper order after the march.

It was now drawing near my turn for guard, and it being my first, I was determined to turn out to guard—mounting parade in a soldier-like manner, with my appointments clean and shining, so as to escape if possible that, to a soldier, ignominious ordeal of a "dirty parade" to which many of the recruits became victims through the interposition of the adjutant, who was exceedingly

strict with the recruits, in order to sharpen them up, and make clean, smart soldiers of them. Accordingly, as I had anticipated, I was detailed for guard by the orderly sergeant, after he had called the roll at tattoo, the evening previous. Next morning, I was up before the reveillé sounded, made up my bed and got everything ready and shining before the breakfast bugle sounded; thanks to my comrade, an old soldier who was ever willing to show me anything I required to learn in the way of keeping my appointments in order, and also initiated me into the mystery of shining my pouch with a composition which none but the old soldiers knew how to prepare. So well he might for I spent all my pay on beer for him at the canteen, and when he got so full that he could not walk to his barrack-room I invariably carried him on my back and put him in bed before the orderly-sergeant came round to call the roll at tattoo, thus saving him from the guard-room. Next morning I generally fetched him a pint of beer to slake his thirst. Breakfast being over I dressed and accoutred myself with the assistance of my thirsty comrade, who gave the *coup de grace* to my uniform and appointments. I then walked about on the parade ground in order to be ready to fall in when the bugle sounded. After which the guards were formed and minutely inspected by the adjutant, who ordered several recruits an extra parade, or, as it was called a "dirty parade" after they came off guard next day. When he came in front of me he inspected me very closely, then ordered me to face about and examined my pouch which

was shining like patent leather, then ordered me to front and passed on seemingly well pleased at my appearance; thus I escaped any fault at my first guard-mounting parade, which is an unusual thing for a recruit. After the inspection was over the guards were marched off to their respective posts. I was detailed for the western redoubt, which furnishes a sentry over the garrison hospital that stands on the middle of a common on the top of the western heights above the barracks, and a quarter of a mile from any house or habitation. After mounting guard I was in the first relief, and my post was at the hospital; on receiving over my orders from the previous sentry, he directed my attention to the "dead-house," where, laid out on a table ready for dissection, was the body of an old soldier who became debilitated out in India, and died in the hospital that morning, and I was to keep the rats from gnawing the corpse. That was all easy enough until the night came on; when the corporal posted me at eleven o'clock, he again reminded me of my orders *i.e.*, to be sure and keep the rats from defacing the corpse. I had a great mind to ask the corporal to change me to another post, as it was my first guard, I was not used to watching dead men; but I knew that he and the men of the guard would only chide me with the epithet of coward, so I therefore determined to be resolute and not show any fear or cowardice, which I well knew was not the characteristic of a British soldier. After the corporal had marched off the relief, all the ghost stories and fairy tales I had heard told by the old men

and women in Ireland, and at the potheen still-house in Leitrim, came up as vividly and as fresh to my memory as when they were told. While I was thus thinking of those frightful stories, I made sure that I heard a noise proceeding from the corpse, when my heart jumped to my mouth with fear, I looked round towards the "dead-house" and a man as I thought, dressed in white garments, was standing at the door of the house where the corpse was laid out. I tried to challenge, but my tongue was tied, I felt as if paralyzed, my hair though short stood up like bristles on a pig's back, the cold perspiration rolled down my face, and I trembled all over with fright. I tottered to the wall of the building and scrambled along it till I gained the front of the hospital where I knocked at the door, when the hospital sergeant came out and said, "What's the matter, sentry?"

After he spoke, I drew a long breath, and felt somewhat relieved of fear, when I found my tongue and answered, "Oh! sergeant, there's a man dressed in white, standing at the door of the dead-house."

"What nonsense you talk," said he, as he went in again. Soon after, however, he came back again, with a lantern in his hand, and accompanied by a hospital orderly, muttering something incoherent, when both went round to the "dead-house," and there they found everything as they had left it, except the corpse which the rats had been gnawing. The sergeant threatened to report me for leaving my post, giving a false alarm, and allowing the corpse to be disfigured by the rodents.

This threat of the sergeant's took possession of my mind, and expelled therefrom all thoughts of the ghost stories. I did not like the idea of being reported for any unsoldierly conduct while performing my first guard. I walked about briskly the remainder of the two hours, which appeared to me the longest I ever remember, knocking at the door of the "dead-house" frequently with the butt end of my musket so as to frighten the vermin away. I apologized to the sergeant next morning for disturbing him during the previous night, and asked him to overlook my timidity during my tour of duty as it was my first guard. This he vouchsafed to do, exhorting me at the same time, to be more emulous and soldierlike in my bearing during my future career in the British army; this I promised to accomplish, and thanked the sergeant. I said nothing of the occurrence to my comrades on guard, lest they might hold me up as an object of ridicule.

Our guard being relieved next morning at ten o'clock, we were marched to barracks, there inspected by the orderly officer of the day, and dismissed. The next time I was for guard, I was emulous of attaining the coveted duty of being orderly to the commanding officer, which is duly secured by extra cleanliness and neatness of appointments, combined with a soldierly appearance at guard-mounting parade. Therefore I brought all my faculties to bear on the one all absorbing thought which filled my breast, viz: To get turned out by the adjutant at guard mounting parade as orderly to the colonel. As the inspection proceeded my heart beat within me, as I

heard the adjutant finding fault with some of the men's pouches not being properly shined, and the great coats not folded according to order.

At last he came round again after making the inspection of the whole, and tipped myself with his cane, and said; "Fall out, Faughnan, and go as orderly to Colonel Pinnikuck." It's a little thing that turns the scale in the future of a man's life. My ambition was consummated. I redoubled my exertions from that day forward to attain superiority, which was commensurate with my expectations.

The garrison consisted of two batteries of royal artillery, one on the heights, and the other at the castle, a company of sappers and miners, besides our own regiment. The troops had many guards to furnish, consequently the men got only five nights in bed between duty; besides, fatigue parties were many and laborious, on account of so much uphill work; the water supplied to the garrison was brought up from a well over three hundred feet deep, by means of a wheel which took four men to work, they being relieved every two hours. The heights on which the barracks stand are three hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea. A deep perpendicular shaft, containing about four hundred steps of winding stairs, leads from town to the barracks on the heights, which tries the men's wind when coming up them at tattoo, more especially if they are late for the last post, as well as other times, when on fatigue or coming off guard with their knapsacks and accoutrements on their

backs. The garrison is well fortified, and comprises "Dover Castle," which occupies a commanding position on the Chalk Cliffs, about 300 feet above the level of the sea, and in the construction of which Saxons and Normans displayed no small amount of ingenuity. The Western Heights, Fort Burgoyne, the South Front Bastion, the Drop Redoubt, the Citadel, the Western Outworks, and the North Centre Bastion, with Queen Ann's pocket piece on the Castle Heights. The harbour is well sheltered by the Chalk Cliffs, which end landwards in a charming valley leading to what is known as the "Garden of Kent."

During the winter months our regiment marched into the country, in heavy marching order, twice a week, when we generally went ten or twelve miles on each occasion, and not unfrequently encountering a heavy snow or rain storm, returning literally covered with mud, the roads being very sloppy. These marches, with guards, picquets and fatigues, kept us busily employed.

About the end of March, there was great excitement in London over the "Chartists," who were expected to break out in open rebellion. The Colonel got private notification that most likely the regiment would be ordered to proceed thither to quell the riot, which was daily expected. Our expectations were realized, for on the sixth of April, 1848, we got the route to proceed to London by rail on the 9th instant, there to be stationed till further orders. When this order was given there was great excitement in barracks preparing for the journey; we had only two

days to pack and get the baggage to the station. However, many hands made light work, and we had all the baggage down to the station and everything in readiness on the evening previous to our departure. On the 9th we were on parade at seven o'clock, A. M., in heavy marching order, the companies told off and all reported present, when the Colonel gave the command—"quarter distance column on the Grenadiers, quick march," each captain halting his respective company as it came into its place. He then addressed the men with a few words of fatherly advice, urging them to good behaviour while in London, that great Metropolis of the universe where they would be under the supervision of the commander-in-chief, His Grace the Duke of Wellington, and all his staff as well as the war office authorities. He enjoined them to always maintain the honour of their corps by their meritorious conduct and good discipline, while off, as well as on duty, and to ever remember with pride the noble profession to which they had the honour to belong, and never disgrace the service by their unworthiness or misconduct, &c. After giving three hearty cheers for the Queen and all the Royal family, he gave the command "to the right face," when each captain gave the command to his respective company, "quick march," the companies stepping off in succession, each company wheeling to the left down the shaft.

On arriving at the bottom, the band struck up "The British Grenadiers;" we marched to the station (accompanied by a large concourse of the citizens), where a

special train was in readiness to convey us to London. As we went on board the train, the band played "Auld Lang Syne," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." As the train moved slowly out of the station, handkerchiefs were waved by the sympathetic crowd, who gave us three hearty cheers, which were lustily responded to by three rousing cheers from the redcoats on board the train. One hour and a half afterwards we were marching four deep with fixed bayonets, from the Dover and Chatham station to Millbank Prison, where we were to be stationed during our term of duty in London. The streets were so crowded with an excited populace that we had the greatest difficulty in reaching our destination.

On arrival we were shown into two large rooms, one for each wing, with a straw mattress on trestles for each man. The following morning, April 10th, 1848, an order had arrived from the Duke of Wellington, who was then commander-in-chief, to hold the troops in readiness to march to Kennington Common, where the Chartists had intended assembling in large numbers to march through London to the House of Commons, carrying a petition embodying their demands. This was to be presented by Fergus O'Connor, who was then one of the members for Nottingham.

The Londoners, to the number of a quarter of a million enrolled themselves as special constables; the Chartists were not allowed to walk in procession, and the whole affair passed off quietly, without bloodshed, except one or two policemen who got their heads badly bruised by the

mob while in the act of performing their duty by capturing one of the ringleaders, who was inciting the people to deeds of violence by seditious speeches in Hyde Park, when he was marched off to the lock-up for safe keeping by the administrators of the law.

The troops which the Duke had posted ready at different points where he expected they would be most needed when called on (out of sight) were not required. Our regiment with several others, and a few troops of cavalry, were under arms the whole day in rear of the prison ready to advance at the shortest notice.

While stationed in the prison we were not allowed to go through the city, on account of the unsettled state of society, but were supplied with beer inside by the orderly sergeants of companies, who served it out to us in our canteens.

Peace and order having been restored by the excellent management and location of the troops at the most important and strategetical parts of the city by the Duke of Wellington, whose skill in military movements was equal to the emergency, these troops, which had been concentrated in London from different parts of England, in anticipation of the foreseen emergency, were now ordered to return, some to their former stations, others to fresh ones. Our regiment was ordered to proceed to Portsmouth, for the purpose of doing garrison duty there until further orders. As the troops emerged simultaneously from their different places of concealment, with their colours and pennons flying, swords and bayonets and ap-

pointments glistening in the sun, the bands playing at the head of each regiment, and the horses prancing, together with the martial bearing and noble appearance of the officers and men, as they marched through the streets, keeping time to the music, verified the history of the British Army to the Londoners, who were greatly astonished at such a magnificent military demonstration at such short notice, the like of which the majority of them perhaps had never witnessed before, as the troops advanced to their respective destinations.

Our march was to the London and South-Western Railway station, where we took the train at ten o'clock A.M., for Portsmouth, arriving there at twelve o'clock, a distance of seventy-five miles in two hours.

We were marched to Colworth and Clarence barracks, where the usual details of duties and preparations for home comforts were gone through in a soldierly manner. General orders being issued soon after our arrival, by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, commanding the troops in garrison, the 17th regiment was taken on the strength of the garrison, and detailed to furnish the following duties, viz., main and lower dock-yard.

The guards with the colours of the regiment that furnishes the main guard are trooped every day at 10 o'clock, on the Grand Esplanade (Sundays and wet days excepted). I was detailed for the main guard, which consists of one captain, one subaltern, one sergeant, two corporals, one drummer and twenty-four privates; my post being on the ramparts, in rear of the guard-house, where I had a fine

view of the harbour, the roadstead of Spithead, and the Isle of Wight, on the coast of which the walls of the royal residence at Osborne House are seen sparkling among the trees. I, being a grenadier, was selected for this most important post. I had been well broken in to sentry duty by this time, and was not so easily frightened at my post as when I was on sentry over the corpse at the hospital on Dover Heights. Hundreds of the fairest daughters of England, dressed in the height of fashion, some in elegant equipages, with liveried servants, while other high-born damsels rode prancing palfreys, accompanied by their chaperons take up a position as close as they can get to the saluting point on the esplanade, to witness the imposing ceremony of parading the guard and seeing them march past in review order when trooping the colours, and to see the main guard relieved, during which the bands discourse sweet music in front of the guard-room, to the great delight of the citizens who assemble in hundreds, yea, in thousands, to witness this grand military demonstration. Our drum-major who was the most conspicuous individual on parade, consequent on his situation in front of the band, though a small man, was emulous of his position, therefore turned out on all occasions in a manner that reflected credit on himself as well as the *corps* to which he belonged. His smart, straight, soldierly appearance when in full dress, with his grenadier's busby and long tasselled, gold-headed staff, surmounted with the Royal Tiger of India, attracted the admiration of the spectators, as he twisted his staff in

a most fantastical manner, keeping time to the music as he approached the saluting point. But in his efforts to gain applause by the agility of his movements, he let the staff fall to the ground. This unforseen accident, however, did not disturb his equilibrium, and instead of creating censure, it drew forth the greatest applause from the spectators and officers, by the professional manner in which he drew his sword and saluted as if nothing had happened, as he passed the general officer who stood at the flagstaff.

The following day, after being relieved, a general field day of the whole of the troops in garrison was ordered to assemble on Southsea Common, under the command of General Fitzclarence. Those reviews took place once a week. My next guard was the "main dock," this is also a captain's guard of great responsibility; the sentries are very strict on their posts, being furnished with countersign, "number," and "parole," no person is allowed to pass a post without being able to give them to the sentry. There are a great many mechanics and labourers employed here; it is at present two hundred and ninety-three acres in extent—one of the largest in the country. Of this immense naval establishment, the most noteworthy, if not the most recent features are, the mast and rope houses, hemp stores, rigging stores, sail-loft, and dry docks, spacious enough to admit the largest vessels, and offering every facility for their speedy repair; of the various building-slips, one of them roofed and covered in, is so large that three or four vessels can be in process of construction at the same time.

When Queen Victoria and Prince Albert opened a new basin in those docks, in 1848, our grenadier company formed a guard of honour to Her Majesty and the Prince. We also formed a guard of honour on the occasion of Her Majesty and Prince Albert landing at Gosport the same year, when they inspected our company and complimented Captain Bourchier on the clean and soldier-like appearance of his company. I remember His Royal Highness Prince Albert perfectly well; he was dressed in a Field Marshal's uniform, with a broad blue silk sash over his left shoulder. He was one of the finest-looking men I ever saw, and must have been six feet four inches in height. The dockyard also contains the residence of the superintending officers and a school of naval architecture. Portsmouth being the rendezvous for the British fleet, and strongly garrisoned by troops, together with the large number of mechanics and dock-yard labourers is an exceedingly lively business town, and the hotels and public-houses there appear to do a thriving business. We liked this station very much, although the guards came often. We bathed once a week on the beach of Southsea Common, which is now a fashionable watering-place. A band plays here once a week, in the afternoon. After we had been stationed here about six months we got the route to proceed to Chatham, where we arrived on the 18th October, and were stationed in Chatham Barracks. But though Portsmouth was a strict garrison, Chatham was much stricter; there are so many recruits here belonging to regiments in India. They are formed into a

provisional battalion. We were, therefore, looked to as an example for the recruits. Here the dock-yard duty is carried on much the same as at Portsmouth, but with a little more humbugging. We had been employed here a good deal in preparing for a siege operation at St. Mary's Barracks, above Brompton, in building a stockade and throwing up earthworks and trenches. In the summer we had a grand sham-fight, the troops being formed into two armies, one attacking, the other defending. We had been practising for the siege for over two months before it came off, carrying scaling ladders and moving round by Gillingham with them to the ditches of the fortification. This was very onerous and trying work, as the ladders were both clumsy and heavy. Having been well practised in the art of besieging a fortress, and everything necessary in readiness, our proficiency was put to the test on the Queen's birthday, 1849, when the grand day came off. Over ten thousand people were present, most of whom came down from London to witness this military demonstration, which came off splendidly, when the spectators returned home peaceably and well pleased. The troops then marched to their respective quarters, very much begrimed with smoke and mud.

CHAPTER VII.

ROUTE TO CANTERBURY—THE SERGEANT'S STORY—THE QUAKER'S STORY—THE MARCH—ARRIVAL—CHATHAM—DOCKYARD--FURLOUGH TO LONDON—THAT GREAT CITY—JOIN MY COMPANY—SHEERNESS—THE DOCKYARD—GET MARRIED—ROUTE TO WEEDON—ROUTE TO IRELAND.

A FEW days afterwards we got the route for Canterbury. On June 2nd we marched from Chatham up High street, with a band playing at the head of the regiment. We were accompanied by a large crowd of the citizens, outside the town, who gave us three hearty cheers on parting as usual on such occasions. The order was then given to "march at ease," and soon after followed the word, "march easy," when the ranks were opened out and the men allowed to talk, sing, smoke, and tell stories, in order, as the old adage has it, to shorten the journey. Many of the old soldiers, who had lately arrived from India, had frequently amused the recruits, after lights were out every night in the barrack-room, before going to sleep, by their wonderful stories about their experience in India, during the many battles and campaigns in which they participated. One sergeant, in particular, named Wright, was famous as a story-teller.

The other sergeants and old soldiers always called him "Bob," and sometimes "White-headed Bob," when he was off duty, consequent on his hair being white. But when he was on duty none dare address him more familiarly than "Sergeant Wright." He never suffered any of the recruits to address him at any time by any other appellation than "Sergeant." As we marched along at our ease, smoking and chatting, I ventured to ask him to tell us a story about India, and that I would carry his fusil while he was telling it, in order to give his lungs more freedom while he was spinning the yarn.

"All right, Tom," said he to me very familiarly, "I will tell a story for the amusement and information of the boys, as you are so willing to carry my fusil."

After clearing his throat by a few short coughs, he commenced (for the edification of my gentle reader I shall try and transcribe the sergeant's story as near as I can remember it):

"No sooner had the Afghan war been terminated than the treacherous conduct of the Ameers of the Scinde country brought down upon themselves the British army under Sir Charles Napier. A desperate battle was fought near Hyderabad, which resulted in the defeat of the Ameers. On December 14th, 1845, the Sikh chiefs, with an immense army, crossed the Sutledge of Lahore, which separated us from the Punjab, and attacked our position at Moodkee. The struggle was most desperate for the time it lasted; but though the enemy had more than five times our numbers, the victory was decided in our favour.

Several battles followed in rapid succession. The Sikhs incurred great losses in each engagement. In the battles of Aliwal and Sobraon the most terrific carnage took place, men were mowed down by hundreds, and hundreds upon hundreds were drowned in attempting to cross the Sutledge. Our success was complete, but it was not achieved without an immense sacrifice of officers and men. The army immediately marched upon Lahore, and commenced to bombard the capital, and after a prolonged siege of several months, we succeeded in carrying the place by storm. As our troops rushed in on one side the inhabitants made a precipitate exit on the other side, for a great fear had seized them, lest they should fall victims to the rapacity of the British soldiers, whom they believed to be infidels, therefore no mercy could be expected from their hands. But all the Sepoys that defended the fortress who were not killed or wounded were made prisoners, and the wounded cared for, and their wounds dressed by our doctors. The contents of the fortifications and the town had been declared confiscated and the prize of the victorious army. Then came the more systematic collecting of the booty by the commissariat officer, assisted by several other officers and non-commissioned officers from each of the regiments, who acted as a prize committee. Leaving aside the custom of war in like cases, this confiscation was not held an undue exercise of the right of conquest, even by the people themselves, for they had looked for sack and massacre, and the razing of the city to the ground; not for resistance to a foreign power, but for cruelty, treach-

ery, anarchy and the murdering of innocent women and children. Being a fortified town, the collecting together of the valuables could be gone on with leisurely, for nothing was allowed in or out the gates without a pass or close scrutiny. A few of the best charactered men, under the charge of non-commissioned officers, were told off for the purpose of collecting the treasure and hand it over to the officer whose duty it was to receive it. Of course, if a man found a large diamond or a pearl, whether he put it into his own pocket or took it to the officer, had to be left to his honour and conscience. But our consciences were very pliable, and could stretch to a prodigious extent. We had searched all the principal places where there was likely to be found any treasure of silver or gold and jewels, or other valuable property, such as the palace of the king and houses of the princes and chief noblemen and bankers. We had scoured and ransacked the most likely places so closely that the officers thought they had not left any of the town unsearched. The men were then allowed to go off wherever they suspected any property was to be found.

"'Come along, comrade,' said I to a man named Mickey Duffey, 'and let us try our luck.'

"'All right, sergeant,' said he.

"So away we started by ourselves in search of treasure to a part of the city which I had my eye on as a rich quarter where many rich Ameers' elegantly furnished residences stood on a rising ground, much like a terrace. As we approached this part of the city the silence became almost oppressive. The dead stillness hung about

us, clung round us with a dreary weight. On the populous city had come the loneliness and desolation of the desert. In the houses was no longer heard the familiar sound of the human voice, nor the sound of the smith's hammer. Our feeling of desolation deepened as we got into the narrow streets, some only ten or twelve feet wide, with the houses rising to a great height on either side, and presenting for long distances only a bare wall to the street. The air was close and oppressive. We could see from one end of the long narrow streets to the other. The sound of our footsteps made strange echoes down there. It was a relief to make a detour through a more open place where there was some sign of the recent conflict, to take off our thoughts from the brooding silence. There had been a sharp conflict in the next street we entered. The sides of the houses had been torn down in some places by round shot and shell, while other places showed marks of heavy volleys of musketry on the whitewashed walls. The cats glared at us from the tops of walls like young tigers. They had grown to a monstrous size. They looked equally as fierce, cruel and bloodthirsty as tigers, for they had been revelling on human flesh. We came in contact with many loathsome carcases of beasts of burden, that had fallen in the mêlée, and which poisoned the air all around them. As we penetrated further, we seemed to have passed away from the outer world, though surrounded by the habitations of men. It was strange to pass through the wicket of a lofty gateway and find ourselves alone in a silent court-

yard surrounded by empty rooms. In one of these the beauty of the architectural design, the arcades, with their high arches resting on solid pillars of hewn stone, the carved and figured balconies, supported by elaborately chiselled abutments with figures of the gods, each one of which was a fine piece of sculpture, and the beautiful panels of carved stone, showed that it had belonged to some rich Mohammedan nobleman or Hindoo banker.

"'There should be some treasure here,' said I to Mickey, 'the upper rooms on that side, with their lace-like marble lattices, signs of jealous privacy, I know it must be the Zenana.' At the same time, the quick eye of Mickey detected signs of habitation in a small room in one corner of the court-yard.

"'There is some person in there,' said he pointing in the direction. A flight of steps led up to it; which we ascended very cautiously. The door at the top, leading into the chamber, was partially hidden by a heap of debris, apparently placed there to block up the passage, this we soon removed, and found the door tightly closed, and securely bolted on the inside. We tried to force it open, but it resisted all our efforts.

"'I know there is some person inside,' said Mickey, 'I can hear the breathing.'

"We called to the person loudly through the key-hole, to open the door, but there was no answer. We then threatened to break open the door with the butt end of our muskets, and forcibly demonstrated our intention by a united whack with our guns on the centre of the door

which gave very perceptible symptoms of giving way. The door was then slowly opened, when an old man peered out at us. The wild, frightened, hungry look in his eyes, startled us. His long white hair, and beard, showed that he was a very old man. But the macerated cheeks and lank stomach, the protruding ribs, the wrinkled skin, and cadaverous aspect, were not due to old age alone. His long lean fingers, his fleshless arms and legs, were like those of a skeleton. He was a very tall man, and as he stood on his long, lean shanks, his hip-bones stood sharply out. The poor wretch shivered and trembled from weakness, from hunger, and from fear. He looked as if he was at the last extremity of starvation. He told us in trembling accents that he was left behind when the rest of the people had fled for their lives. He was a feeble old man, and could not move fast enough, and therefore, was obliged to stay behind and trust to Allah. They had left a little flour behind, which he had made into a kind of cake that kept him from starving. He was now sick unto death, and a poor, feeble old man. If he did not get some nourishment soon, he should surely die. We told him that we would see that he was well fed and taken care of, if he would show us where the inhabitants had hidden their treasure ; for I well knew from my past experience that to bury money and jewels and precious stones in the ground, has always been a custom in the east. A hole in the earth is the favourite bank. After great persuasion, and promises of protection, he at length very reluctantly consented to show us some hidden treas-

ure. So he led the way through many intricate subterranean passages, where the foul air almost took our breath away. At last, after traversing these dark passages for about a quarter of an hour, the old man came to a door at the end of a dark passage, which he opened by means of a spring which he pressed in the wall, and the door opened, and we found ourselves in a richly cushioned chamber, which was lighted by means of musketry port-holes in the wall.

"'Mickey' said I, 'if the old fellow locked us in here, we would be out of mess to-morrow, for we could never get out.'

"'Be-dad, then' tis thrue for ye,' replied Mickey, 'shure I'll wait outside anyhow, till ye find out from the thafe where the money-bags are hid.'

"I have often thought since, that only for Mickey's presence of mind to stand outside, that the old hermit would have shut us both in if he got the chance. But seeing that he was foiled in his plan, he then removed the grate of the fire-place, and revealed an iron ring which lay back against the wall. He told me to take hold of the ring and pull, which I did, when the hearth-stone, which was on hinges rose up, revealing a dark winding stairs of stone steps, which he told us to go down.'

"'No thank you, old cock,' said I, 'we would much sooner not.'

"We were now confirmed in our mind that the old man was determined if we went down to close the flag over us

and bury us alive. Therefore we declined to descend the steps, but decided to retrace our steps and inform the officer of what we had seen, taking the old man with us partly by force for he did not want to come, seeing that he was foiled in his device to incarcerate us in his underground prison, where most likely many a European has been imprisoned till death released him from the horrid dungeon. The old man prostrated himself on the ground in the direction of Mecca and called upon Allah to save him from the infidels, and begged of us and prayed in a most supplicating manner not to take him away from his home. But all his prayers and entreaties were of no avail.

"'Come along, ye ould sinner,' cried Mickey,' and lave off yer whinin' I tell ye, or be the Rock o' Cashel I'll be afther grindin' yer ould bones into powdher to blow up this infernal pandermonium!'

"We then forced him along with us, but seeing that he was so old and feeble, Mickey took him upon his back and trotted along till we arrived at the officers' bungalow, where we informed the officer of our adventure. The officer then ordered the sergeant of the guard to retain the old man a prisoner and take good care of him. Myself and Mickey then led the way back again to the old man's house, accompanied by the officer and twelve men, taking a lantern with us. On reaching the chamber which gave access to the winding stairs, I cautioned the men to be careful not to shut the door of the chamber which closed tightly with a spring on the outside. We then

held a consultation as to who would descend the shaft first. Our excitement rose to fever point. Only one man could descend at a time the hole being so small. Here was probably the entrance to long underground galleries, such as those which Alladin got into in the 'Arabian Nights' in which stood the trees on whose branches hung rubies and emeralds, and pearls and diamonds, and great sapphires. Visions rose before me of great wealth, with a castle elegantly furnished in the County Carlow, with carriages and liveried servants, and a large estate with blood horses, hunters and racers, with a small army of grooms and outriders. At last, after a long consultation, Mickey exclaimed aloud:

"'Be jabers, boys, I'll go down, sure I often went through such places be meself av an evenin' at home in ould Ireland, where we used to make the potheen whiskey away undher the rocks, where the peelers could never find us; God be wid them ould times, bud no matther, here goes,' so saying Mickey prepared to descend.

"'Here, Mickey,' said the officer, 'take this double-barrel horse-pistol in your hand instead of that long musket, you can do nothing with that in such a narrow passage.'

"'Faith 'tis thrue for ye sur,' replied Mickey, seizing the pistol eagerly, 'this will be handier entoirely.'

"He then descended with the lantern in one hand and the loaded pistol in the other, succeeded by the others, one after the other. After descending the shaft a long way we began to get alarmed at its immense depth, a little

while longer and we heard a bustle as if men were moving beneath, our hearts beat with anxiety, not knowing where we were going, or, what was beneath. The noise became more perceptible as we neared the bottom. As Mickey entered the chamber below he was challenged, in the country bat language, 'who comes there,' to which he replied 'a friend' with that a loud report of a musket followed, and Mickey fell dead at the bottom of the shaft, and the lantern went out leaving us in Egyptian darkness. I called Mickey, whereupon another report followed, the bullet striking the wall close to where I stood on the lower step of the shaft.

"'Retire boys,' said the officers, there must be a strong force of the enemy guarding some valuables at the bottom.'

"We then ascended to the top of the shaft again, where we decided on reporting the circumstance to the officer commanding, whereupon myself and Isaac Hawley (who is now here in the ranks and can testify to my assertions) were dispatched for that purpose. After making the report, the alarm was sounded, when the regiment assembled, then the colonel explained the difficulty that had to be surmounted, and called for one hundred volunteers to go down the shaft. When the required number stepped to the front like one man, and the remainder were dismissed, but told to keep themselves in readiness when called upon. The party were then marched off under the command of Captain Bourchier, preceded by Hawley and myself, and Paddy Sweeney (who was then pioneer corporal), with his dark lantern, which was especially constructed

for the purpose of entering subterranean passages, pits or any dark or dangerous place.

"On arrival at the chamber, where our men guarded the mouth of the shaft, several of the men volunteered to go down first.

"'No, boys,' exclaimed Pat. Sweeney, 'I being a pioneer, it is my duty to go in front; therefore, with the captain's kind permission, I will go first.'

"'All right, my brave fellow,' replied the captain, 'I am thankful to have such men in my company. You can proceed at once, but be cautious.'

"'Oh, faith, niver fear, sur,' replied Paddy, as he descended the hole, with his dark lantern in one hand and his cutlass in the other, closely followed by the other men of the party, one after the other, with their swords and bayonets in their hands.

"On reaching the bottom, Paddy extended his lantern away from him about three or four feet, by means of a telescope handle, which deceived the enemy as to his own whereabouts. As he threw the light on them a loud report followed, the bullet striking on the wall close to the lantern, when our men rushed on the enemy with their swords and bayonets, and cut them to pieces before they could reload or defend themselves, Paddy throwing the light into the eyes of the enemy during the contest.

"The twelve Sepoys who so ably defended the Sultan's treasure were all cut down and captured, though they fought bravely. Several of our men got badly wounded in the mêlée, and poor Mickey Duffy got killed. This

chamber was found to be a guard-room, where a guard of Sepoys mounted once a month to guard and watch the Sultan's treasures. On examination, we found an iron door like that of a large safe, but we had no key to open it, nor could we burst or break it open, it was so massive and strong—whereupon a half-dozen men were sent for sledges, crow-irons, and a couple of engineers and the armoury sergeant. When these artizans and tools arrived, the armourer-sergeant tried to pick the lock, but failed in the attempt. We then set to work with the sledge-hammers, and crow irons, and after an hour's hard pounding, strength and perseverance, it gave way, when a large chamber presented itself, where untold treasure was stowed away most carefully on shelves along the interior, and in iron cases with patent padlocks, which were soon burst open by the united strength of the armourer-sergeant and the engineers. Here were thick massive bars and rolls of solid gold and silver. Here were rings for the fingers and rings for the toes, ear-rings and nose-rings, gold and silver chains for the neck, gold chains to wear round the waist, necklaces of many kinds and sizes, studded and set with the richest of diamonds, sapphires, emeralds and pearls. Boxes filled with all sorts of valuable jewellery and precious stones, large bags of gold mohrs and other gold and silver coin lay on the shelves all round the chamber. This was a nest worth finding.

"The old man whom we first detected was left behind as a special guard over the entrance to the treasure, well knowing that such a feeble old man would be the most

likely to escape the vigilance of the captors. The yarn he told us about being left behind was all bosh. But he acted his part well, the cunning old hypocrite.

"The treasure was removed by fatigue parties under the charge of the commissariat officer. It was afterwards forwarded to England, where it was valued and divided, one-half being secured to the Government, and the other half distributed among the whole army of the Punjab as prize money, which amounted to £20 each man—the officers and non-commissioned officers, of course, getting a great deal more, according to their rank."

The sergeant's story was scarcely finished as we neared a wayside tavern, when the commanding officer gave the command "March to attention!" Pipes were put out, ranks closed up, and all were silent, save the measured tread of the troops and the jingle of accoutrements. Then followed the command "Fix bayonets," and the band struck up, the men keeping step to the music.

As the regiment marched up to the tavern, we were halted, then piled arms, and allowed to break off for half an hour, in order to get refreshments at the tavern, where the landlord had everything ready that we required, according to instructions previously received.

Having indulged freely in the good things provided by the hospitable host, we resumed the march and arrived in the pretty little village of Greenstreet, about four o'clock, where we were billeted that night, and were treated with the greatest kindness and regard by the citizens. On arrival, the regiment was told off in parties to suit the

accommodation in the billets. My party, which consisted of one sergeant and four privates, were all well-proportioned and prepossessing young fellows, and thorough specimens of the British soldier in physical appearance. We were billeted on a good-natured, jolly, but well to do farmer, who lived about a mile from the village. Having been shown to our rooms, which were scrupulously clean, we hastened to divest ourselves of knapsack, arms, and accroutrements, which we cleaned, ready for next parade, ere we dressed for dinner. By the time we had made our toilet, dinner was announced, when we were ushered into a good sized dining-room by the hostess. Bright and blue were the eyes and sleek the tresses of the two fair damsels who waited on us, and many were the alluring glances and insinuating compliments which replied to the sergeant's marvellous flow of speech and volubility of tongue, in open admiration and profuse flattery which he bestowed on the hostess and our fair attendants. Perhaps an ignorance of the customs of our entertainers, and a consequent discreet fear of annoying or offending them in the least, restrained us all except the sergeant, from talking during the meal, or perhaps we found ample food for occupation in the plentiful supply of dainties which our hostess had placed before us. Having done justice to the superabundance of good things supplied by our fair hostess, the table was cleared and the cloth removed by the fair attendants, who placed two glasses before each of us. By this time, the farmer, who had been absent when we arrived, now entered the room, bearing in each hand a large

brown pitcher of old English ale, which he placed at the head of the table in front of the sergeant, and said, "gentlemen, charge your glasses, and drink heartily. I know you must be thirsty and wearied after so long a march, you are all welcome. It's the first time that I have had the honour of entertaining under my roof such noble specimens of our most gracious Majesty's army, drink her health in a flowing bumper, may God bless her." We all responded gratefully and demonstrated our desire to accept of his hospitality by charging our glasses and drank the Queen first, and afterwards that of our host and hostess, and another to our fair attendants. I can scarcely tell how many toasts were drunk; suffice it to say that every time the pitchers were emptied, the farmer rung the bell for John, the hired man, to have them replenished again. The sergeant being a good story-teller, he entertained the company by telling his experience in India, while others of the party told many amusing anecdotes. Nor was the host backward in supplying food for laughter. He told us a very amusing story about a quaker, who sent his watch to be repaired. I will transcribe it as near as I possibly can for the edification of my gentle reader, it runs thus:—

THE QUAKER'S STORY.

"Friend John—I have once more sent my erroneous watch, which wants thy friendly care and correction; the last time it was at thy school, he was no ways benefited by thy instructions. I find by the index of his

tongue he is a liar, and that his motions are wavering and unsettled; which make me believe he is not right in the inward man. I mean the main-spring. I would have thee prove and try him with thy adjusting tools of truth, that if possible thou mayst drive him from the error of his ways; imagining his body to be foul, and the whole mass corrupted, purge him with thy cleansing stick from all pollution, so that he may vibrate and circulate according to truth; I will board him with thee a few days and pay thee for his board when thou requirest it. In thy late bill thou charged me with the one eighth of a pound sterling, which I will assuredly pay thee when thy work deservest it. Friend, when thou correctest him, do it without passion, lest by severity thou drivest him to destruction. I would have thee let him visit the sun's motion, and learn him his true calculation table and equation; and when thou findest him conformable to that, send him home with a just bill of moderation and it shall be faithfully remitted to thee by thy true friend,

"OBADIAH PRIM."

By degrees, as the hour grew later, and the strong ale seemed perceptibly to get their spirits up by the quantity poured down, the conversation changed into one universal clatter. Some told their achievements by sea, and others told their feats by land. At last the sergeant, who loved talking as well as the others, and who for the last half hour had been vainly endeavouring to obtain attention, seeing that the wind was completely taken out of his sails, and that he could not get a word

in edgeways, cried out "silence my boys! it's getting late, and we shall have the attention of the orderly officer directed to us, if you don't make less noise." The sergeant then tried to make himself agreeable by telling an amusing story, but failed to draw attention to his yarn. "What, Dickey Melville," said he, "are you still gabbling down there at the foot of the table, while your betters are talking? As sure as my name's sergeant Wright, I'll choke you with this here brown pitcher, the contents of which you have thrice guzzled. But if you will make a noise, come forward, and sing a good song, I know you can do it. You see sir," said he, (turning to our host) "that we are not without our pretentions to the fine arts." At this order, Dickey, who prided himself on his vocal powers, and was anxious to display his ability before so refined an audience, started to his feet and commenced :—

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track ;
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew through the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And I knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay—stay with us !—rest !—thou art weary and worn !"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

The applause which rewarded this effort was highly gratifying and encouraging to Dickey, who was prevailed upon to favour the company once more. The sergeant's turn came next, and they soon found it an economy of labour to blend their voices together in a duet, which succeeded in putting our generous entertainer to sleep, for the unwonted fatigues of the day, together with a little over-indulgence of the social glass, had produced a soporific effect, and at length his vicinity was indicated by certain nasal sounds proceeding from his recumbent position in the great arm-chair, which he had recently taken possession of on finding his equilibrium undecided in attempting to perambulate across the room for some purpose best known to himself, and testified the profound state of our worthy host's repose. The star of the east soon began to eclipse the fading radiance left by the moon, which had sunk below the horizon, and the twinkling orb paled in

its turn before the broad disc of the sun, which presently cast its bright, warm rays in through the window ere the little group retired for a short nap before the warning bugle had called us to resume the march. At 6:30 the following morning, the assembly sounded, and we resumed the march at seven, with light hearts, but many aching heads, consequent on the over-indulgence of the soul-stirring element so freely imbibed the previous evening, through the kindness and hospitality of the citizens, who regaled the defenders of their soil as becometh Her Majesty's loyal subjects. After a march of five hours along a dusty road, we arrived at Canterbury by noon, where we were met by several of our old acquaintances, who were much pleased to see us back again, and accompanied us to the barracks. Soldiers on the line of march are free from stoppages from their pay; they receive their daily pay entire. They are also allowed ten-pence per diem for dinner, which is paid to the landlord of the house by the pay-sergeant, and the landlords are bound to furnish a hot dinner for that sum. Their usual custom, however, is to provide a dinner for which that is not sufficient payment. It is characteristic of the innkeepers of England to give soldiers a good hot dinner, irrespective of the price at which they are bound by law to furnish it. But, going into barracks, no marching money for that day is allowed. Every soldier in the service has at some time complained of this. Going into a cold, empty barracks, where no one has preceded them to prepare fire or food, they do not receive the extra allowance where of all

places it is most requisite. However, it is an attribute of a British soldier to be equal to any emergency, the cooks were soon at their posts, extemporizing a morsel to stay the gnawing worm till a more substantial repast could be prepared.

During our stay here of three months we had pretty easy times, the men getting sixteen nights in bed between guards, and hardly any fatigues, but any amount of drills.

On the 5th September, 1849, we marched back again to Chatham, arriving there at 5 p. m. on the 6th, after two days' hard marching, with a full kit, weighing fifty pounds, on our backs. The march tried many of our men, the weather being so very sultry, and the roads dusty. Several of the men fell out of the ranks along the road, to be picked up by the rear-guard and placed on the baggage waggons. Chatham is one of the largest garrison towns in England, and has a combined force of about five thousand troops permanently stationed there. In a military point of view, the lines of detached forts connecting constitute a fortification of great strength, and the whole is regarded as a perfect flank defence for London, in the event of an invader seeking to attack the capital from the south coast; the place is also defended by some strong forts on the Medway.

Near Chatham is Fort Pitt, a military hospital and strong fort, barracks for infantry, marines, artillery and engineers, a park of artillery and magazines, store-house and depot on a large scale. In a naval sense, it is one

of the principal royal ship-building establishments in Great Britain, and a visit to it never fails to impress the stranger with a sense of the naval power of the country. The dock-yard is nearly two miles in length, containing several building slips and wet docks sufficiently capacious for the largest ships, and the whole is traversed in every direction by tramways for locomotives. There are, on an average, 3,500 shipwrights, caulkers, joiners, sawyers, mill-wrights, sail makers, rope-makers, riggers and labourers, with 5,000 soldiers, sailors and marines, making it lively for public-houses and saloons in the evening

About the middle of December, I applied to the captain of my company for a furlough. Having no offence against me since I joined the regiment, he had no trouble in getting it granted. I had saved most of my pay since I joined, and now had sufficient funds, with the amount allowed me from the captain in advance, to bear my expenses during my absence from the regiment; and as all my near relatives in Leitrim were either dead or had emigrated to America, I had no particular place to spend my furlough, and being stationed so near London, I made up my mind to visit that great city, and avail myself of the opportunity of visiting once more, at my leisure, some of the principal places of note and amusement. My furlough was dated from 16th December, and expired 16th January.

I left the Sun Pier, at Chatham, by a penny steamboat, to Stroud Station, thence by rail to Gravesend, and boat to Blackwall; from there by rail to Frenchurch

street, where I took an omnibus to Camden Hill Villa, Kensington, where I stayed, on invitation, with a friend during my sojourn in London. During my ride through the city on the outside of the 'bus, I had a splendid view of the perfect labyrinth of streets and squares, warehouses and stores, churches and palaces, which I strongly recommend all strangers in London to see. Here I am, riding through the vast metropolis of England, where nearly four millions of people of all classes, grades and conditions, find a home ; a city that covers eighty thousand acres of ground ; where is consumed fifty-five million gallons of beer and porter, with three million gallons of ardent spirits, annually poured out to satisfy unnatural and voracious appetites. It takes thirty thousand tailors to make their clothes, forty thousand shoemakers to take care of their feet, and fifty thousand milliners and dressmakers to attend to the ladies' dresses. Here an army of twenty-five thousand servants are daily employed, and the smoke of the coal fires darkens the country for more than twenty miles around. The splendour of the magnificent buildings and shops, carriages, cabs, omnibuses and vehicles of every description, with crowds of pedestrians, impressed me with surprise beyond my powers of description. I got off at Silver street, after paying the conductor six-pence for my fare, and walked to my friend's house, where I was received in a most cordial manner.

During my stay in London, I visited many of the principal places in the city, among which were the following,

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

viz. :—St James' Palace, an irregular cluster of buildings used for court purposes, but not as the Queen's London residence; Buckingham Palace, the Queen's London residence, a large quadrangular building; Marlborough House, now the residence of the Prince of Wales; Kensington Palace and Gardens; House of Parliament, a vast structure, which has cost £3,000,000, perhaps the finest building in the world, applied to national purposes, the river front is 900 feet long; Westminster Hall, a noble old structure of which the main hall is 290 feet by 68 and 110 feet high; the Horse Guards, the official residence of the Commander-in-chief, with an arched entrance to St. James' Park, where, under the arches on each side are two noble specimens of mounted sentries; the National Gallery, devoted to a portion of the nation's pictures, in Trafalgar Square; South Kensington Museum; the Guards' Barracks, Chelsea; the General Post-Office, which has a hall of 80 feet by 60, and 53 feet high, with a number of offices all around it. Of public columns and statues, the chief of which interested me and took my attention were the following: Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square; and York Column, Waterloo Steps.*

Of the public parks in the Metropolis, the most important are Hyde Park, St. James' Park, the Green Park, Regent's Park, Victoria Park, Kensington Park, all belonging to the nation, and are, of course, out of the builders' hands. They are most valuable as "lungs" and

*The Albert Memorial, Hyde Park, has been erected since.

breathing places for great London. The Zoological Gardens, Horticultural Gardens, and Botanic Gardens are beautiful places, belonging to private societies. Of places of amusement, there are three opera houses, about thirty theatres. twelve music halls and concert rooms of large dimensions (including Albert Hall), a much larger number of smaller ones, and very numerous exhibition rooms of various kinds, including Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax figures, in Baker Street, these greatly interested and amused me.

The Gin Palaces, as they are styled in London, are very numerous, and very attractive at night by the brilliancy of the flaming light, emitted through a thick plate glass window, shedding a bright lustre in front. Also a bright light from a large gas lamp, which bears the sobriquet of the establishment in conspicuous gilt letters in front of this abode of Bacchus.

Allured like many others, by the display of lights in front, I entered one of these gin palaces, which stands at the corner of Fleet-street, more for the purpose of making observations than for anything else. My admiration was spontaneous when I beheld the interior of this Bacchanalian banqueting hall, which was brilliantly fitted up and furnished regardless of expense. Behind a large half-moon shaped counter six neatly dressed, handsome young ladies were busily employed serving up the needful in a professional manner to the thirsty tastes of the different customers. On entering, I stepped up to the bar and ordered a glass of lemonade, which was quickly served by

one of the fair attendants. While I stood imbibing the refreshing beverage, I took particular notice of the amount of ardent spirits, as well as ale, beer and porter, which was poured down the greedy throats of the thirsty frequenters of this grand buffet, in the short time I had stood there looking on. All classes of persons, both male and female, from the merchant down to the tattered squalid inebriate, go in here for their glass of ale, porter, gin, rum or brandy, whichever their fancy dictates. Flesh and blood can scarcely resist the allurements thrown out to the unwary by these places of drunkenness and debauchery. The tempter says to men and women inwardly, as they pass by these glittering establishments, come in, and walk this path with me, it is thymed and primrosed, and the air is bewitched with the odours of the hanging gardens of Heaven; the rivers are rivers of wine, and all you have to do is to drink thereof in chalices that sparkle with diamond and amethyst. See! It is all bloom and roseate hue and heaven. Oh! if a cessation to this stream of thirsty humanity could be effected by moral suasion and example, we should see the orchestra of the pit with hot breath blowing through a fiery trumpet, and the skeleton arms on drums of thunder and darkness beating the chorus: "The end thereof is death."

I must not forget that my leave is nearly up; my furlough expires to-morrow night at tattoo. Alas, I am sorry I cannot stay longer, time seems so short and flies so fast in this great city, but as a soldier I must never forget my duty. After bidding my friend good-bye, and

thanking him kindly for his generous hospitality, I started back to join my regiment at Chatham, by the same route I had come, arriving in barracks at tattoo, January 16th, and duly reported myself to the orderly sergeant.

Whilst I had been on leave, my company (the grenadiers) were under orders for detachment at Sheerness. Accordingly, we embarked at the Sun Pier, and proceeded down the Medway by steamer, on the 8th February, arriving at our destination at 2 p.m., commanded by Captain L. C. Bourchier, and were stationed in the same barracks as the 72nd Highlanders, whose pipers kept playing and droning Scotch airs, such as, "The Campbells are coming," or, "Scots wha ha'e wi Wallace bled," or "Bonnie Dundee," from reveillé till tattoo. This is also another of England's royal ship-building establishments; there are nearly two thousand artizans and labourers employed daily in the dock-yard. The streets, public-houses, and concert rooms are continually, unfortunately, crowded with sailors, soldiers, marines and dock-yard hands, every evening, and not unfrequently a bar-room row takes place between the soldiers and sailors or the civilians; on one occasion, I myself, saw two of our tallest and ablest grenadiers peel off their jackets and clean out a whole tap-room full of sailors and civilians who were creating a disturbance, and that with their English fists. The last time I was stationed in Canterbury, what did I do but, like an Irishman, fall in love. I made the acquaintance of a Kentish damsel, and promised to marry her, with the understanding that I got the commanding

officer's sanction. In order to carry out this promise, after our company had been here about a month, I applied to the colonel, of course through the captain of my company, for leave to get married, which was granted, through the strong recommendation and influence of my captain; for my readers must know that it is only a very small proportion of soldiers (six to each company), and those only of the best character and highly recommended, can get leave to marry; or if they marry without leave, they have no claim to participate in any of the advantages and privileges attached to the soldier who marries with leave —such as quarters in barracks, and on foreign stations, rations.

Having received the commanding officer's permission, I was married on the 3rd of April, 1850, at Minster, in the Isle of Sheppy, Kent. My wife was then placed on the strength of the regiment from that date. Now my happiness was complete. I was struck out of the barrack-room messing, and my wife and I became truly happy together. Instead of walking down the town with my comrades, I walked out with my wife in the evenings on the ramparts in rear of our quarters, and gazed in wonder at the massive fortifications and guns which encircle our barracks. Here we could hear the soft strains of exquisite music from the various military bands of marines, or the regiments in garrison, or, more frequently, the pibroch of the 72nd Highlanders, or the sound of the evening gun re-echo over the surface of the waters from the flag-ship which rode so majestically at anchor in the dis-

tant roadstead, with the sun sinking into an ocean of fire, and the white sails of the fishing smacks glistening in the setting sun.

We had been for some time fearing to be relieved from this delightful station; at length the long expected order came. The rumours which had been for some time gathering strength as to our destination were discovered to have had a better foundation than many which in general floated indefinitely about our barracks, on the subject of which no one ever could discover their origin; for, you must know, soldiers are great gossipers. Our orders were for Weedon, a small town in Northamptonshire, on the river Nene. In three days we were to embark on board a steamer for London, thence by rail. We were all rather sorry for leaving the present station, although soldiers always like fresh scenery, and always play when they leave, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

We embarked on the 18th May, accompanied by the band, pipers and several men of the 72nd Highlanders to the wharf, the band playing "Auld Lang Syne" as our steamer moved from the dock, the men cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, which we responded to in a most friendly manner. We were all very happy, though we were rather closely packed together, a circumstance generally considered dangerous to good fellowship. The vessel was a small one and being of rather ancient build, did not boast of all those conveniences that the new steamers possess. The voyage was a short one, the river being very smooth; the trip was pleasant, although it was

somewhat inconvenient for the women and children, who were huddled up very closely together. We were lucky that the weather was so fine, therefore we had not the unpleasantness of sea-sickness.

As we neared London, steamers and vessels of nearly every size became more numerous, and the buzz of industry from the shore, with the whistling of small steamers, the splashing of wheels, the clouds of smoke, impressed us with the wondrous amount of traffic carried on through this mighty highway of navigation and commerce.

We reached Blackwall at one o'clock, and marched to Euston station, the women and children being sent in cabs, where we took the train at three p. m., arriving in Weedon at five p. m., marched into barracks and joined headquarters, which had been there before us. About this time Col. Styte got command of the regiment, an old Waterloo officer of great skill in military details.

The Town of Weedon, which is situated in the centre of a wide and rich valley in one of the most beautiful counties in England, was declared by all our soldiers, without one dissentient voice, to be an exceedingly dull, stupid place. Not having much duty to perform in this quiet garrison, we were kept continually at drill; in the evenings the men had nothing to occupy the time except to assemble in the public-houses or canteen, and on Sundays, after church, to walk out of town to a certain country tavern, where they unfortunately used to indulge in drinking and carousing. In the days of which I write, those who entertained the idea of educating soldiers were laughed

at, as visionary enthusiasts, whose schemes, if put into practice, would entirely ruin and destroy the military *esprit de corps* of the army; and few there were among the commanding officers of regiments, who possessed moral courage enough to combat the general opinion, even if they differed from the principle.

Col. Styte, however, the Lieut. Col. of the 17th Regiment, or "Royal Tigers," was happily endowed with moral courage in an equal degree with his gallantry in the field, which secured for him his present high position, and an honesty of mind and purpose he possessed that was not usual with officers of his time. He had received a wound at the battle of Waterloo, in his right arm, which entirely disabled it, and it hung down by his side quite powerless. Not being able to draw his sword, we had great sympathy for him, which he appreciated very much. He had established an evening school for the drummer boys of the regiment, and for such of the non-commissioned officers and privates as chose to avail themselves of its advantages. The Colonel and a few of his brother officers raised a subscription, in order to provide the necessary books, and a school was established and well attended, with most excellent results—valued by many of the best disposed non-commissioned officers and men, it worked exceedingly well. Regarding the drummer boys, their attendance was compulsory. The teacher was a very gentlemanly, able man, and imparted his instructions in a very painstaking manner, which caused many of the young soldiers to attend his school willingly, and try to advance themselves by his

instructions. Nothing in the regiment gave me more pleasure than attending, and the progress I made during our term served to advance my prospects of promotion in after years, which I most gratefully remember.

By the co-operation of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men, a gymnasium was established. The services of a professional gymnast were secured to instruct the men in all the athletic exercises, including sparring with the gloves. Many were the black eyes, and knock-downs, given and received under his able instruction in the pugilistic art. We were stationed in this quiet town three months, when we got the route to proceed to Castlebar, a town in the west of Ireland, and about one hundred and sixty miles from Dublin.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIVERPOOL—EMBARK FOR DUBLIN—THE VOYAGE—ARRIVAL—MARCH—THE TRAIN—THE MARCH TO CASTLEBAR—ARRIVAL—ELECTION—ROUTE TO GALWAY.

MAY 9th, 1850, the regiment was formed on the barrack square, right in front, marched to the railway station, the band playing at the head of the regiment, accompanied by a large number of the inhabitants, with whom we were very popular, and who gave us three hearty cheers as the train moved from the station, at ten o'clock, a.m. During the journey the train stopped sufficiently long enough at different stations to enable us to partake of refreshments.

Arriving in Liverpool at 4.30, formed up at the station and marched through the main street, down to the docks with fixed bayonets, the band playing "British Grenadiers," where we embarked at 5.30 p.m.

At six o'clock the steamer moved off slowly from the dock, the band playing "Come back to Erin," when we were cheered by the crowd from the quay. We had a remarkably fine passage, although the boat rolled and pitched a good deal with the long swell from the south-west, and we suffered but little discomfort beyond what

invariably attends 900 men, forty women and children, who are imprisoned for the time-being, with the fear of being drowned. Several of the women and children were sea-sick; but as for the men, their will conquered their stomach, and they were not sick, although many of them looked very pale and squeamish. Hoping to enter port in the morning, I was early on deck; we were already in sight of land; on the right the long low line of the Irish coast was visible, scarcely raised above the level of the sea. Not far ahead the outline, and prominent feature of the Hill of Howth stood out before us on the right, with its light-house; my heart beat and jumped with joy as my eyes caught the first glimpse of the land of my birth, "my own, my native land."

The city, that at first looked like a white line on the coast began apparently to lift itself upwards, and assume a definite form and shape, the houses and spires standing out more distinctly. On the left we saw Kingstown, with the grand Wicklow mountains in the background, completed the picture—indeed the bay of Kingstown is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. Now we pass the light-house on the left, which stands at the end of a long pier at the entrance of the bay, close to the Pigeon House Fort, where there are strong fortifications. We are moving up slowly among the shipping, arriving at the north-wall at six-o'clock a.m. The order was given to disembark immediately, when huge swarms of red coats assembled on deck, buzzed and bustled about, actively preparing to disembark in good order, and fall in by compa-

nies on the quay. On the bugle sounding, the whole fell in, and were inspected by the Colonel. All being correct, we marched off by fours, with fixed bayonets, and band playing, along the Liffy to the Western Railway station, "Broadstone," accompanied by an immense crowd of spectators. We took the train at eight o'clock for Mullingar, arriving there at ten—sixty miles in two hours—and were billeted on the taverns and public-houses. Previous to being dismissed, we were formed up at quarter distance column, in front of the principal hotel (Murray's), where the Colonel stayed, when he charged the men to conduct themselves in their billets, in a soldier-like manner as becometh British soldiers, and never bring discredit on the regiment through their misconduct among the inhabitants; non-commissioned officers were ordered specially to look after the men's interests, and call the roll at tattoo; he at the same time ordered parade with arms and accoutrements at five o'clock, p. m., after which the men were marched to their different billets by their respective non-commissioned officers, where we were received with "*ceade-mille-failtha*," by the landlords, who had dinner ready for us in right Irish fashion, according to instructions received from the "billet master." After dinner we were employed in getting our appointments clean and ready for parade. At the appointed time the regiment paraded at the former place, rolls called, and companies inspected by their respective captains. During the parade the band "discoursed sweet music" in front of the hotel.

After the reports were collected, and all reported pres-

ent by the adjutant, the colonel gave the command "fix bayonets, shoulder arms, left wheel into line, quick march, halt, dress," the major giving the word, "steady" when the line was dressed; after which the colonel opened the ranks and inspected the whole line (the band playing during the inspection), breaking into open column right in front and then dismissed.

A large crowd of citizens and country people were looking on in wonder and amazement: one would have thought they never saw a regiment on parade before, their admiration was so great.

After going to our billets, the men dressed for the evening in their shell-jackets, forage-caps, and waist-belts, cane in hand, and were soon scattered in all directions, among the civilians, who soon made their acquainance, and pledged their fellowship with creature comforts in the public-houses.

Reveillé sounded at five o'clock, when we were on the alert, got breakfast at six, and were on parade at seven. After the companies were inspected, the colonel again addressed them, telling the men the consequence and penalty of getting drunk on the line of march; after which he sent off the advance guard, and told off the rear and baggage guards. The women and children, that could not afford to pay for a side-car were obliged to ride on the baggage waggon. After these preliminary arrangements were made we marched off, the band playing "Patrick's Day;" the people gave three hearty cheers on parting. After we got out of town, we were allowed

to march at ease, talk, smoke, sing and tell stories. We were all quite fresh on starting, except perhaps a few of the wet souls who made a little free the previous evening with an overdose of Paddy's eye-water, but after we had accomplished about five or six miles we began to feel the weight of a full kit, arms and accoutrements, besides sixty rounds of ammunition in our pouches, with a thick, stiff leather stock, and a coatee buttoned up tight around our neck, and to cap the climax, the whole surmounted by a ponderous shako as an ornament to the military superstructure. The weather being warm and the roads dusty, those who indulged so freely in the soul-stirring element the previous night especially, now began perceptibly to exhibit indefinite symptoms of weariness and thirst. The commanding officer therefore, seeing this from his elevated position on horseback, and knowing full well from past experience perhaps, the weakness to which the human frame is heir, and the desire of the flesh for the things of this world, halted the regiment close to a small village, where we procured an abundance of butter-milk from the peasants, who gave it to us most willingly. I went into a house and asked for a drink of water. "Yes, agra!" said a rather oldish woman, as she placed a chair for me, "sit down alanna, while I fetch it," so saying she disappeared, and soon returned with a large noggin of butter-milk which she placed on a table beside me, "drink that acushla," said she, "it's better nor could wather for ye an the road." I offered her some coppers in payment for the refreshing beverage, but she refused,

saying, "No, I thank ye sur, d'ye think I'ud be afther takin' pay from a poor sojer fur a dhrop o' butther-milk ? the sorra wone av me thin ; I wish that it wor betther, it's meself that 'ud give it wid a good will. Shure, alanna, I don't know bud me own son may be in need av a dhrink, wherever he may be this blessed minute." As she finished this sentence her eyes filled with tears, which she wiped away with the corner of her apron, and gave a deep sigh. "Perhaps your son is a soldier," suggested I at this outburst of maternal affection for her absent progeny. "Ochone, avick machree!" she exclaimed, "in throth it's nothin' but the truth yer spakin,' shure enough my son is a sojer in the Queen's army, he'll be gone away from me fourteen years come next Patrick's Day, maybe ye might have met wid him in yer thravels alanna. His name is Barney Hanratty, an' av ye had wanced laid yer eyes an him ye must remember him ever aftherwards, fur he had a remarkable big scar acrass the bridge av his nose an' right cheek bone, bless the mark."

"Well ma'am," says I, "such a person as you have described, I have never met with in all my travels, although I have met many men of the same name. This particular mark across the face which you have defined, is one of those freaks of nature which seems inherent in some families, is it not," suggested I.

"No in throth, asthore machree," replied she, it's not a natural mark at all, at all, but mighty unnatural entirely, fur he received it in a fight which he had wid the bailiff an' his pack of thieves who wor dhrivin' off our two cows

to pound in regard av two pounds arrears of rint which I owed the landlord since my husband died, rest his sowl. It wor nearly a dear fight to Barney anyhow, for the blow he got acrass the face wor nearly bringin' him to his grave, but anyway my boy was brave enough to rescue the cows from the bailiff an' his three understrappers whom he almost killed entirely. Whin I saw me son returnin' wid the two cows afore him an' he covered all over wid blood, ye could ha' knocked me down wid a thraneen, an' sich a strong weakness came over me that only the childre threw some could wather in my face I'ud ha' fainted right off, bless the hearers. 'Barney, agra,' said I, afther he had returned from the byre where he had secured the cows, an' I got me strength agin to spake to him, 'in heaven's name, alanna, why did ye dhraw down this throuble upon yourself an' yer poor mother, an' I havin' enough av that same ever since yer father came to an untimely end in the very same manner, rest his sowl. Shure it tears me heart to pieces to see ye get sich treatment, I 'ud n't wish for the best two cows that I ever milked that ye should ha' met wid such usages at the hands av them sassenachs. Barney adelish why did ye intherfare wid the coorse av' law, an' endanger yer life by rescuin' the cows,' 'I don't care for the coorse av law, mother,' replied he, 'whoever comes to take our property from us, an' we willin' to work, will suffer for it. Do ye think I'd see me two brothers an' little sister an' not to spake av yourself, eatin' dhry praties, an' our cows standin' in a pound for no rason whatsomdiver? No, high hangin'

to me, but I'll split the skull of the first man that comes to take them, an' all I'm sorry for is that it's not the vagabond landlord himself that's near me. That's our thanks fur payin' many a pound in honesty an' dacency to him an' his, lavin' us to a Sassenach agent, an' not even to that same, but to his understrappers, that's robbin' us on both sides atune them. May hard fortune attind him fur a landlord. His wisest plan anyhow is to keep clear av this part av the counthry, d'ye mind. Shure it's a gambler he is, they say, spendin our hard earned money away in France an' Germany an' other fureign parts, in all sorts of debauchery, an' we harrished an' racked to support his villainy, by his cursed agent an' his understrappers, but, wait a bit, maybe there's a good time comin' whin we'll pay our money to them that won't be too proud to hear our complaints wid their own ears, an' who wont turn us over to a divil's limb av an agent who has no fear av God in his heart. He has need anyhow to get his coffin sooner nar he thinks. What signifies hangin' in a good cause, it's a dacent death an' a happy death whin it's for the right cause,—defindin' the widow an' orphans from the ravages of the cruel oppressor.' 'Ochone, Barney, agra machree,' says I 'come here asthore an' sit down while I wash aff the blood an' dhress that fearful wound, shure ye'll be afther bleedin to death while yer blood is up in such a passion, sit down, alanna.' Afther washin' an dhressin' the big scar acrass his face, we put him to bed.

"Next mornin', the hue-and-cry was all over the coun-

thry about the bailiff an' his three undherstrappers been nearly kilt entirely by me son, an' the peelers wor out afther him wid a warrant for his apprehension. So be the powers I had to hide him away till the gash on his face wor healed. Then what did he do but go an' 'list fur a soger in the 18th Royal Irish, to escape bein' transported across the says where I'ud never have a chance av seein' him again, divil a lie I'm tellin' ye. He's been home on furlough twice since he 'listed. His regiment wor ordhured out to India, where they wor engaged in a dreadful war wid thim hathens, an' many av his regiment got killed an' wounded at the sthormin' av Ghuznee, I believe they call it. We saw Barney's name among the wounded in the newspapers. In throth, alanna I'm mighty afeered that he has since died from the effects av the wound, as I've not heard from him since, which is now ten years come next Patrick's Day. Should you, alanna, by any chance come acrass him in yer travels, an recognise him by the mark acrass his face, be sure an' tell him that his poor ould mother is alive an' well an' hopes wid the blessin' av God to live and see her darlin' boy once more return home to his native land again."

Just as she had finished, the bugle sounded the "fall in." I then took the widow's hand, and promised that I would do as she had desired, if ever I met with her son. As I withdrew my hand, the tears ran down her cheeks, and I could hear her blessing me as I departed from the house. The bugle had scarcely finished sounding, when every man was in his place in the ranks, well rested and refresh-

ed. When the march was resumed, we had nine miles more to march before we got to Ballymore, where we were to be billeted for the night. The whitethorn, honeysuckle, primrose, and other numerous wild-flowers along the hedge-rows, by the road-side, were bursting their petals, and the whole air was redolent of their rich perfume. Therefore, the march was rather a pleasurable one, consequent on the picturesque scenery along the line of route. We had frequent halts, for a few moments at a time, during the remaining nine miles, when the peasants regaled us very hospitably with a generous supply of buttermilk; in return for which our band played "Patrick's Day," and "Garry-Owen," as we resumed the march, which well repaid them for their hospitality, and several of the rising generation accompanied us for miles along the road, enchanted by the sweet music, martial and imposing appearance of the troops—arriving at Ballymore by two o'clock, when we were told off to our respective billets. This is a very wretched, small town, with only three public houses; most of the men were billeted in private houses, the poor people were hard pressed to find room for us, their houses were so small, most of them only one story high, but we were tired and not very particular, as long as we got shelter, and some place to stretch our wearied limbs during the hours of repose. After arriving at our billets, dinner, such as they had, was ready for us; tea and coffee they had none, but instead, we had an abundance of bacon, cabbage, and potatoes, which we washed down with a plentiful supply of new milk, which

we enjoyed very much, and made a hearty meal. After satisfying the cravings of the inner man with these substantials, to cap the climax, several of our party decided upon indulging in a wee drop of good old Irish whiskey, in order to give a zest to the ample repast. Accordingly, we made up a subscription and sent our host out for the "crater." After partaking of this luxury, so long unknown, in which the landlord and his better half joined us in a sociable manner, we turned out for parade, when we were inspected by captains of companies and then dismissed. We had supper at six, oat-cakes, potato-cakes, and new milk, and being tired from the previous marching, we were soon after in the arms of Morpheus, tired nature's sweet restorer.

Reveillé sounded at five next morning, arousing the hitherto quiet village, when we were all on the alert, got breakfast of bacon and eggs, potato-cakes and milk, falling in for parade at seven, and marching off with the band playing Irish airs as usual, which caused the citizens to shout and cheer in a most loyal manner, as Her Majesty's troops disappeared from their midst. After a long march of sixteen miles, on a dusty road, we reached Athlone at two o'clock, tired and footsore.

After the usual preliminaries we were dismissed to our billets, where a hot dinner was ready, according to instructions received in advance by the billet sergeant, who preceded the regiment on the line of march. My wife fared much better to-day than yesterday. I had procured for her a seat on a side-car with the hospital sergeant's wife,

by paying half the expense of the car. This luxury of riding on a side-car or cab is not accorded to private soldiers' wives, unless they can pay for the conveyance themselves, and are therefore with their little children, (if they have any) forced to ride on the humiliating baggage waggons, where they are jolted unmercifully on a rough road in a most excruciating and shameful manner. This source of grievance, which has been of long standing in the army, ought to be remedied by the government, and a better and more respectable means of forwarding the wives and children of the able defenders of our country and Her Majesty's possessions, from one station to the other.

This is a good sized town, with large barracks and strongly fortified, on the Shannon, dividing Leinster from Connaught. We fared pretty well here and got good, decent billets.

To-morrow will be Sunday; we will halt to rest, and praise God, who has in His Almighty power so wisely ordained that the seventh day shall be sanctified and kept holy. We were allowed to indulge in a good sleep on Sunday morning, nothing to do before ten o'clock, only to get breakfast of ham and eggs; after which church parade in front of O'Rourk's hotel, where we were inspected and marched off to our different places of worship, the band playing, causing great crowds of the citizens to assemble and accompany us to church. After dinner most of the men went out through the town in full dress; but myself, and one or two of my comrades, stayed in during the

afternoon, reading and resting ourselves, in order that we might be fresh for the next day's march. About four o'clock our landlord, a jolly, good-natured sort of a man, whose name was Dan Nulty, seemed anxious to amuse us. All at once he bethought that there was a rat caught the previous night in a wooden trap in his larder. Dan was also the proud possessor of a very fine rat terrier, which he called Pincher. The idea struck him that it was a happy thought to turn the rat loose in the yard and give Pincher a chance to distinguish himself before strangers. He informed his wife that his mind needed rousing a little by excitement, and that the rat ought to be let out of his miserable prison. He was then reminded by his better half what day it was, but that had no effect whatever. He said if it was right to get a derrick and lift your neighbour's ass out of the pit into which he had fallen, on the Sabbath day, there could not be much harm in releasing a miserable rat from the trap into which he had been deluded. He thought this was a great joke, better would it have been for him to have heeded the pious suggestion of his wife, but some men (and Dan Nulty was one of them,) are very headstrong, and think they know everything and a great deal more. He brought the trap with the rat in it out into the back yard and called the dog. "Come boys," said he to us as he went into the yard, "don't ye want to see some good fun, this dog of mine is one of the best rat terriers ye ever laid yer eyes upon; just see how quick he'll put that rat out of pain."

Out we rushed after Dan to see the fun, and gathered in a circle around the rat-trap, Pincher, in particular, was anxious to be introduced to the unfortunate rat, which evidently began to understand that his old master was at last about to betray him into the jaws of his bitter enemy. We all stood in silent expectation. The rat took a look at the open door, but hesitated to leave his prison, to run the chance of being crushed to death oy the canine tusks of Pincher, who stood ready at the door to gobble him up the first chance he got. At length Dan pushed the trap with his foot, as a signal to the rat that all were ready. Still the rat demurred in taking any active part in the proceedings. But Dan kept on pushing the trap with his foot to remind the rat that he was wanted outside; when all of a sudden, with a tremendous yell as if some one had stabbed him, Dan jumped about four feet high then with his legs wide apart, and a wild look of mortal terror in his eyes, which you could easily have snared outside of his head, he gave a roar like a wild beast, and inflicted upon his own person several emphatic slaps with his open hand. It seems that the rat had run up one of the legs of his nether garments, where he secreted himself in its ample folds, which Dan belaboured with all his might, in order to dislodge the rat. Then he stretched out one leg, like some accomplished actor on a stage, and wriggled all over. Just as he did so, Pincher smelt a rat and bounced at him, but missed his game, so it was not the rat's hide that suffered. Dan made a vicious kick at the faithful dog that was trying his might to catch the rat,

but the rat acting on the suggestion of the terrier, also took a nip now and then at Dan's hide. At any rate, Dan set up such a piercing, plaintive wail, that we were all speechless and convulsed with laughter, it was a remarkable scene for a painter. There was Dan, jumping around the yard like a madman, slapping himself whenever he thought he could reach the rat. The dog close behind him, nipping the unfortunate desecrator of the Sabbath from time to time, in his vain efforts to bite the rat. Dan tried to pray, "now I lay me down to sleep," but he interrupted himself with the most horrid and violent profanity and vigorous kicks at the faithful Pincher, who was doing all a poor dog could do, to assist his master in his search after the exasperated rat, which, as a correct map of the seat of war would show, bit him three times on the broadest part of his anatomy, to the dog's once. But, then the rat occupied a better position, looking at it from a military or strategetic standpoint. The doleful cries of his wife and children who were horrified spectators at the back door, awakened one of the men in the adjoining yard named Davey O'Hara to a sense of his duty towards his neighbour. The form of the struggling rat was visible inside of Dan's raiment. Davey who had just arrived at the scene of action, had armed himself with a large club or beetle, which he found in the yard, now pursued the fugitive, and aimed a fearful blow at the annoying little rodent, unfortunately he missed Dan entirely, but the blow was not lost, for poor Pincher got the full force of it, and went howling over the fence like

a shot, and thus the unfortunate man was freed from one of his tormentors. The next blow at the rat, which Dan was trying to escape from, was a little too low down. It sounded like hitting a beafsteak with a batten, but Davey was gradually getting the range. He called on the afflicted man to hold still for one moment, and was about to make another whack at the rat, when Dan slipped to one side and missed the blow, and striking his would be deliverer with a club which he seized in desperation, doubling him up like a hedge-hog and hurled him against the side of the barn with the ferocity of a step-mother's arm. Fortunately his better-half retained her presence of mind, she bawled out, "sit down on him Dan, sit down on him." He accepted the glad tidings. When a two hundred pound man sits down it means something, it sounded like the firing off of a cannon. He sat down on himself several times hard enough to shake the padding out of his waistcoat.

His wife ran to assist her fallen husband, just then the rat ran out of the leg of his unmentionables. With a wild shriek she ran back to her old position at the back door, lest the hunted rat might claim her protection, but she did not want him, it was not her rat. In the meantime amid the uproar and confusion the exasperated rat had vanished. Then Dan with prespiration rolling off him in drops the size of walnuts, crawls painfully on all fours into his house, amid roars of laughter from the spectators. He says the next time he nndertakes to desecrate the Sabbath he will not select a rat to amuse himself with.

Mrs. Nulty's remarks to the bottle of pain-killer, as she anoints her husband's wounds :—"I'll be yer bail he'll listen to me next time. Some men think themselves so wonderful smart an' clever, oh! divil a lie in it."

Dan told us next morning, as we parted, that there was no truth in the rumour afloat, that he got drunk that Sunday night before going to bed. However there were crowds of people who thronged the street, and plenty of whiskey drank during the day and night; great excitement to see so many soldiers in the hitherto quiet town. At tattoo that night one corporal and six privates were confined, the corporal for being drunk, and the privates for minor offences. In the morning, the six privates were reprimanded; but the corporal was sent back for a court-martial on arrival at Castlebar.

We were on the march at seven next morning as usual, the band playing Irish airs, which charmed the citizens; who gave us three hearty cheers on parting. As we marched through the principal streets, the windows and balconies were crowded with the youthful portion of the fair sex, who waved their handkerchiefs approvingly, we imagined, as they surveyed our martial appearance with bright sparkling glances of admiration and applause. We were in good spirits, from the quantity of spirits imbibed, for every fellow had a stiff horn with the landlord before parting, besides we were getting accustomed to the road. As we emerged from the town, the morning being bright, cheery and refreshing, the view of the surrounding country became most delightful in character, wooded

mountains in the distance, with green fields and grassy plains as far as the eye could reach, through which meandered the placid waters of the River Shannon glistening in the morning sun. While its tributary, which leaps and tumbles in a series of sparkling cascades down a romantic and deep, rocky glen, frequently presents itself to view along the route which gives a tone to the picturesque landscape. After a march of fifteen miles through a delightful country, halting occasionally by the side of a purling stream to refresh and rest ourselves for a short time, and allow the stragglers to come up, we arrived at Castleblakeney at about two o'clock, where we were billeted for the night. This is a small town and not unlike Ballymore. During the journey to Castlebar, we always started at seven every morning, and paraded at five every evening for inspection. Next day, at two o'clock, we reached Tuam, a fine town where Archbishop McHale and Bishop Plunkett reside, where we were billeted that night, marching as usual in the morning; next night at Holymount, arriving at Castlebar on Thursday, 18th May, 1850, where we were to be stationed till further orders, accomplishing a journey of about one hundred miles in seven days. On arrival, each company were shown their respective quarters, and then told off into messes, according to the size of each room. On entering the barrack-rooms, the sergeant in charge tells off the men to their respective iron cots. After depositing their muskets in the arm-racks at the head of each cot and placing the knapsack on the shelf, and the accoutre-

ments on the pegs above each cot, the first object sought for by most soldiers on entering a cold, comfortless empty barrack room is the canteen. This uncomfortable circumstance, from which soldiers usually suffer during a removal from one barracks to another, where the idea of having quarters comfortably arranged for the soldiers or even the officers' reception, on their arrival at a new station, is never thought of by the authorities to whose care the comforts of the soldiers are entrusted. This is frequently the cause of a great deal of the drunkenness that commonly prevails upon these occasions. The appearance of an empty, cold barrack-room after a long march is just the sort of thing to justify or encourage this predisposition to drown care and the idea of the disagreeable and uncomfortable in a bumper.

Notwithstanding the numerous fatigues incidental to troops on occupying fresh quarters, such as bed-filling at the barrack stores, unloading and unpacking baggage, coal carrying, hospital fatigue and many other fatigues too numerous to mention here; many of the men addicted to drink find favourable opportunities to visit the canteen, there to satisfy their greedy appetites in the indulgence of the soul-stirring element, in consequence of which many of them have to sleep on the soft side of a board in the guard-room during the night, to awake next morning with an aching head, and be meted out an ample allowance of heavy-marching-order drill by the commanding officer, in punishment for their over indulgence in the social glass the previous evening. The following day

commanding officer's parade in heavy-marching-order at ten a.m., when we were minutely inspected, by captains of companies, and then dismissed. We had good barrack accommodation and easy duty while in Castlebar, the men getting ten nights in bed between guards. After we had been here a few days, we became aware of the fact that a contested election for a member of parliament was to take place in about three weeks, and we found great excitement among the people; the committee of each candidate were holding meetings and canvassing for their party; many rows took place between them, the public-houses were continually crowded; police were brought from distant stations; and, as the day of polling drew near the excitement increased. On the morning of the election, the grenadiers and light company were drawn up in line on each side of the square fronting the court-house, with the two troops of cavalry. The voting commenced at ten o'clock; the police were all formed up ready to pass the voters in and keep the crowd back, the voters were brought in from the country on side-cars, guarded from the violence of the mob by a policeman on each side of the car. The people were very roughly used at first by the police, which raised their wrath, when they rushed with immense force on the police and thoroughly defeated them, forcing them to retreat to the lines of the military for protection. Having effected this object the crowd retained their position, but did not attempt to assault the soldiers, though their shouts of defiance to the police rose loud and long. The police were ordered to advance

again and seize the ring-leaders; they obeyed, very reluctantly, but being assaulted with sticks and stones, their individual courage was excited, and they rushed to chastise the mob, who again drove them back in greater disorder than before, and a nearer approach to the soldiers was attained by the crowd in the scuffle which ensued. The police were again ordered to charge the mob, when a more serious scrimmage arose, sticks and stones were used with more serious effect, and the parties being nearer to each other, the missiles intended only for the police overshot their mark and struck some of the soldiers, who bore their painful position with admirable fortitude, although their patience was sorely tried to stand a target for the mob, but a soldier's duty is to obey orders in whatever shape they come from his officers, and therefore they had to put up with rough usage. The mob were now furious and the magistrate had to read the Riot-Act before the soldiers could attempt to quell the disturbance; at last the military were ordered to fire, the captain giving the command, "with ball cartridge, load, ready, present, fire," the men were previously cautioned in an undertone of voice to fire over the people's heads.

This had the desired effect, the crowd dissolved as the muskets were brought to the present, after which they gave three rousing cheers for the soldiers, and down with the police, or peelers as they called them. This act brought the soldiers into high esteem with the populace. The business of the interior was now suspended for a time by the sounds of fierce tumults, which rose after the

soldiers had discharged the volley; some rushed from the court house to the platform, and beheld the mob in a state of great excitement. A popular candidate now stood forward on the platform and was greeted with fresh cheers of enthusiasm.

He waited until the uproarious cheering died away, and then addressed them first in a few well chosen, suggestive, feeling words of advice, touching their nationality and the honour of their country, which commanded their earnest attention.

He then commenced with something like the following:

"FELLOW CITIZENS:—I come forward once more as a candidate to represent you in the parliament of our common country, and however I may be unequal to that most responsible task, you are at least well aware that I will never misrepresent you. (Cheers.) My past political career is ample testimony on that point. I thank God, that I am not one of those mongrel Irishmen, backslider or turncoat who sell their country and their birthright for a mess of pottage. Nor am I one of those two-faced, who smile and shake you by the hand just before an election, in order to gain your friendship and secure your vote, and would have betrayed you with a kiss as did Judas Iscariot to our Saviour, if his pride would allow him to stoop so low. There was a certain heathen god named Janus with two heads, which the ancient Italians were wont to worship. He would have been just the fellow to have amongst us, for when one of his heads was broken he would have the other to fall back on. He was represented

with two faces, looking backward and forward, to denote the past and future. Now, fellow countrymen, you know that I'm no two-faced Janus, and as for seeing before and behind, I can look back on the past, and forward on the future, and both the roads are straight ones. (Cheers.) As for my politics you are all well aware that I never change them. My opponent can't stand up and say as much."

"Sure how could he," cried a voice from the crowd, "there's a weathercock in the family, which is represented on the top av his house, and turns with every puff av wind that blows. Begorra, whin I want to know which way the wind blows, all I've got to do is look towards Squire O'Hagan's castle an' there's the weathercock braving the gale wid his beak to the wind, as much as to say I'm me masther's motto." A loud cheer followed this repartee for the opposing candidate's eccentricity was no secret in the constituency.

"Much has been said," continued the speaker, "about gentlemen chalking out lines for themselves, now, the plain English of this determined chalking of their own lines is rubbing out every other man's line. (Bravo.) Some of those chalking gentlemen have so many lines chalked up against them that they might find it difficult to settle the score if they were called on to do so. The system of rubbing out other men's lines, and their own at the same time, may be very convenient, but I don't like the practice.

"Fellow citizens, time will not admit of further explan-

ation on the present occasion, suffice it to say that I have been brought up amongst you, therefore you all know me and can trust me, for I never deceived you and that's more than my opponent can assert."

His address was received with loud acclamations, when order and silence were restored, the sheriff demanded a show of hands, and a fine show of hands it was in favour of the speaker, and every hand had a kippeen of a stick in it. After which the crowd gave him three hearty cheers, and quiet was restored, when the troops were marched into barracks, but kept in readiness should another row commence, but happily all were peaceable afterwards, although much excitement with plenty of whiskey continued for several days after, in which several of the soldiers, who worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus, joined, to be punished for their adoration to the false god, by being incarcerated in the black hole for the night on entering the barrack gate while under the influence of the spirits. But notwithstanding all the restrictions and punishments attached to the adoration of the false god, there are many who prostrate themselves at his shrine to be carried insensible to their wretched couch.

After the election, our men were highly respected by the inhabitants, the old women brought the men bottles of "potheen whiskey" in their milk cans. The sergeant on gate duty, not suspecting any smuggling, by these old women, saw nothing but milk in the can, but if he had searched the can he would have found a black bottle full of the real "mountain dew" at the bottom.

After being stationed here about three months we were ordered to proceed to Galway, a town situated at the mouth of Lough Corrib; it is the west terminus of the the Midland Great Western Railway, and about 117 miles west of Dublin.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARCH—GALWAY—CAPTAIN BOURCHIER—DETACHMENT—REGATTA—JACK STORY—ROW WITH POLICE—ROUTE TO GALWAY—MAJOR BOURCHIER EXCHANGES—CAPTAIN CROKER—CLADDAGH—ATTEND A CAMP MEETING—THE CITY OF GALWAY—ROUTE TO DUBLIN.

AUGUST 26th, 1850, at 7 a.m., we marched out of the barrack-gate at Castlebar, accompanied by a large crowd of citizens, among whom figured very conspicuously many of the fair sex, who gave expression to their grief at our departure from their midst, by the waving of their handkerchiefs, and many other perceptible demonstrations of regret on parting. In return for their infatuation with the red-coats, our band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," whereupon the crowd gave us three hearty cheers, which we responded to lustily, and the waving of hats and the flutter of handkerchiefs were soon lost in the distance.

It was a fine, clear, sunny morning, enlivened by the strains of sweet marching music. The mowers, haymakers, and reapers in the meadows and fields, laid down their implements, and ran to the roadside to see the able defenders of their soil march past, and hear the military

band play. As we advanced into the country, the air became more bracing, and the scenery more enchanting. We noticed along the route, that a large portion of the land seemed occupied with the pasturage of cattle, and on many farms, or estates, herds could be seen in the distance, which added to the picturesque effect of the scenery. While now and then, amid pasture lands, a murmuring brook, or purling stream, meandered through a labyrinth of brushwood and foliage, or sparkling in the rays of an autumn sun, as it jumped and dashed frantically from rock to chasm in mad haste, to find its level in old ocean home. While neat cottages and farm houses peeped occasionally through a clump of trees, on some gentle rising eminence, round which the undulating fields of ripe grain, ready for the sickle, waved with the zephyr, which wafted the fragrant odour of wild flowers, and new mown hay, to charm the weary travellers, who marched along the sun-scorched and dusty road. After a march of sixteen miles, halting occasionally by some crystal brook, or hamlet by the wayside, to quench our thirst and allow the stragglers to come up, we arrived at Holly Mount about three o'clock in the afternoon, and were billeted there for that night.

Next morning we were on the march again as usual, at seven o'clock, and after a march of fifteen miles, arrived at Tuam, where we were billeted for the night.

This is an old town, which abounds in many medieval historic landmarks, monuments and ruins of the ancient aborigines. I would have liked very much to give a

more definite outline of this ancient cathedral city, but space will not admit of further description. Suffice it to say, that the good-will, kindness and hospitality we received from the innkeepers and citizens in general, during our short stay among them, deserves grateful mention in this work. The clergy and *elite* of the city regaled the officers with the good things at their command, while those of less pretensions to the *beau monde*, entertained the non-commissioned officers and men in a manner worthy of Irishmen. The following morning, our entertainers showed further evidence of their kindness and generosity, by the ample provision made towards a substantial breakfast, to which we applied ourselves in a professional manner, and did adequate justice to the good things so liberally provided by our hospitable host. Then resumed the march as usual, arriving in Galway by two o'clock p.m., after a long and tiresome march of eighteen miles. The grenadiers and light company, with four others, were stationed at the Shamble barracks, and four companies at the Castle. Most of the officers stayed at Mackilroy's hotel, in the market square, or green, as it was called, where they remained until their quarters were ready for their reception. After our arrival, we were all turned out to perform the numerous fatigues incidental on taking over fresh quarters after marching into barracks, such as bed-filling with straw, and drawing bedding at the barrack stores ; coal-carrying, unloading and unpacking officers', company's, and regimental baggage; hospital duties, drawing rations, and many other fatigues and

duties, too numerous to mention. As a matter of course many of the thirsty frequenters of grog shops find favourable opportunities to visit the canteen at intervals during the afternoon, where they soon get rid of their loose change, and become fit and proper subjects for a cool night's lodging in the black-hole by tattoo. Garrison duty here was easy, having only three guards to furnish, which consisted of two sergeants, three corporals and twenty-four privates daily; but in order to keep the men from frequenting, as much as possible, the numerous places of low amusement, whiskey-shops and shebeens, which held out such allurements to the unwary, the regiment was kept continually at drill, either commanding officer's, adjutant's, or sergeant-major's. The only time the men had a chance of visiting the city and its amusements was from supper time till tattoo.

Previous to the route from Castlebar, Captain Bourchier had applied for leave of absence for three months. On arrival at Holly Mount, he received a letter from the War Office, which contained his leave, when he started off at once for Somersetshire, in England, after bidding the company good-bye, and handing it over to Lieut. Coulthurst, who was senior subaltern.

We all suspected that he was about to enter into the holy and happy state of matrimony during his absence from the regiment. This happy event, however, as well as his promotion to Brevet-Major while on leave, was verified on his return to head-quarters a few days before the Christmas holidays, when he brought a beautiful

young bride back with him to share his military honours. He rented a comfortable house in one of the aristocratic terraces of Salt Hill Road, in the suburbs of the town.

On his arrival, he intimated that he would entertain his company to a Christmas dinner, and a barrel of ale to wash it down.

This glad tidings of great joy spread like wild-fire through the company, which soon after assembled in one of the largest barrack-rooms to deliberate on the preparations compatible with the forthcoming happy event. The meeting was presided over by the colour-sergeant of the company, supported by the other non-commissioned officers; when resolutions were passed and committees formed for the purpose of decorating the company's barrack-rooms with evergreens, mottoes, and numerous devices of swords, bayonets, ramrods and other paraphernalia of military trappings and armorial bearings emblematic of the festive season, joy, thankfulness and loyalty. Accordingly we set to work, one party deployed into foraging order in search of evergreens, others were forming stars and crowns by means of bayonets, swords and ramrods; others were employed in cutting out emblems and mottoes from fancy paper, while many artists were employed painting on white calico appropriate epithets, to adorn the spaces between the mottoes and evergreens.

At last the decorations were accomplished to the entire satisfaction of the many critics who volunteered their suggestions as the artists were giving the *coup de grace* to the

scenery. The long tables fairly groaned with abundance of good things which had been provided for the occasion. Two large epergnes filled with choice fresh flowers, which had been kindly supplied by some of our fair friends, graced each table.

Everything being ready, we all sat down to dinner, dressed in shell jackets, white waistcoats, and black neck-ties. Every fellow who did not appear in this style of wedding-garment had to take a back seat. Just as the president stood up to say grace, in walked our captain with his fair young bride on his arm, accompanied by the subalterns of the company and one or two lady friends. As they entered the large hall, the first thing that commanded their attention was a reciprocal *epithalamium*, fancifully painted in coloured letters in honour and praise of himself and his young bride. This caused a great amount of badinage and merriment among the chosen few. As the distinguished party entered, we all stood up, and the band, which we had in readiness for the occasion, struck up "Behold the Conquering Hero Comes," followed by a wedding march.

After which the president proposed the health of the captain and his bride, which was cheerfully drank from flowing goblets of sparkling ale, to the appropriate tune of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the company joining in the chorus. Then the captain responded in a few well chosen words, which drew forth three hearty cheers for himself and his wife. They then vouchsafed to walk through the barrack rooms, eulogizing and admiring the ability and skill displayed in the decorations, as well as the

taste manifested in ornamenting the tables. They then retired amidst hearty cheers from the company; leaving us in our glory to enjoy the abundance of substantials placed before us. After dinner, the evening passed off most agreeably with songs, toasts and sentiments, and was wound up with a dance. Space will not admit of further detail of the many amusing incidents which came under my observation that night before the company broke up. Suffice it to say, that every invention to create fun and frolic was resorted to and put into practice. Towards the small hours of the morning, many of the gay young subalterns dropped in to witness the fun and see the dancing.

Our company was under orders for detachment at Banagher, a small fortified garrison town on the River Shannon, and thirty miles south of Galway. Accordingly, on the first of May, 1851, the company was formed upon the barrack square, inspected by the colonel, and after a few words of fatherly advice from him we marched up High Street, accompanied outside the town by the band, playing Irish airs. We had thirty miles to march, which we accomplished in two days. We marched through Oranmore, Athenroy, and were billeted in Ballinasloe one night, passing through Eyrecourt, and arriving in Banagher next day at 3 p. m. These barracks are sufficient to accommodate about one hundred and fifty men, situated within a fortification which commands a bridge that spans the Shannon, and connects King's County with the County Galway This part of the country is famous for fishing, shooting and boating, on the clear placid Shan-

non, which wends its serpentine course through mazes of shrubs, long grass and bulrushes, low marshy lands and meadows which abound in wild ducks, blue and golden plover, snipe, lapwings and many other water fowls.

Portumna Lake, about fourteen miles from, here by the river, is noted for regattas, on account of its large size and deep water. These regattas were a source of great attraction and amusement to our officers, non-commissioned officers and men. The officers purchased a yacht, a four-oared gig, and a duck boat from their predecessors. They also hired a boatman, named Jack O'Brien, one of the Mickey Free breed, who amused them with his originality, Irish wit, humour, anecdotes and amusing stories; a regular John Heywood. But he had only one natural leg to stand on, for the other was made of wood. He accompanied the officers on all fishing, shooting and other excursions, and at other times he took care of the yacht and boats and kept them clean and in proper order.

One summer's morning, the Major, Ensign Williams, Jack and myself started in the gig, to witness a regatta on Portumna Lake. The air was salubrious, the sun had just risen, and the earth refreshed by the heavy dew of the night, was breathing forth all its luxuriant fragrance. The river was clear as crystal. We could plainly see the trout and salmon disporting themselves beneath its tranquil surface. "Jack," said the major, as he blew a cloud of smoke from his merschaum pipe, while we rowed gently with the stream, how did you lose your leg?"

"Well yer honour, it's a purty long story, but asy awhile, and I'll be afther tellin' ye," replied Jack, as he pulled out his tin tobacco box; and after twisting off a chew with his teeth, closed the box and replaced it in his pocket, and spat out as dry as a cuckoo, as a hint that he'd like a drink before he commenced.

Mr. Williams, acting on the suggestion, filled a horn goblet with the needful from a miniature barrel close by him and handed it to Jack saying, "chewing and drinking are closely allied, and always go hand in hand, you had better wet your whistle, Jack, before you commence, talking is dry work."

"Bedad yer honour is mighty thoughtful entirely," replied Jack as he seized the horn with a "thankee sur," and applied it to his mouth, tossing off its contents and began—"Whin I wor a slip av a young man," said he "I wor as wild as a march hare, nothin' wor too hot nor too heavy fur me, an' signs on it there worn't a piece o' mischief done fur miles round the counthry but wor laid to me charge—an' to tell nothin' but the truth, I had plenty av me own to account fur, let alone other people's: but any how, there wor many things laid on me that I knew nothin' about, but that's neither here nor there. Anyway, Phil, O'Keefe, son av ould Davy, who lives at the crass roads over beyant Squire Grundy's big house, fell in love wid Owen MacGowan's eldest daughter, Shusy, as purty a girl as ye'd find in a day's walk; I fancy I'm lookin' at her this blessed minit wid her bright ringlets as red as goold hangin' over her shoulders, as she passed our house on

her way to the fair or market, that wor afore she wor my wife, rest her sowl, she's now dead and gone." He now paused a few seconds, being too much affected to proceed. "Well, as I wor sayin', Phil wor breakin' his neck afther her, although her father and mother would sooner see her undher the turf than joined to any av his breed. As fur herself, sure she hated the ground he walked on, he wor sich a consaited upstart. At any rate, he tried his level best at fairs an' markets to soother her wid his soft talk. But all he could do wor av no use; except to bid him the time o'day, she never inthered into discoorse wid him. But he wouldn't be put off; so what does he do but start off to her father's house one night wid a bottle av *potheen* in his pocket, in ordher to get the right side av the ould couple. Whin he went in they wor all surprised to see him, but they suspected what he came fur an' handed him a chair, av coorse out av civility, an' waited to hear what he'd say. Afther talkin' awhile about the crops an the breed av cattle, to show his knowledge av farming, he purduced the bottle to sweeeten the discoorse, at the same time drawin' his chair closer to Shusy an' commenced to blarney an' soother her. She nowsomediver give him a could shoulder an' answered his questions very short, an' tould him not to make so free till he wor betther acquainted. 'But ye don't know,' says he, as he pulled the cloth she was sewin', 'that I'm in the habit of stoppin' the girls from sewin' when I'm talkin' wid them.'

"'That's a habit, thin,' says she, 'that'll get yer gob mashed for ye if ye don't lave it off.'

"'Thin,' says he, 'the colleen who does that same will have to marry me.'

"'Troth, thin, a purty prize they'll have to brag av' says she.

"'Wid that he touched her under the chin playfully.

"'Stop yerself now, Phil O'Keefe,' says she; 'single yer freedom an' double yer distance, av ye plase; I'll cut me cloak off no sich cloth.' Wid that she rose from her seat an' dashed past him wid vexation at his imperance.

"'All right, Shusy, agra,' says he. 'Shure there's as good fish in the say as ever was caught.'

"'I'm sorry to see that Shusy has turned her back on me,' said he to her mother, 'for I'd loike to become connected wid yer family. In the mane time, hadn't ye bether get us a glass, till we dhrink a bottle on the head av it, anyhow?'

"'Why, thin, Phil,' says the mother, 'I don't wish ye any harm, but, as for Shusy, she don't care for ye, an' don't wish to have anything to say to ye; and, besides, we don't wish the connection. Shusy has a purty dacent fortune; besides, the two *moulleen* cows that her grandfather left her whin he died five years ago, rest his sowl! has brought her stock enough for any farm. If she marries you, Phil, where's the farm to bring herself an' her cattle to? Shurely, it's not upon thim ten acres o' bog an heather that I'd let me daughter an' her fine stock av young cattle go to live. So now, Phil, put yer bottle av whiskey back in yer pocket agin, for there's no use in you thrying to tempt meself nor me daughter wid it; an' go

home an' mind yer business ; an' when ye want a wife go to your own equals, an' not to a girl like Shusy Macgowan, that could lay down goold guineas where ye couldn't lay down pennies, d'ye mind.'

"'Oh, very well, Mrs. Macgowan,' says Phil, as he pocketed the bottle agin wid a face the length av me arm, 'af yerself an' yer daughter have sich big feelin's sure there's no harm done. Good-night, ma'am.'

"But what has this to do with losing your leg, Jack?" asked the major. "We want to hear how you lost one of your understandings."

"Well yer honour, wid submission, sure I'm comin' to that same. But, only for this same Phil O'Keefe, I'd never have got Shusy Macgowan for a wife.

"Well, as I wor a sayin', things passed on till afther Christmas, when one night Phil, accompanied by ten or twelve av his chums, started off to Mrs. Macgowan's house to carry off Shusy by mane force. The family were in bed by the time they reached the house, whin they rapped at the door with great violence, and threatened to smash it into *smithereens* if they were not admitted. The mother had her suspicions that they wor after Shusy so what does she do but sends her daughter to her own bed, an' lie down herself in her daughter's. In the mane time the father got up, lit a candle, an' opened the door.

"'Put out that light, Macgowan,' cried a strange voice, 'except ye want yer own lights extinguished forever.'

"This scared the ould man, an' he blew out the light, fur fear the ruffians 'ud carry out the threat. The next

moment they rushed into the room where they well knew that Shusy slept, but ye see they wor decaved for wonst. But without a word hoisted the ould woman on one of their backs, thinkin' it was the daughter, clappin' her on the top av a horse they had outside an' started off.

"Now, above all nights in the year, who should be dead but poor, ould Larry Regan the blacksmith, rest his sowl! So as meself, Mickey Kinshella, an' Briney, his brother, wor bringin' home whiskey for the wake, we met the party av abductors. At first we thought that they wor goin' to the wake; but when I saw the lone woman among the set, perched on horseback behind one av the thaves, I suspected that all wasn't right. So I fell back a bit an' walked near enough to hear the discoorse, widout bein' observed by the party, an' discovered the whole plot.

"In less than no time I was back at the wake-house, where I collected about twenty strappin' fellows wid good *kippeens* in their fists, an' off we started, fully determined to brin' the ould woman back or die in the attempt. But be me sowl we had a purty dacent fight afore we bate the blackguards, and rescued the dacent woman from their clutches. And 'troth I was the man that placed her behind me on the same horse that carried her off.

"From that out I wor the white-headed boy wid the mother an' Shusy, an' maybe I didn't put the *comehither* on the daughter, till she giv' in that she couldn't live widout me. The father, however, were entoirely against

the match, an' swore that he 'udn't sanction it at all at all, bekase I wor so poor, but the colleen's mother wor for me. So one day, after drinkin' a bottle or two av whiskey wid the mother, Susy an' her cousin, Hanna McShane, along wid Jerry Gearty, on my part, in their own barn, unknownst to the father, we agreed to make a runaway match av it."

"What has all this to do with the wooden leg, Jack?" queried the major.

"Well, asy yer honour, sure I'm comin' to it.

"The next Sunday we met at a picnic in Squire Eyre's woods, where we spent the day in divarsion. I batin' them all dancin', leapin', an' throwin' the stone, fur I felt the strength of ten men in me, as she looked on an' smiled when I'd leave them long behind me.

"Toward dusk they all left the ground except Shusy an' myself, an' one or two other couples who maybe had the same sort o' business on hand. 'Shusy me darlin, *acushla bawn machree*,' says I, 'its dark enough now, let us be off.' She looked into my face wid her bright eyes, an' trembled like a lafe.

"'If I trust meself wid ye, Jack, *avourneen*,' says she an' her sweet voice broke into purty murmurs as she spoke, 'promise me afore the blessed stars an' skies above us that ye'll never decave yer own Shusy,' an' her eyes filled wid wather.

"I had only one answer to make. I pulled her to me breast where she laid her head and cried like a child, wid her rosy cheek against mine.

"Whin it was quite dark, we set off, an' afther crassin' the bog we reached a dacent neighbour's house that stood in a lonesome place at the brink av the bog, where a few friends wor expectin' us, an' received us with ceade mille failtha, an' the best av eatin' an' dhrinkin wor laid afore us. Many a good song an' hearty jug o' punch wor sent round that night. The draggin' home took place next day, whin the match wor made by the ould people. She had a fortune av forty goold guineas, ten head av cattle, a feather bed, wid sheets, quilts, an' blankets, a chest av bleached linen, an' a flock av geese she reared herself. Next day preparations were made for the weddin'. Meself, Miles Maclusky, an' Ned Maguire wint up the mountain to ould Josiah Clutherbuck's still-house, where we spent a glorious day tastin' his whiskey that had a bade on it the size of peas. We brought ten gallons av the blessed stuff, that one crapper av it 'ud brin' the tear to a young widow's eye that had lost a bad husband, fur the people knew nothin' about waterin' it thin at all at all. I thin bought a new suit av clothes an' caroline hat.

"Ned Blake, the schoolmaster, lent me his watch fur the occasion, an' learned me how to tell the time o' day by it. Well, the weddin' mornin' came at last, and the bridal party started for the preast's house. As we were startin' ould Nancy Quirk, who tells fortunes an' gives charms took meself on one side.

"'Jack,' says she, 'there's people in the party that wishes ye ill—that 'ud like to be in yer shoes this blessed day.

"'There's Betty Delaney, the wrinkled ould hag, the Macgowans axed her fur the sake av her dacent son-in-law, who ran off with her daughter Mag.

"'Her breath isn't good, Jack, I can tell ye, so be careful that you don't get into any danger, while she's in the party, strange things are said av her. Maybe I know more about her nor I'm going to mintion. It's not fur nothin' the brown hare hunts the shrubbery, behind her house.'

"'But, what harm could she do me Betty?' says I, 'Ax me no questions Jack' said she, 'don't I know what she done to Tom Cavan, for seven years after his marriage, until I relieved him; 'twas gone to a skeleton he wor an' didn't he pay me dacently.'

"'Well, what am I to do, Betty?' says I, knowin' well what she sed war thrue.

"Ye must crass my hand wid goold av ye have it, if not, silver will do,' says she, 'and thin lave the rest to meself.'

"I thin took out a crown piece, or a half crown, I forget which, an' gave it to her. She thin tied a red tape round me wrist, while she muttered some bog latin.

"'Keep that round yer wrist for nine days Jack,' says she, 'an' there's no fear av that ould witch's pishtroges to cause ye any harm.'

"She thin pulled off her ould shoe, an' threw it afther us for luck. Bud ye see the ould hag could a barefaced lie, for I broke me leg that same day afther bein' married,

but faith I b'lieve I lost the red tape afore I got married, for I never laid me eyes on it from that day to this."

"How did you get your leg broken, Jack?" asked the major.

"Sure yer honour, I'm comin' to that part av it. It's always customary in these parts av Ireland," continued Jack, "afther gettin' the knot tied to go into the first *shebeen* we meet on the way home from the priest's house, to dhrink healths apiece all round, more especially to the new married couple.

"Accordingly, in ordher to keep up the ould Irish fashion, we wint into Jerry Macdonald's, at the crass roads —where the whiskey wint round in fine ould Irish style, till at last their heads began to get too heavy for their heels, whin a fight began, an' in less time than ye could say Jack Robinson, the blood wor spoutin' from their bare pates like wather from a fountain. Och, murther sheery! sich knocking down, sich cursin', swearin' an' roarin' among the min, an' screehin' an clapin' av hands an' wiping av heads among the women, whin a brother, or son or a husband, 'ud get his skull cracked.

"In the manetime, meself and Phil O'Keefe, through some jealousy or other regardin' his love for Shusy, got clinched outside the house, an' wor pastin' each other; finally whin we both tumbled into a blind well in the garden, an' a purty deep one too. Afther we wor pulled up out av the well, our spirits were cooled down finely, for we lay at the bottom of the well till the fight was over. In fallin' down the well I got my leg broke above

the ancle, an' Phil got his nose split in two, so that each half av it falls over on each cheek from that day to this.

"Meself after lyin' on me back fur six months undher the thievin' docther's care, wor forced in the long run to have me leg taken off above the knee, to save me life.

"To make things worse (fur they say misfortunes never come alone) poor Shusy took the faver while she wor nursing me, an' died wid a broken heart, rest her sowl!"

"Jack," said the major, after the story was ended, "that was a terrible affliction you had brought on yourself and wife through drink, which you can never sufficiently atone for. One would have thought that you would at least abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors during the remainder of your life, in order to make in some way restitution for the great and grievous sin you had committed."

"Well, yer honour," replied Jack, after a minute's sad reflection, "shure the spirit within me is willin' enough to do that same, but the greedy flesh is wake, I can't resist the temptation av a *weeney* dhrop whin I'm out in the cowld."

"Well, Jack," said Mr. Williams, filling out another horn and handing it to Jack, "this *weeney* drop will do you no harm anyway after that interesting story.

"Bedad yer honour, I quite agree wid you on that point, meself," replied Jack, as he took the goblet and gulped down its contents.

By this time we had reached Portumna, in time for to

witness the first race, which was to come off at twelve o'clock. The officers went on board one of the yachts, which was to sail in the match, while Jack and I betook ourselves to the gig, and rowed out on the lake, where we had an excellent view of the regatta. After enjoying the day's sport, the officers returned about nine o'clock, p.m. when we started to row back to barracks; after we rowed eight miles, we came to a lock which was open as we passed through going down in the morning, but now it was shut, and we had no alternative but to carry our boat to the other side of the lock. This was no easy job, for the boat was rather heavy for four men to carry such a long distance; especially when one of them had a wooden leg. However, after much lugging and tugging, we accomplished the arduous task.

After resting and refreshing ourselves, Jack of course had to get another "*weeney* dhrop" as he called it, "av spirits to keep out the cowld," we started again with renewed vigour. In going down in the morning we thought nothing of rowing fourteen miles with the tide, while Jack related his amusing story; but now rowing back against the stream was quite a different affair, the current ran so very swiftly, we had hard work to make headway against it. However, with good pluck, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together we braved the stream and reached the barracks at two o'clock in the morning. Scarcely a day passed without a boating, fishing, or shooting excursion of some kind. These facilities for amusement and exercise make it a very pleasant station, and moreover

the town has a clean, neat and tidy appearance, compared with some towns we have seen in Ireland. It can boast of one decent inn "Mann's Hotel," besides several other public-houses, with skittle-alleys attached, which unfortunately many of our men patronized.

On one occasion two of our company had an altercation with a couple of the police, at one of these places of debauchery, when the latter tried to take the two soldiers to the station-house; this the soldiers objected to, whereupon a row ensued; then several of the police joined and were forcing the soldiers off, when their comrades in barracks, having been warned of the row by some person, rushed out of barracks with naked bayonets in their hands, rescued the two soldiers and beat the police, driving the whole force out of the town, and chased them through the country, where they skedaddled and hid in the potatoe fields. Several of the police got hurt in the mêlée but not very seriously. Our company and the police never could agree after that encounter, but they never again attempted to take any of our men to the station-house. About a month after the row with the police, however, we got relieved by No. 6 Company from headquarters.

On the 27th of October, we marched out of barracks at two o'clock, p. m., as the relieving company marched in. After a march of sixteen miles we arrived at Ballinasloe at seven o'clock in the evening, where we were billeted for the night. The railway, which was in course of construction, as we passed here *en route* to Banaghar, being now finished, and the trains running on it we took the cars at

eleven o'clock, a.m., arriving at Galway at twelve, where we were met by the band, which marched at the head of the company down Main street, playing the "British Grenadiers," as we marched into the Shamble Barracks. One month after this, Major Bourchier had exchanged to the 54th Regiment, which was stationed in the East Indies. The night previous to his departure, his brother officers of the regiment entertained him as their guest at the mess, where they demonstrated many expressions of deep regret at his leaving, and of the loss to the regiment of such an old and well-tried officer, who had won so many laurels in that memorable campaign of Affghanistan in 1838, under the gallant Sir John Keane. He was present at the occupation of Candahar, at the storming of Ghuznee and Khelat, and at the surrender of Cabul. For which gallant service his breast was decorated with the indubitable evidence of his bravery and fidelity to the British Crown.

After bidding the men of his company good-bye, with tears in his eyes, he left for India, the scene of his early triumphs, taking with him the best wishes and prayers for his future welfare, especially of his own company, the grenadiers, to whom he had ever been a father during his command. Many of the men, as well as the officers, accompanied him to the railway station to see him off and take their last farewell. Need I say we lost a friend.

He was succeeded, however, by Captain John Croker, a Limerick man, not only the tallest officer in the regiment, but the senior captain, who formerly commanded number

eight company, and was well known to the grenadiers for his genial disposition.

Galway has a population of about 25,000; the whole town is poorly built and irregular, and some of its old houses have the Spanish architectural design, easily accounted for by the great intercourse which at one time subsisted between Galway and Spain. The new town consists of well planned and spacious streets, well built on a rising ground, which slopes gradually towards the harbour; many of its suburbs are a very humble collection of wretched cabins—inhabited by a poor class of people. One of these suburbs called the Claddagh, is inhabited by fisherman who exclude all strangers and live perfectly among themselves, electing their king, etc., and ever marrying within their own circle. These fishermen still speak the grand old Celtic language, and the old Irish costume is still worn by the women—open gowns and red petticoats.

They annually elect a mayor, whose functions are to administer the laws of their fishery, and to superintend all internal regulations. One of these fishermen's sons took a great liking to the soldiers, and frequently came into the barracks to witness the regiment on parade, hear the band play, and to see us at drill. He was a well proportioned and powerfully built young man, eighteen years old, and about six feet four inches in height, of fine limb and martial aspect. He applied to the sergeant-major to enlist, when that officer took him before the colonel, who approved of his personal appearance, and he was enlisted

in the 17th regiment, his name was Paddy Belton. A few days afterwards, his father, a weather-beaten old fisherman, of about sixty years of age, came into the barracks and tried to buy him off, but it was no use, the young fellow had his mind made up, and wished to be a soldier. After receiving his kit, and getting into his uniform, he invited a comrade and myself to a "camp" in his village. These "camps," as they were called, are very much on the same principle as "bees" in Canada, or the United States, with this difference, however, that at "bees" there are no competitors for the attainment of any social rank, but merely get the work done as quickly as possible. Whereas at these "camps" in Ireland, there is a keen contest of skill, or competition for priority—a display of female powers at the spinning of yarn.

It is, indeed, a cheerful and animated gathering of the bright fair girls of the village. Although strong and desperate rivalry is the order of the day, it is conducted in a spirit so light-hearted and friendly, that I scarcely know a more interesting or delightful amusement in a country life. When a "camp" is about to be held, the affair soon becomes known in the neighbourhood; sometimes young women are asked, but in most instances so eager are they to attend that invitations are unnecessary; in winter time, and in mountain districts, it is often as picturesque as pleasant. The young women usually begin to assemble at four o'clock in the morning, and as they always go in groups, accompanied, of course, by their sweethearts, or some male relative, each of the latter

bearing a large torch of well dried bog-deal to light up their (sometimes) intricate path. While their voices, song and laughter break upon the stillness of the morning with a holiday feeling, made five times more delightful by the darkness of the hour. The spinning wheels are carried by the young men, amidst an agreeable volley of repartee. From the time they arrive the mirth is fast and furious, nothing is heard but badinage, laughter, songs, conversation and anecdotes, all in a high key; among the loud humming of spinning wheels, and the noise of reels, as they incessantly crack the cuts in the hands of the reelers, who are perpetually turning them from morning till night, in order to ascertain the quantity which every competitor has spun, and whoever has spun the most wins the "camp," and is queen for the night. At the conclusion of the "camp" we all repaired to the supper, which consisted of new milk and flummery which they thought was most delicious and wholesome food. This agreeable meal being over; we all repaired to the dancing room, where Mickey Gaffey, the piper, was installed in his own peculiar arm-chair of old Irish bog-oak. A shebeen man named Barney O'Shea, had brought a large jar of *potheen* to cheer the boys' hearts for the occasion, of which they freely partook before and after the dancing commenced.

Space will not admit of a more detailed account of the dancing, fun and frolic, nor of the good humour which pervaded among them that night. It is enough to say that the old people performed cotillions, and the young folks jigs, reels, and country dances. Hornpipes were

performed upon doors (the floor being of earth) with the greatest skill. My comrade and myself enjoyed the dance which was kept up all night; the boys taking a drop of potheen between the dances, to keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down, and many a jug of hot whiskey-punch was passed around during the night. Luckily there was no fighting while we remained, but towards the small hours of the morning their propensity for the pugnacious became very perceptible, by the amount of loud talking and excited arguments brought about by an over-indulgence of the soul-stirring element, together with the excessive attention to the fair sex by some of the supercilious. However myself and comrades left before any row took place. As our leave expired at six o'clock in the morning, when we had to report ourselves to the sergeant of the quarter-guard, so therefore we left the party about four o'clock with whole skins and got safe to barracks without a scratch, about six, and gave in our passes to the sergeant and were just in time for morning parade, when we were drilled till a quarter to eight, but would much rather lie down and sleep.

The principal buildings in Galway are the Queen's College, which was just opened a year before our arrival there; among the other edifices are three monasteries and five nunneries, Smith's College, the Court house and barracks, with the grand old Church of St. Nicholas. It has numerous flour and other mills, also breweries and distilleries. Extensive salmon and sea-fishing are carried on here.

The bay is a large expanse of water about eighteen miles broad at its seaward extremity, diminishing to about eight miles inland, and being about twenty miles long. It is protected from the swell of the Atlantic by the Arran Isles; south-west from Galway to the sea is the district called Connemara, which contains vast bogs, moors loughs and marshes which present a bleak and dreary aspect.

Galway abounds in ancient remains of Celtic as well as of the Norman period. Cromlechs and monastic remains are found in several parts of the country. A very fine specimen of this class is that of Knocknoy, near Tuam, besides several other round towers. Our officers amused themselves both in fishing and shooting, when off duty; they frequently could be seen with rod and line landing a large sized salmon on the banks of the river; while others could be seen coming into barracks in the evening with their dogs and guns and their bags well filled with game, after their day's sport. Besides these enjoyments, they oganized an amateur dramatic company, with Lieut. Lindsay, Lieut. Coulthurst, and Ens. Williams at its head, with the band and a few smart non-commissioned officers and privates which was well patronized by the officers and their ladies, besides many of the *élite* of the city and any of the soldiers who wished to attend.

This created the best of friendship between the regiment and citizens, and produced excellent results.

We had been for some time expecting an order for Dublin. Our anticipations were verified on the fifteenth

of March, by the colonel receiving a large official envelope containing the route for the 17th Regiment to proceed by rail on the 28th of March, 1852, to Dublin, there to be stationed and do garrison duty until further orders, and to be quartered in the Richmond barracks. The order having been read to the regiment, the news soon spread to the creditors in the town, and soon after the barracks were besieged by tailors, shoemakers, hatters, bakers, grocers, Jews and liquor dealers, all rushed into barracks looking for their debtors, in order, if possible, to collect the amount of their accounts.

Notwithstanding the credit of the regiment having been cried down on our arrival in the usual manner, many of the citizens and tradespeople had given credit to several parties, but all those who cannot collect the amount of their account now, the first tap of the big drum will pay them, when we march out of the city.

> "How happy is a soldier who lives on his pay,
> And spends half a crown out of sixpence a day."

We had fifteen days to get ready, which were occupied in cleaning barracks, filling nail-holes, and white-washing to obviate as much as possible that curse, barrack damages which always follows a regiment from one barracks to another.

CHAPTER X.

THE MARCH—RAIL TO DUBLIN—ARRIVAL—GARRISON DUTY—CASTLE GUARD—THE OLD MAN'S HOSPITAL—DIVINE SERVICE—TENT PITCHING—DEATH OF THE "IRON DUKE"—FUNERAL—THE QUEEN VISITS DUBLIN—BUILDINGS AND INSTITUTIONS—THE ROUTE.

MARCH 28th, 1852, the regiment was formed on the barrack square, at six a.m., in heavy marching order, full kits in our packs: the companies minutely inspected and told off by their captains; reports collected by the adjutant, when all were reported present to the colonel, who gave the word of command "fours right,—quick march," when they stepped off, the companies wheeling to the right, out of the gate, at the same time the band striking up some national air played up the main street.

During the inspection the barrack-gate had been besieged by a crowd of citizens, many of whom accompanied the regiment to the railway station, where we were joined by the two companies from the castle. While getting the regimental baggage, women and children on the train. the band discoursed some sweet music, causing frequent cheers from the crowd.

At length all was ready, when a wild metallic scream from the engine was heard, and the train moved out slowly from beneath the vaulted roof of the station, amid cheer after cheer from the crowd, who were assembled in large numbers to see us off; the band playing during the slow departure of the train from the station, and the men waving their handkerchiefs, in response, from the carriage windows. At last the train quickened the speed, and soon station and crowd faded from our view. We were scarcely an hour in our seats—and viewing the country as the train sped along, and admiring the beautiful green fields, hills, and valleys, interspersed with running streams and way-side hamlets, the peasantry gazing in wonder, while the rising generation shouted and cheered, and the country girls waved their handkerchiefs as the long train of soldiers passed them by—when a shrill whistle from the engine was heard, and then with much noise, and many a heavy sob, the vast machine swept smoothly into the station, at Ballinasloe. There were formed into a line on the platform, the companies from Banagher and Portumna, waiting our arrival to join head-quarters. The train stopped at this station twenty minutes, when the two companies came on board. All being ready, the train moved off again, soon reaching Athlone, where we stopped fifteen minutes. Here we got refreshments—a glass of beer each man and a biscuit, which was much enjoyed, having breakfast at five that morning. About an hour afterwards we were in Mullingar, stopping there also fifteen minutes, and then resumed the journey. We are

rapidly leaving Mullingar behind. The fields gradually assume a green and spring-like aspect. This part of the country appears to be highly cultivated, occasionally a small village in the valley, by some running stream, or upon some hill-side, gives life and charm to the landscape. The royal canal runs alongside of the railway all the way from Dublin to Mullingar, and unites the Liffy with the Shannon in the west. As I sat at the window of the railway carriage, viewing with pleasure the picturesque landscape, and absorbed in deep meditation on the beauties of nature exemplified in the green undulating fields and verdant valleys which lay before me, interspersed here and there by crystal brooks which glistened in the sun, I was roused from my reverie by a loud and long whistle from the engine, which reminded me that we were close to the city. Now we can see Wellington's monument in Phœnix Park; arriving at the station at one o'clock, after a ride of one hundred and thirty miles, we were met by the band of the 39th Regiment, who honoured us by coming to meet us, and played at the head of the regiment to Richmond Barracks. On arrival, we were told off to our respective quarters and dismissed.

These are splendid, large airy barracks, sufficient for two regiments, with excellent officers' and staff quarters, but bad accommodation for married soldiers, who were obliged to rent apartments outside of barracks, and live like many of the civilians in tenement houses. This is a source of great inconvenience to married soldiers which the authorities ought to remedy at their earliest opportunity.

The military force in Dublin then consisted of the 11th Hussars, Island Bridge Barracks; 17th Lancers, Royal Horse Artillery and Foot Artillery, Portobello; 2nd Dragoon Guards, 27th Regiment, Royal Barracks; 32nd Light Infantry, Shipstreet and Linen Hall Barracks; 39th and 17th Regiments, Richmond Barracks; besides depots at Beggar's Bush—the whole under the command of Major-General Sir Edward Blakeney, whose quarters were at the Old Man's Hospital, near Phœnix Park. The regiments furnish the garrison duties on their turn. In garrison orders of the 30th, the 17th Regiment were detailed to furnish the whole of the duties on the following day, viz., the castle guard, one captain, one subaltern, two sergeants, two corporals and twenty-four privates; Lower Castle, one sergeant, one corporal and six privates; Vice-Regal Lodge, one sergeant, two corporals and eighteen privates; Old Man's Hospital, one sergeant, two corporals and twelve privates; Kilmainham, one corporal and three privates; Arbour Hill Hospital, one sergeant, one corporal and twelve privates; magazine, one sergeant, one corporal and six privates; Mountjoy, one corporal and six privates; Island Bridge, one sergeant, one corporal and twelve privates; Picture Gallery, one corporal and three privates; Bank of Ireland, one subaltern, one sergeant, one corporal and twelve privates; Richmond, one sergeant two corporals and twelve privates.

The guards, with the regimental colours, assemble daily (Sundays and wet days excepted, on the Esplanade at ten A.M. when they are trooped, the junior officer of the Castle guard carrying the colours during the trooping.

The regiment which furnishes the duties of the day also furnishes the band, which plays during the trooping of the colours, when crowds of spectators assemble to witness this military review. After they march past in slow and quick time, the guards are formed on their commanders, when they are marched off to their respective guards by the field officer of the day. Relieving the Castle guard is a very imposing sight, and hundreds of people assemble to witness this military ceremony, as well as to hear the sweet martial music while the guards are relieving. Before the old guard marches off the new guard plants its colours in the centre of the Castle yard, with a sentry over them. Two sentries are posted at the gate of the Castle yard, and two on the door of the Castle, under the portico. All the sentries of the old guard having been relieved, the guard is marched off by its captain, the subaltern carrying the colours, when the new guard salutes the old by presenting arms, after which the new guard takes the place of the old; the relief being told off, they are dismissed to the guard-room. The guards take their rations with them, which consist of three-quarters of a pound of beef or mutton, one pound and a-half of bread, one pound and a-half of potatoes and onions, one-eighth ounce of tea, a quarter of an ounce of coffee, two ounces of sugar, with pepper and salt to each man. There being only one pot and pan to each guard-room, they are kept, as you may well imagine, in active operation from the time the men mount guard in the morning till six o'clock in the evening, every relief boiling their potatoes and

making tea and coffee alternately as they come off sentry. I was detailed for the Old Man's Hospital, which is a large establishment, and consists of the Major-General's quarters, the English Church, where the troops from Richmond attended divine service, as well as the "Old Pensioners," or "Old Fogies," as they are sometimes called. There are quarters here for about eight hundred men; any pensioner can be admitted who applies (married men excepted). They are required to pay in their pension for their board and clothes; the latter consists of cloth trousers, red tunic, which comes down below the knee, and a Napoleon hat. They have no guard duty to perform, only to keep themselves and quarters clean and in proper order. They are all well satisfied, and seem happy; chatting, and fighting their battles over again. The grounds, walks, avenues, shrubbery, kitchen garden, and flower-beds around this institution show the taste, cleanliness and discipline of these old veterans, whose home it now is, provided by a grateful country.

Being relieved from guard next day, we had kit inspection by the commanding officer, accompanied by Major Cole, who had just joined the regiment. Sunday, church parade at 10 a. m. Having been inspected, we marched off, the band playing through Kilmainham to the Old Man's Hospital, where the Protestants and Roman Catholics parted for the time being, the latter marching to St. Mary's Church on Arran Quay. As we marched along the Liffey, the sweet strains of music which re-echoed along the river from the different bands as they marched

to church was truly soul-stirring, and caused a most pleasant sensation, which raised our thoughts heavenward. It is deeply to be regretted that military bands do not now play on marching to church on Sunday owing to Puritan objections.

Strict military discipline, numerous general field days and reviews, drilling at tent pitching in the nine acres, regimental drill and parades, with five nights in bed between guards, kept our men pretty well employed; but the beautiful walks in Phœnix Park, and driving to the strawberry beds on side-cars with our sweethearts on Sunday afternoons, together with the numerous other amusements, such as theatres, concerts, museums, picture galleries, and the scenery of every-day life in the city, compensated our men well for the hard duty and strict discipline. We were, therefore, well pleased with Dublin as a military station.

Now came a sad and mournful event to the army. The Duke of Wellington—the "Iron Duke"—that noble and illustrious warrior and statesman, whose glorious and eventful life history relates, and old veterans remember, terminated his earthly career at the ripe age of eighty-four years. This event, which took place suddenly and unexpectedly, occurred on Tuesday, the 14th September, 1852, after a few hours' illness, at Walmer Castle, his official residence. The intelligence of this mournful event was received at the time with the deepest regret by the officers and men of our regiment, and universal gloom pervaded throughout the whole garrison. The hero of

Salamanca, St. Sebastian, Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo had paid the last debt.

On November the 1st a general order was issued directing one officer, one sergeant, and twelve rank and file from each regiment in garrison to proceed, on the 8th instant. to London, to take part in the funeral procession of the late Field Marshal, His Grace the Duke of Wellington. Lieutenant Earle, Sergeant Plant, and twelve rank and file (I being one of the latter), to parade on the Esplanade, with the detachments from the other regiments in garrison, where we were inspected by the general, and marched off, with a field officer in charge, going on board the steamer at the North Wall, at 6 p.m. We had on board one hundred and fifty picked men from the corps stationed in Dublin, I being the smallest man of the party, and I was five feet eleven. The men vied with each other in a smart, soldier-like appearance.

All being ready, the captain cried out "all aboard," and shortly afterward the steamer moved out slowly from the quay, passed clear of the shipping and Pigeon House Fort on the right, where detachments of our men assembled and gave us three cheers, waving their handkerchiefs. The steamer rushing onwards, city and shore faded away, and nothing but heavy clouds and water could be seen. The evening had an angry appearance; darkness closed around, the soldiers thought it looked like a storm, but they were mistaken, although the vessel rolled and pitched more than we thought agreeable. After a great deal of rolling and pitching, with a

frequent wave breaking over our bows, we steamed into Liverpool docks at six o'clock in the morning, landed, got breakfast, marched to the railway station, took the train at 9 a.m. for London.

The morning was bright, invigorating and beautiful; the swift-winged train going thundering along at the rate of forty miles an hour. After a ride of one hundred and eighty miles in five hours, we were set down at Euston Station. While in London we were quartered in Regent Park. On the morning of the 13th November, nothing could be more imposing than the whole line of this melancholy procession. The day was fine and the appearance of the troops splendid. The streets were lined with cavalry and infantry most of the way from Chelsea Hospital, where the body had lain in state, to St. Paul's Cathedral. At twelve o'clock the cortege left the hospital escorted by a guard of honour.

To detail the order of the procession would occupy too much space here; suffice it to say, that the bands played the dead march, and minute guns fired as the funeral cortege marched to St. Paul's Cathedral, where the body was lowered into the crypt, close to the last earthly resting place of the heroic Nelson, waiting for the trumpet to turn-out. The funeral was one of the most gorgeous and solemn spectacles that had ever before been witnessed in England.

This solemn duty having been performed, we all returned by rail next morning to Liverpool, where we took the steamer at six p.m., for Dublin, arriving there at six

in the morning, after a rough passage, with several cases of sea-sickness, when we marched to our respective barracks.

The regiments stationed in Dublin are changed from one barrack to another every ten months, ours having been in Richmond the prescribed time, were changed with the 63rd from the Royal Barracks. The first of April we marched from Richmond, meeting the 63rd, when the junior saluted the senior, the 17th being the oldest regiment, we had the honour of their salute. On arrival we were quartered in Palatine Square. The change we hailed with pleasure, as it brought us closer to the amusements of the city. Twelve men of each company were now armed with the Minié rifle, rather an improvement on the Old Brown Bess, and proceeded to the Pigeon House Fort, there to go through a course of rifle instruction on the beach; this course being finished, the rifles were handed over to twelve others, who went through a course in the same manner, and so on, until the whole battalion had gone through a course of rifle instruction. In the summer of the same year, the Queen and Prince Albert visited Dublin. A message having been received that Her Majesty and the Prince were to land at Kingstown, the grenadiers and light company were ordered to proceed by rail from Westland Row Station to Kingstown, as a guard of honour. We were formed in two lines facing inwards from the terminus to where the Royal yacht was to come alongside, forming a passage which was spread with a red carpet, for Her Majesty and

the Prince to walk on to the railway carriage. We were standing there an hour when the Royal yacht was descried in the distance, and as she steamed into the harbour the ships in the port fired a royal salute. The yacht coming alongside the quay, we could plainly see Her Majesty and the Prince walking the deck close to where we stood. Her Majesty looked splendid, and wore a plain plaid shawl, and seemed well pleased with the reception. Soon after arrival the Royal couple landed. As her Majesty stepped on shore, the guns of the fortress belched forth a royal salute, at the same time the bands played "God save the Queen." A special train was in readiness, which conveyed the Royal couple and guards of honour to Dublin, where they went in an open carriage to the Vice-regal Lodge, accompanied by several troops of cavalry.

On the occasion of Her Majesty and the Prince landing, many thousands of people were present, and on the street along the route to the Vice-Regal Lodge, were immense crowds, who cheered and waved their hats, Her Majesty and the Prince most gracefully acknowledging their loyalty. Two days afterwards, the troops in garrison were ordered to assemble in review order at ten a. m. in the fifteen acres, to be reviewed before Her Majesty and Prince Albert.

On the day appointed, the troops were marched into the park, bands playing at the heads of their respective corps (accompanied by thousands of citizens) and were formed in line of contiguous columns facing the east, with the field batteries on the flanks, and the cavalry in the rear, at ten a. m.

After waiting a few minntes, Sir Edward Blakeney and his staff arrived, when he deployed the troops into line.

On the appearance of Her Majesty on the grounds the artillery fired a royal salute; the infantry presenting arms and the bands playing "God save the Queen." Her Majesty, in an open carriage, drove down the front of the line inspecting the whole, including the boys of the Hibernian School. After the inspection the troops marched past Her Majesty in slow, quick, and double time. The Queen seemed delighted with the marching past; afterwards they were put through several field movements. As the Queen was looking on with admiration, the crowd made a rush, determined to take off the horses and to draw Her Majesty in her carriage themselves.

This Prince George took for an attempt to assault Her Majesty's person, not understanding the warm-hearted character and good nature of the Irish, when he called out for the cavalry to form up, but when he found that he mistook the people's loyalty to the Queen he apologized.

This little contretemps caused the Queen to smile at the mistake he made, and after witnessing the review and many evolutions including pursuing practice by the 11th Hussars, she drove off (well pleased with the review) to the Vice-Regal Lodge accompanied by an escort of cavalry.

The troops were then marched to their respective barracks, with their bands playing.

On arrival in barracks the grenadiers and light com-

pany were detailed for a guard of honour to Her Majesty during her visit at the Vice-Regal Lodge, and be encamped in front of the lodge in readiness to turn out at Her Majesty's pleasure. After Her Majesty's departure the regiment was moved from the Royal to Ship Street Barracks, with two companies at Linen Hall. We also formed a guard of honour on the occasion of the Lord Lieutenant opening the great Irish exhibition. The public buildings of Dublin are famed for their number and grandeur. In the first class may be mentioned the Bank of Ireland, formerly the House of Parliament, Trinity College, the Custom House and the Four Courts, which, from the chasteness of their design, and the massiveness of their proportions, have a very imposing effect. There are numerous places of worship—Roman Catholic and Protestant—monasteries, convents, and a Jewish Synagogue.

The most remarkable among the Protestant churches are, St. Patrick's Cathedral and Christ's Church, and among the Roman Catholic St. Mary's, St. Saviour's, St. Augustine's, and St. Revin's. Here also we find monuments of William the Third, in College Green; of Nelson, in Sackville Street; of the Duke of Wellington in the Park, with several others. The squares, which are very numerous, spacious and well kept, are Stephen's Green, which occupies an area of twenty acres, and a mile in circuit; Merrion Square, the most aristocratic; the Trinity College Square occupies more than forty acres; Rutland Square, with the Rotunda at the end of Sackville Street.

The environs of Dublin are especially beautiful. Rathmines, a southern suburb, is a favourite residence of the wealthier part of the mercantile community; Glasnevin, on the north, deserves special notice, being the last resting place of the remains of Dan. O'Connell, Curran, and Tom Steele. The Phœnix Park is a magnificent area of nearly 2,000 acres, having a large amount of timber, which shelter immense herds of deer; it affords scope for military reviews, and is most extensively used by the inhabitants for recreation. The Liffy is crossed by nine bridges, two of which are iron, and throughout the whole extent of the city, the banks of the river are faced with granite walls.

At Christmas, our captain, John Croker, treated the company to a barrel of Guiness's xx porter. Lieutenants Coulthurst and Earle looked after the sergeants and married men, in the way of several substantials to cheer their hearts on the festive occasion, when the usual decorations of the company's rooms with evergreens, mottoes and emblems were tastefully arranged and carried out under the supervision of the non-commissioned officers, and a happy convivial evening was spent with songs, toasts and sentiments, with a hop to wind up with. Winter here is very pleasant, not much drill, visiting theatres and concerts in the evening. Our term here is short though. On the 16th February, 1854, we got the route for Templemore, a town ninety miles south-west of Dublin.

CHAPTER XI.

ARRIVAL AT TEMPLEMORE—THE ROUTE TO CORK—EMBARKATION—FOR GIBRALTAR—QUEENSTOWN—THE VOYAGE—STORM AT SEA—GIBRALTAR.

AT ten a. m., after inspection by Colonel McPherson, C.B., who took command of the regiment, vice Styte, who retired, we marched to the Great South-western Railway Station, the band playing the "British Grenadiers," accompanied by crowds of people, who gave us three cheers as the train moved from the station, the band playing "Auld Lang Syne," and the men waving their handkerchiefs. After a run of one hundred miles in three hours, we arrived in Templemore and marched to our respective quarters. These barracks are built on the same plan as those at Richmond, and large enough for two regiments. The town is small and dull, but the country very pretty. We were here a little over two months when we got the order to proceed to Cork, by rail, on the 27th April, there to embark on board two sailing transports, the *Dunbar* and *Cornwall*, two sister ships; the right wing to go in the latter, and the left in the former.

War with Russia having been declared on Friday, March 28th, we all agreed that, though ordered to Gibraltar, before many months would elapse, we would have the honour and glory of taking the field shoulder to shoulder with those troops who had already embarked for the seat of war in the East. April 27th, 1854—The regiment took the train at two p. m., arriving in Cork at five p. m., distance one hundred miles in three hours. On arrival, we were quartered in Cork barracks that night, next morning we were conveyed to the transports, which rode at anchor in Queenstown harbour, by two small tug steamers. This harbour is unsurpassed for capacity and safety; it is distinguished into Upper and Lower, the latter is situated eleven miles below the city, three miles long by two broad and completely landlocked. Its entrance is by a channel two miles long, by one wide, defended on one side by Forts Camden and Carlisle. The upper portion extends for about five miles below the city to Passage; within the harbour are several islands, the principal of which are, Great Island, on which is situated the fortifications of Queenstown; Spike Island, on which is a bomb-proof artillery barrack and convict depot; Rocky Island, on which are powder magazines excavated in the rock. Each side of the harbour is richly planted with ornamental trees and shrubs, studded with beautiful villas, cottages and terraces, and Queenstown deserves special notice for its magnificent suburban residences of the gentry, interspersed with ornamental trees, well-kept lawns and promenades, elegantly designed, churches and chapels, red

brick buildings, splended shops with large plate glass windows, and clean, wide streets, with a fine view of the shipping in the harbour, make it one of the most delightful places in Ireland. The climate being so salubrious, it is much frequented by consumptive invalids.

The right wing were all on board (except some married officers and their families) when each company were shown their berths and mess-tables, after which, stowing of knapsacks commenced. The ship's officers were busily engaged telling off the women and children to their berths in the after part of the ship. On the upper deck everything was in confusion; the ship's steward was getting his fresh supplies of provisions on board for the voyage, and the sailors stowing away in coops and pens, hens, ducks and sheep. At last the deck was cleared, and things put in ship-shape. The rolls being called, and all reported present, the watches were then told off. The captain walking the quarter-deck, the sailors and soldiers man the capstan, and the band ready to play, with a stiff breeze off the land. At 3 o'clock p.m., the captain gave the order to weigh anchor, when the band struck up " Rule Britannia," the sailors and soldiers keeping time to the music, manning the capstan. As the anchor was tripped, the sails were unfurled, and we ran out of the harbour, amid cheers from the shore and shipping in the harbour, and were soon bowling along with a stiff breeze on the bow (N.W.)

The men were served out with hammocks and one blanket, one tin plate, one panakin to each man, one meat

dish, one soup-can for each mess; every mess had brought their own pudding cloths. At five, the tea-bugle sounded, when orderly men repaired to the cook's galley for the tea, and served it out in the messes. After tea the men went on deck to smoke, chat, and wonder if they were going to be sea-sick. At 5:30, the ration-bugle sounded, when the orderly men proceeded to draw rations for next day, which consisted of salt-pork and beef, on alternate days, biscuits, flour, raisins, currants, tea, sugar, cocoa, vinegar, mustard, pepper and salt; they made the plum-pudding for dinner, tied it up ready to boil after breakfast next day. So you see Her Majesty cares for her gallant soldiers. The ship was skimming along with a stiff breeze on the starboard bow—all sails set. At six o'clock, the boatswain piped down hammocks, when they were all swung, and as the last post sounded at nine o'clock, they all managed to crawl into them. I was on watch from eight to twelve; the wind had been increasing during the evening. I also observed the sky had an angry appearance; the sailors were all busily at work securing every sail and making all taut.

The wind had changed in the night, and was now blowing hard in our teeth; it was a case of tacking, and for the landsman a very trying affair. All night it blew a gale the wind still from the same quarter; in the night the sailors had to shorten sail several times; each time the ship was brought round on the other tack with a tremendous lurch, and mess tins, water kegs, and tin dishes were dashed to the other side in frightful confusion.

My watch being relieved, I turned in at twelve, and, with the pitching and tossing, I slept soundly until I was awoke by the orderly sergeant turning out the men to get their hammocks stowed on deck. When I went on deck to put my hammock in the place appointed, the wind was still blowing hard; I had to hold on to keep my footing; the whole sea was alive, wave chasing wave and bounding over each other crested with foam. Now and then the ship would pitch her nose into the waves even to the bulwark, and dash the billows aside, and buoyantly rise again, bowling along at ten knots an hour, though under moderate sail. Breakfast at eight o'clock, of hard sea-biscuits and cocoa; but many were on their backs in sea-sickness. After breakfast, all hands were ordered on deck except the orderly men, who kept the mess in order and prepared the meals. The wind was still very high, and the long swells began to tell on the men: the figure-head plunged, as usual, deeply into the water, and the heads of some of our men hanging in agony over the gunwale and portsill in the horrors of sea-sickness.

At the sound of the grog bugle at twelve, they all straightened up, and very few were absent from their half-gill of rum and two waters.

When the dinner of salt-beef and plum-pudding was served, most of them made their appearance. After dinner the sun had shone through the clouds, and the men gathered in groups on the deck to smoke and chat. The progress of the ship was a subject of interest; it was the

first thing in the morning and the last at night; and all through the day the direction of the wind, the state of the sky, the weather, and the rate we were going at, were the uppermost topics of conversation. The ship was bounding along very fast, and it was a fine sight to look up at the clouds of canvas bellied out by the wind like the wings of a gigantic bird, while the ship rushed through the water, dashing it in foam from her bows, and always dipping her figure-head into the waves, sending up a shower of spray. There was always something exciting in the ship, and the way in which she was handled astonished us soldiers; for instance, to see the top-gallant sails furled when the wind freshened, or a stay-sail set as the wind went round to the east. The furling of the main-sail on a stormy night was a thing to be remembered for a life-time; twenty-four sailors on the main-yard at a time, reefing to the music of the wind whistling through the rigging.

The sailors sing out cheerily at their work, the one who mounts the highest or stands the foremost on the deck usually taking the lead, thus—they cheer up—

"Haul in the bowlin',
I love you, Mary Nolan,
Haul in the bowlin'.
Rollin' yo, heave ho."

In comes the rope with a jerk, until the "belay," sung out by the mate, signifies that the work is right. Then there is a rush on the deck when the wind changes, and the yards are to be squared as the wind comes more aft.

Being relieved at twelve o'clock, I turned in and slept well until four, when I was awoke by the watch holystoning the deck, under the charge of the officer of the watch. I need scarcely explain that the holystone is a large, soft stone, used with water for scrubbing the decks. It rubs down with sand, which is washed off by water from the hose, the pump being worked by four men, a man directing the nozzle of the hose into every crevice; the force of the water washing every particle of dirt from the hen-coops, sheep-pens and decks. The watch always wash decks in their bare feet, their trousers turned up above their knees. After the decks are well washed down they are dried with swabs, and look as white as a tablecloth; the boards brighten with the work, not a grease mark or spot of dirt is to be seen; all polished off with hand scrapers; the ropes all neatly coiled, man-of-war fashion, not a bight out of place, and the brass-work polished and shining—hard work before breakfast. By six o'clock the decks are all clean and dry, and everything looking neat; at nine o'clock the doctor ordered all the women and children on deck; the sun shone through the clouds and all was pleasant, the ship running along with close-reefed canvas. At sundown the wind changed round on her larboard quarter from the north-west, and we were making good progress across the Bay of Biscay; we were getting accustomed to the motion of the ship, and many of the officers and men assembled on deck until a late hour watching our course and looking for our port. On Sunday morning the wind was blowing a gale; during

the twenty-four hours we made 190 miles. At ten o'clock we were all assembled on the main deck for Divine Service, which was read by the captain of the ship; the day was fine, with a stiff breeze; we were running before the wind at the rate of ten knots an hour; we had slept well all night. Going on deck next morning, I found the wind strong from the north, and the ship going through the water at a splendid rate, with as much sail as she could carry, and she was dashing along leaving a broad track of foam in her wake. There was no resting, but a constant pushing onward; and as we look over the bulwark, the waves tipped by the foam which the ship had raised, seem to fly behind us at a prodigious speed. At ten next morning we found the ship's run during the twenty-four hours had been 200 miles—a grand day's work, nearly equal to steam. We ran well before the breeze all night, until about six in the morning, when the wind changed to our starboard bow, and heavy dark clouds appeared in the distance, and the wind dropped almost to a calm, the sails flapping against the mast all day and night.

Next morning the sailors were busy securing ropes and getting everything ready; they said this calm was but weather breeding, and predicted that we were to have a change. The glass was falling, and we were to look out for squalls. They were not disappointed in their morning's expectations of a gale. Before morning we had it in earnest.

We novices in sea life thought we had a severe storm on Friday night, but the sailors only laughed at us when we spoke of it. In our hammocks below we knew that

the wind was blowing a gale, that the ship was pitching and tossing about fearfully, and could hear the boatswain's whistle, and the sailors aloft reefing sails, and the waves breaking clean over the deck above us. At two o'clock in the morning a heavy sea struck our starboard side. The concussion seemed like striking against a rock; some were thrown clean out of their hammocks; women and children thrown from their berths, crockery smashed and boxes rattled, trunks, water-kegs, tin-dishes, plates, pails and every movable article was dashed with violence from one side of the ship to the other.

Women and children screamed with fright, and men jumped from their hammocks. For a few moments the ship stood perfectly still, as if stiffened with the stroke, then she shivered from stem to stern, and the timbers groaned and quivered, in a few moments more she was dashing headlong onwards through the mountain of waves. I should think if there were any on board who had never prayed before they must have prayed now. Both men and women vied with each other in the exchange of good offices and kindly words.

Envy was subdued, passionate wrath and revenge were forgotten, all acted as men and women who were soon to stand in the presence of their God. There was the pure steady and charming light of Christian hope and love shining beneath the very shadow of death. It was a solemn and touching thing to hear so many strong men acknowledge in that hour of peril, their utter helplessness, and praying Him who once lay on a pillow asleep

'Lord save us, we perish"—praying Him to abide with us. The hatches were all canvassed and fastened down, so that none but the sailors and the soldiers on watch could go on deck; the sea was washing over the deck. That was indeed an awful night, dark, chilling, and drenching; hour after hour passed as we momentarily expected our doom. The deck was continually washed over by great seas. As soon as morning light appeared, I managed to get on deck, though with extreme difficulty, both from dizziness and the motion of the ship. I was determined to enjoy the fresh air and see how the ocean looked, lashed into a tempest. I had to cling fast to keep my footing, the ship was pitching up and down, tossed like a feather in the wind. We rode on huge mountain billows of dark leaden colour, capped with molten glass and tipped with silvery caps of foam. As I hung on to the rope, meditating on the vastness of the ocean, and waves mountains high, my soul was deeply impressed with the omnipotence and infinity of the God who scooped out this mighty abyss, and filled it with those powerful waters. He hath set them their bounds, and says to them in their wildest commotion "thus far, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

This dreadful storm raged all day, and the night was terrible; there was no more distance nor space; the sky was turned into blackness, and shut itself down upon the ship, nothing was any longer visible on this the racecourse of the wind; we felt ourselves delivered over to a merciful providence. The men, women and children had

their second attack of sea-sickness, even the sailors were sick. The storm raged all next day (Sunday) and night; no one on board could get anything cooked, as the fires were all put out from the sea washing over the ship: even if they could, few could eat,—all were so sick.

THE VOYAGE TO GIBRALTAR

On the wide expanse of the stormy seas,
Our noble ship swept before the breeze,
Our gallant captain, when twelve days had run,
Tried with his sextant to take the sun.

The heavy fog seemed still much worse,
Scarcely knowing where to lay his course,
And tried and tried the stormy main,
While heavy fog seemed to kiss the plain.

The clouds they broke and showed the sky,
Placing the instrument to his eye,
The howling wind our course had fixed,
And marked the latitude at forty-six.

An eastward course he then did try,
While billows they rose mountains high;
The captain's orders were to haul yards back,
And set the sails on the starboard tack.

The storm it rose a furious gale.
Which caused the landsmen's hearts to fail,
With deathly sick, as then the heaving ship
Rode high on billows, then her prow would dip.

On the wave-washed deck with deep dismay,
The dizzy soldier feels the deck give way,
And tries in vain, as a last resource,
To catch a rope to stay him in his course.

Rushing with nausea to the side,
Where the starboard watch at him did chide,
He holds on taut, while feet give way,
And clings like death to portsill stay.

But now the western winds the sails expand,
And soon the "look-out" reports he sees the land,
Where there before us in the vapour rolled,
The African mountains looming out so bold.

T. FAUGHNAN.

Monday morning, at four o'cock, the wind changed on our larboard quarter, and suddenly dropped. The boatswain piped all hands to square yards and make sail; this order was hailed by the men, and it soon reached the women, when they all offered up prayers and thanks to God for their deliverance.

The wind dropped considerably, and by twelve o'clock all was quiet, the ship running steadily before the wind.

The usual grog-bugle sounded at twelve, when every man made his appearance. At six in the evening the wind fell away altogether. This repose after that fearful storm was an unspeakable blessing; all that had been fury was now tranquillity. It appeared to us a sign of peace; we could let go the rope or stay we were holding on by, the women and children could stand upright and straighten themselves, and walk and move about. We felt ourselves inexpressibly happy in the depths of this heavenly change. All night was almost dead calm, and it was a blessing, we all slept well after the awful pitching and tossing we had had the last three days. In the morn-

ing, when I went on deck, the sails were flapping, and not a breath of wind. After breakfast, the women and children were ordered on deck, when the lower decks were thoroughly scrubbed and cleaned, and when dinner bugle sounded they were allowed to go below. After dinner the upper deck was washed and cleaned. Toward evening the wind changed to our starboard and began to freshen, towards morning we were running before the wind, at nine knots an hour. At ten o'clock, a.m., I was agreeably surprised when I heard a sailor from the mast-head cry out, Land, ho! I found by our captain's eyes that the land lay off our weather beam, but though I strained my eyes looking for the land, I could see nothing. It was quite an hour before I could find it, and then it looked more like a cloud than anything else. At length, the veil lifted, and I saw the land stretching away to the eastward, as we neared it and saw it more distinctly. It looked a glorious object to us soldiers, though we were then ten or twelve miles off, yet the highest peaks which were above the clouds, some hundreds of feet high, were so clear that they looked as if they had been stolen out of the "Arabian Nights," or some fairy tale of wonder and beauty. The bluff and lofty headland of Cape St. Vincent, with its sharp detached rock, white light-house, and adjacent convent skirting the edge of the precipice, was the first land that I saw, as the ship bounded upon our glorious waters of Trafalgar Bay. All on board were quite recovered of their sea-sickness, as the ship glided across wide bays

and along the indented coast of Spain. The ship had soon studding sails set, and she swept onward like some large bird of prey towards the straits. Tarifa, famous in martial story, with its low, flat-roofed houses, backed by barren-looking, sun-scorched hills, was passed and all eyes were turned on the tremendous scragged outline of the African coast rising several thousand feet above the sea. The hazy morning light added to the effect, throwing out in relief the broad stone face and picturesque form of Ape's Hill, streaked with shadowy fissures, crevices and indentations, which the scorching sun failed to touch. But the Spanish side of the straits, through which the blue Mediterranean now became visible, engrossed the larger share of our attention. There stood the bold rock of Gibraltar, rearing its bald crest to the sky, a fit sentinel at the gate of those waters which lave the shores of fallen but once mighty empires, now the key and glory of Old England. The ship now hoisted her flags, which were immediately noticed at the signal station, on the loftiest part of the range, where a flag-staff is visible against the sky. Some of our officers who were on the rock before, with the aid of their telescopes could trace many an old haunt. They knew every path on those craggy heights. There was the town behind the old Moorish walls, looking the same as ever; there was the Alameda, the convent, and many other familiar domiciles, peeping from amongst shrubberies and gardens.

At five p.m. we cast anchor in the harbour of Gibraltar, when the ship was besieged with bumboats of vendors of

oranges, dates, figs, and luxuries of almost every kind. Soon after a boat with a yellow flag approached the ship. It was the health-officer, who made enquiries of our doctor as to sickness on board, and was answered "all right; no sickness but sea-sickness," when he returned to shore, and afterwards a staff-officer appeared, who informed the captain that he had got "pratique," when the order to disembark at once was given.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LANDING—BARRACKS—GARRISON DUTY—OLD NORTH FRONT—SMUGGLING — MARKET — QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY — THE DINNER — SPEECHES—THE ROUTE—THE MARCH—EMBARKATION FOR THE CRIMEA—THE PARTING—THE VOYAGE—ARRIVAL AT MALTA.

MAY 13th, 1854.—At 6 p.m. the right wing formed in open columns of companies, right in front, on the New Mole, after a very rough passage from Queenstown ; and considering how the men were knocked about they looked remarkably clean and well. The band and pipers of the 92nd Highlanders met us at the New Mole, and played alternately during the march to the Casemate Barracks, where we were quartered, followed by a crowd of Rock Scorpions, a motley crowd of English, Irish, Spaniards, Italians, Moors and Jews. Several soldiers from the garrison welcomed us, and seemed pleased to see a fresh regiment arrive to share their military duties.

By two o'clock next day the *Dunbar* arrived with the left wing. They landed at three o'clock and joined head quarters at the Casemate Barracks. Number six company proceded to Catalan Bay on detachment. The regiment was exempt from garrison duty the next day in

order to get its luggage in order and settle down in their quarters. The following day we found the whole of the garrison duties. The guards with colours are trooped every day at 10 a. m. (Sundays excepted), on the Alameda, under the field officer, assisted by the brigade major. I was detailed for the old North Front guard, which consists of one captain, one subaltern, one sergeant, two corporals, and twenty-four rank and file—the soldiers take their rations with them on guard. The officers get their meals sent from the mess. This guard furnishes a chain of sentries across the neutral ground which divides the Spanish from the British lines.

Gibraltar is a free port, and a resort, in consequence, of Spanish smugglers, who drive an amazing trade by running contraband goods into Spain, and *vice versa*, which the British authorities endeavour to stop by all means possible, Notwithstanding all their exertions, this fraud is still carried on under cover of dark nights.

I being on sentry No. 6 post along the Spanish lines from twelve till two, my orders were to make prisoners of any smugglers who attempted to pass through. As I walked up and down my post I heard some slight noise in the long grass. I then stooped down and saw two men crawling along the grass. I advanced towards them and challenged "who comes there?" when they stooped down in the grass and tried to crawl away. I then advanced nearer and threatened to fire if they did not answer my challenge, at the same time bringing down my musket to the charge and full cocked. When they saw I was about

to fire they stood still, and answered me, saying, "Bono Johnny, me good man, me gib you plenty bacca, me gib you plenty gin, him ver good gin, me gib you everyting you want, if you let me pass mit dem tings to me house in tem gardens; you plenty big man, good man, come from Inglas eh? you von good man, plenty drink gin, him good for him stomach." They took up some stone jars of gin and some tobacco and offered them to me if I would let them pass through the lines; but true to my orders, when I saw the contraband goods they had I made them prisoners, telling them if they moved an inch I would shoot them. At the same time I passed the word to the next sentry to send for the sergeant of the guard, they then went on their knees and begged off very hard, and finally offered me all their stuff if I would let them go; but no. As soon as the sergeant arrived I handed him over the prisoners, with six large square blocks of plug tobacco, and six cases of Holland's gin. This smuggling is ever carried on and the sentries have all they can do to prevent it. Some sentries, I regret to say, compromise with the smugglers, tobacco and gin being too strong a temptation for them. The guard being relieved, we discharged our muskets into the sea most of the guards being loaded then. The tobacco and gin were all confiscated to the British Crown, and the smugglers handed over to the Spanish *gens d'armes* to be summarily dealt with.

The climate is warm and pleasant throughout the year, and yet we can see the perpetual snow-capped mountains

of Andalusia towering heavenward in the distance. The troops have bathing parades twice a week, at five o'clock in the morning, and several times during the day, may be seen soldiers and civilians disporting themselves like porpoises in the water of the Old Mole. There is a market every morning which opens after gun-fire. The Spaniards cross the neutral ground from Spain with their mules, loaded with all sorts of provisions, vegetables and fruit, and stand outside the drawbridge waiting for the gate to be opened at gun-fire. The market-place is fenced in and divided into square stalls, which are rented to the vendors, who consist of Moors, Spaniards, Jews and Italians. The Moors squat down behind their stalls with their fez caps and turbans, big wide breeches, and a long loose gown open in front, yellow Morocco slippers, and smoking long pipes. Oranges, grapes, figs, lemons, dates, olives and fruits of almost every description are sold here daily throughout the year, very cheap for cash. On the Queen's Birthday, the troops in garrison, consisting of two batteries Royal Artillery, two companies Sappers and Miners, and four regiments of infantry, were drawn up in line on the North Front, at twelve o'clock noon, each man furnished with twelve rounds of blank cartridge. As the clock in the tower struck twelve a gun fired from the Sky Battery was the signal for a Royal salute. Then the batteries on the rock as well as the men-of-war in the harbour fired twenty-one guns each, and the line of soldiers, with the field battery on their flanks, fired a *feu-de-joie*. After the smoke cleared off the men waved their

shakos in the air, then gave three cheers for Her Gracious Majesty. This was a good sight for the spectators, more especially the Spaniards, who assembled in thousands to witness this grand military celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday. The troops then marched past in slow, quick and double time; they were then divided into armies and put through a sham fight, which lasted till four o'clock. We had these sham fights very frequently, and a general review once a week during the summer months. In November we received orders to prepare for actice service in the East. Then came the usual packing of baggage, and creditors—Jews, Moors, and Gentiles—flying round the barracks with pieces of paper in their hands, looking for what was not easily found then; but the first tap of the big drum will pay the debts.

The evening before embarkation, our company was entertained at a supper, by the grenadiers of the 39th regiment, whom we had often met and done duty with in the same garrison, and a friendly feeling had sprung up between the officers and men of both companies, the captains and officers were present to see the men enjoy themselves. After the cloth was removed, the president proposed a toast to the Queen, which was drunk with a hearty good will, and three cheers for Her Majesty. The captain of the 39th stood up to propose the health of their guests. "Brother officers and soldiers," said he, looking down the two rows of faces, on each side of the long table, with a cheerful smile, "in the name of the grenadier company, which I have the honour to command, allow me

to extend to you, our brother comrades in arms, the right hand of fellowship and a hearty welcome. I think as this garrison, which has been so jolly, and is about to be broken up by the gallant 17th 'Royal Bengal Tigers,' going to join the army in the Crimea, I must say that we heartily regret it has not come to our turn to share the honours of our comrades in a brush with the Moscovites; but we hope, ere many days, we will have the gratification of joining you in the East, and there share the glories of the British army in fighting for our Queen and country, and leading such men as I now see before me at this hospitable board, against our common enemy the Russians. We tender to you frankly the hand of military comrades, and instead of firing a *feu-de-joie* of compliments, it is the duty of those who remain behind to drink the health of those who are proceeding on active service in the East, A bumper then boys and let us say, good health and God speed the gallant 'Tigers'." With three times three the glasses were drained, whilst the band struck up "The British Grenadiers."

Captain John Croker was then called on to respond. "Brother officers and soldiers of the 39th Regiment," replied he, "this cordial reception and courtesy on your part, demand our warmest acknowledgments, which I, in the name of my company, have the honour to convey to you on this auspicious occasion. I therefore propose a health towards the grenadier company of the 39th Regiment, with whom we are about to part,—'charge your glasses;" and the toast was drunk with all honours, to the appropri-

ate tune of "Auld Lang Syne," the company singing, "They are Jolly Good Fellows."

The morning of our departure, the regiment paraded on the square of the Casement Barracks for the last time and having heen called to attention by Col. McPherson, C.B., he gave the word of command, "quick march," when the men stepped off, preceded by the bands of the other regiments, through the main street of the town, playing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me," followed by a motley crowd of friends, sweet-hearts, and curious spectators, as we marched to the New Mole, where the steamship *Tamar* was lying alongside the warf, waiting to carry the 17th Regiment, two batteries of royal artillery, and two companies of sappers and miners, to the seat of war in the Crimea. The parting with our wives and children was a very affecting and trying sight, officers and soldiers taking their last farewell (some of them, perhaps, forever), of those nearest and dearest to them, whom they were now leaving behind on that barren rock; many hundreds of miles away from friends or relatives, and not sure whether we would ever return again to our beloved families. I had left a wife and three children, one of them only sixteen days old, trusting in God and fearing no danger. But our Queen and country require us to meet the Russian despot in mortal combat, and defend the honour and glory of that old flag that "braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze," therefore, we must sever all family ties though hard to give up our feelings, when our Queen and country call us to the front. Let it not be supposed that

the officers are wanting in sympathy towards the private soldier; very superficial has been the observer, who can believe that the officer and the private possess little in common with each other, or who can persuade himself that the private soldier is only a machine, moved only by the command of his superiors. Should such a casuist exist, let him remember that men are men, whether the scarlet on their backs is of the purest or coarsest texture; and that, if the advantage of birth, and the refinement of superior education have done nothing for the officer, the private soldier who makes a good use of such talent as he may have received, occupies a higher position, be his ever so humble. There were some private soldiers in the regiment who, at the parting moment, felt as deeply the separation from wife and children, as the more aristocratic members of the same profession; nor were incidents of a romantic interest wanting, though the tearful young girl who saw with anguish her true lover's departure was only dressed in calico.

Doubtless in these latter days, when England has sent forth so many of her sons to fight for the honour of her flag, there are few who have not seen something of the display of the varied emotions which such departures call forth; it will therefore be unnecessary to say that when the sad phase of parting had come, it was visible in the tearful eyes and blanched cheeks of many in the crowd. The loud and enthusiastic cheers which greeted the 17th Regiment as it passed down the steps and through the gate of the drawbridge leading to the wharf where the

ship lay, showing the chivalrous emotions of the stern British soldiers who lined the ramparts along the docks, with crowds of people whose hearts beat with sympathy as the regiment embarked.

At eleven o'clock, all being ready, the captain gave the word, and the steamer moved out slowly from the wharf, the band playing, in slow time, "Auld Lang Syne," amid cheer after cheer, and handkerchiefs waving from the people, and returned by the red-coats who assembled on deck to wave their last farewell and wipe away the tears which were fast falling down their cheeks as they gazed on their little ones left behind on the wharf. As the steamer rounded the new mole her speed increased, and the music also changed time; at length Europa Point, with its barracks and batteries, was turned, and the reverse side of the rock, still more bold and barren, with "O'Hara's Old Tower," rearing its lofty, weather-beaten, ruined spire, on the highest summit of Windmill Hill. Favoured by a beautiful sunny day and a westerly breeze, the *Tamar* swept rapidly past the gigantic sentinel whose watch-word is the roar of the signal-gnn on the summit of the telegraph station; and when the evening sun was gilding the snow-topped mountains of Africa with a streak of gold, the good ship had proceeded many miles to the eastward, and though the mountains of Africa reared their bright summits above the horizon, the "Old Rock" was no longer to be seen. Then our attention was directed to the white-capped mountains on the south coast of Spain, and when these faded from view, time

was spent looking out for Africa's capes or sun-burned islands, After tea the men assembled on deck, indulging in all sorts of games to pass the time. A comic soldier, dressed up like a baboon, grinned and jumped around the decks, up the masts, and went through all the performances of a monkey, causing roars of laughter from all around. After this dancing was introduced. As several of the men being musicians, had brought their fiddles, we were at no loss for music. At the other side of the ship a group were singing comic songs. In this way the evening was passed until the bugle sounded at nine o'clock, when we turned in to our hammocks. We had much better accommodations than we had in the old *Cornwall*, although we have had three times the number on board.

Next morning decks were washed by the watch at four o'clock; at ten a. m. commanding officer's parade, when the men looked in excellent spirits. Now came in view something to call their attention—a grampus had blown a shower of water in the air fifty feet high; the men all rushed to see what it was; several gave their opinions as to what caused the eruption of the water; some thought it was a volcano that broke out, some said it was an infernal machine the Russians had placed there to destroy our shipping, and many various opinions were brought forward to explain the cause of the wonderful blow. A sailor, however, came along and told us that it was a grampus. Now we see plenty of flying-fish, whole shoals of the glittering little things glide along in the air, skim-

ming the top of the waves; they rise to escape their pursuers, the bonitos, which rush after them, showing their noses above the water now and then; but the poor flying-fish have their enemies above as well as under the water, for they no sooner rise than they risk becoming a prey to the ocean birds, which are always hovering about ready to pounce on them—it is a case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire." They fly farther than I thought they could. I saw one of them fly at least one hundred yards; and sometimes they fly on deck, some fifteen feet from the surface of the water.

The weather was all that could be wished for, and our splendid ship made rapid progress through the water. The sea was almost a dead calm, hardly a ripple on the face of the deep; an occasional whale was seen blowing in the distance, and many grampuses came rolling and blowing about the ship. One thing that struck me most was the magnificence of the Mediterranean sunset; the clouds assume all sorts of fantastic shapes and appeared more solid and clearly defined than I have ever seen them before; toward evening they abound in colours—purple, pink, red and yellow, alternately—while the sky near the setting sun seems of a beautiful green, gradually melting into the blue sky above; the great clouds on the horizon look like mountains tipped wth gold and fiery red. One of these sunsets was a delightful sight; the sun went down into the sea between two enormous clouds, the only ones to be seen, and they blazed with brilliant colours which were constantly changing, until

the clouds stood out in dark relief against the still, delicately-tinted sky. I got up frequently to see the sun rise, but it is not near so beautiful as at setting.

After sundown the officers chose out a few of the best talent among the men, who assembled on the quarter-deck and sang some excellent glees, comic and sentimental songs with great applause. At nine o'clock the bugle sounded the last post, when we all turned in and slept well, the ship running as steadily as if she were in a canal.

Next morning after parade the officers amused themselves with their revolvers, shooting at porpoises, which came in shoals close to the ship. After dinner the band played on the quarter-deck, to the delight of all on board. more especially the ship's officers and sailors. The weather was beautiful and the sea like a mirror.

At seven next morning, the sailor on the lookout on the mast-head cried out, "land, ho!" when all eyes were strained looking for the desired object, but none could see it for some time afterwards; at last we saw it in the distance, like a dark cloud lying on the waters. As we neared the land it appeared to us a rocky, barren-looking island—Malta. Yet the cultivated strips here and there were so green and flourishing they presented a most beautiful and charming appearance.

Those who had not before visited the place were struck with the imposing appearance of this remarkable city. Tier upon tier of batteries upon all sides showed bristling rows of guns, daring intruders to enter the harbour with hostile intentions. To the right the principal part of the

city was to be seen, terrace above terrace, domes and spires towering above the houses, all looming darkly against the sky. The air was sultry, and the reflection of buildings, rocks and shipping in the almost still water, was only agitated by the little boats which were moving about in all directions. The harbour was crowded with shipping, and as we moved into our moorings we were cheered by the sailors and soldiers on board the men-of-war in the harbour, as well as from the batteries on either side. We had a splended passage of nine hundred and eighty miles in four days.

CHAPTER XIII.

MALTESE—DEPARTURE—A CAPTAIN COMMITS SUICIDE—THE FUNERAL—SMALL-POX—RETURN—RESUMED THE VOYAGE—GRECIAN ARCHES—DARDANELLES—GALLIPOLI—TURKISH SENTRIES—CONSTANTINOPLE—TURKISH LADIES—THE BOSPHORUS—VOYAGE ACROSS THE EUXINE—ARRIVAL.

SOON after our arrival in the harbour, a coal barge came along side, and about fifty Maltese commenced to coal our ship; they carried the coal on their heads in round wicker baskets; passed each other on the gangway, after depositing their load in the ship's bunker. The coaling lasted about two hours, during which time the officers and men were amused by divers who came along in little boats; a boy managed the boat, while the diver was left free to exercise his strange employment. His dress consisted of a light pair of drawers, short at both ends, and a loose skirt. Bringing his little craft alongside, where we were looking over the railing, and divesting himself of his upper garments, he commenced in a supplicating tone of broken English: "sixpence, me dive for sixpence, me get him quick; me get him sure." Some of the officers tossed a sixpence into the water where it was very deep, supposing he was going to the bottom for it

but experience taught him an easier mode of catching it. Watching it with the eye of a hawk he saw it strike the water, and, poising himself, he sprung head first in the sea; the water was so clear we could follow him with our eyes. Down he went like an arrow, outstripping the sixpence in the race for the bottom; before it had sunk twelve feet he had his hands under it in the form of a bowl, the shining piece dropping into his hands; he then clapped it between his teeth, rose to the surface, climbed into his boat and exhibited the prize with the air of a conqueror. This was repeated several times, and with unerring certainty he caught the prize every time. He then asked for some one to throw a sixpence the other side of the ship, which was done, when he sprang under the ship and brought it up in his teeth on the other side. The Maltese had finished coaling at twelve, when our steamer moved slowly from her buoy; dense masses of people lined the batteries, and yet larger crowds of soldiers in the forts St. Angelo and St. Elmo, cheered as our steamer moved along, the cheers from the forts being taken up by the troops on board, as well as the sailors and marines in the harbour, and joyously responded to by our troops who assembled on the deck to give our last hurrah for the East. The town of Valetta with its strong forts, batteries, terraces, domes and houses grew smaller by degrees as the gallant *Tamar* ploughed her onward course through the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the island looking like a little blue cloud in the distance, gradually fading away. We have the trackless expanse around us; in the

distance Mount Etna looms up in the North-west. The ship was making rapid progress through the waters—the captain says, "if this breeze lasts, we will reach Constantinople on the 8th," but our expectations were frustrated; "man proposes, but God disposes," which we found to be true; for on Saturday, at eight a.m., a very melancholy occurrence happened which threw a deep gloom over all the troops on board; the captain commanding the detachment Royal Artillery had cut his throat in his cabin; no person could ever find out what was the cause which led him to commit this dreadful act.

How deeply touching is a burial at sea! replete with reflection, striking and sublime, as should always be the spectacle of a funeral,—the tree falling as it must rise again, with no leaves nor flowers of repentance or prayer, or office to alter its final doom, ever to bloom again on that cut down stem,—far more deeply does the service and the sights and the sounds of a funeral on the ocean always move one. The clouds had cleared, and it was intensely hot; the funeral took place at two o'clock; we saw the body sewed up in a hammock with a round shot at its feet, and borne by the men of his battery from the cabin and laid upon the deck. We had no clergyman on board, therefore the painful duty of reading the service devolved upon the captain of the ship, which could not have been performed by a clergyman. As he began to read, not a sound, not a breath broke the solemn silence; nothing but the noise of the rolling swells against the smooth side of the ship as I stood close to the gangway while the service

was read, in deep thought, and gazing on the bright and glorious shining sea, now nearly calm, looking so intensely sunny and blue; it seemed to some a mocking at the king of terrors, whose victim was about to be committed to its keeping. To me it looked like the gemmed and crystal gate of that heaven through which the Son of God had promised the faithful Christian who believes and trusts in Him to wing his happy way, there to learn many a marvel that he had striven on earth to trace and explore.

Earnestly and solemnly he read, and when he uttered the last words, the sailors raised the body to the edge of the gangway and let it slide, feet foremost, into the sea, "and so we commit his body to the deep." You who think it a solemn thing to hear the bell of some country church at home echoing through the rich woods or flowery valleys, telling of the death of some one who will never return home again, cannot form any idea of the awe which strikes into the heart at sea. I do not think there were many dry eyes among the officers and men of his battery, as they saw the body splash into the deep sea, and sink straight down, with the heavy round shot at his feet. After this painful event the doctor reported two cases of small-pox, which had broken out among the troops, and immediately the captain and officers held a council to know what course they would pursue. It was decided to return to Malta, and put the sick men into hospital there, and prevent taking the infectious disease out to the Crimea amongst the troops. The ship was headed for Malta, where we arrived at six p.m., next day; as we entered

the harbour unexpectedly, from one of the upper forts, at the end of the harbour, there came a flash, followed by a loud report, which was echoed back and forward against the rocks and buildings, till the roaring sound at last died away, and the wreath of white smoke clearly ascended into the sky. It was the evening gun, which is fired at sundown. After handing over the two patients to the proper authorities we again steamed out of harbour. There were crowds of people again assembled along the batteries to witness the departure of our noble ship, with the living cargo of red coats on board, of course wondering what caused our return. As we got out to sea a breeze sprung up on our larboard quarter, when all sails were set, and soon the island faded again away into the distance, and once more our ship was going through the water at fifteen knots, under the influence of wind and steam; next day at six p. m., we had run 240 miles in 24 hours. Sunday, at ten a.m., parade for divine service, which was read by the captain of the ship; at sundown the wind wheeled round right in our teeth, which obliged us to take in all sail. The men were paraded at ten a. m., next day, and between various duties, and the sharp appetites brought on by the sea air, we managed to get over the time very pleasantly. The band played on the quarter deck in the afternoons, when the weather permitted; towards evening the wind veered round on our starboard bow, and the boatswain piped all hands to make sail, but we were doomed ere long to experience a change of weather, for the sun went down in a clear but stormy

sky, the wind piping, snoring, and howling through the blocks and rigging, the waves thundering against our starboard, the ship had to struggle with a south-easterly gale of such fury, that it reminded me of a Levanter, which the Mediterranean is famous for; at daylight the land was made, a heavy cloud-like line just perceptible. It was the Morea, and the men rushed on deck to see the land. As we ran up, the snow-covered mountain peaks with cold, rocky, barren edges, and villages of white houses dotting the declivity towards the sea, became to us perfectly distinct.

At 8 a. m., we passed Cape Matapan; although the old reputation of this cape was not sustained by our destruction, still the sea showed every inclination to be troublesome, the wind kept rising every moment. At ten a. m. we were passing between the Morea and Cerigo; we had a proof that the Greeks were nearly right about the weather. Even bolder sailors than the ancients fear the heavy squalls off those snowy headlands, which gave us but a poor idea of sunny Greece.

The ancient Greeks always considered a voyage round Capes Matapan and St. Angelo fraught with great danger. As we rounded the angle of the cape the wind rushed at us with much fury; we saw the sea rushing with crests of white foam right on our starboard bow. Its violence was terrific, the sea was rolling in wondrous waves towards the ship; she behaved nobly and went over them with the greatest ease. The gusts came down furiously between the little islands, which we could not make out

or did not know the names. The men bore up well against this furious storm, although they were all sea-sick, but never absent when the grog bugle sounded at twelve o'clock.

The night came on us and the ship labouring on, dashing the sea into white spray in the darkness. At daylight next morning the sight was most discouraging, the clouds were black and low, the sea white and high, and between them on the horizon was a mass of a broken character so that one could not be known from the other. We passed Milo at 9 p.m., and the gale increased; afterwards at ten a.m., when the wind changed one point aft, and the ship rolled very much, the deck was inclined to so sharp an angle that we could only hold on by a tight grip of the stays and ropes. The sea breaking over the ship swept several of the horse stalls loose about the deck, and the poor animals lay helpless against the bulwarks. About twelve o'clock the wind went down and the sun burst forth, sending his golden warm rays through the clouds, when the artillerymen picked up their horses and put everything in its place again. We passed the Greek coast trending away to the left, showing rugged masses of mountains capped by snowy peaks, and occasionally some good sized towns were visible on the dark brown hill side, with several windmills along the beach. With some exceptions, the isles of Greece rather disappointed the lovers of the picturesque; seen from the sea they are more or less bold and barren, abounding with sterile rocks almost entirely devoid of wood, except a

stunted olive tree here and there, and clothed with a kind of reddish-brown grass. Candian mountains are perhaps the most striking features which we encountered in our progress through what the sailors call the "arches." As we swept through the "Thermian Passage," accompanied in our course by several ancient looking craft with little white sails stretching outwards, resembling the wings of Icarus, and others of no less ancient model, with low prow and solitary square rigged mast. On the left lay the Gulf of Athens, on our right rose the snowy heights of Mount Ida, 5,400 feet above the level of the sea, to the north the lofty Lemnos. At three p.m., we passed the castle of the Dardanelles and the Hellespont; we were not stopped nor fired at as in days of yore. As we passed Gallipoli, about seven p.m., we could see a collection of red-roofed houses, with tall minarets rising up amongst them. From the entrance of the Dardanelles to Gallipoli the straits are very narrow, not more than a quarter of a mile in some places. We ran along close to the bank on the European side; its breadth opposite the town of Gallipoli is about four miles, and it expands towards the Sea of Marmora. As the ship ran along the banks we could see large herds of goats and small black sheep feeding on the high rocks along the edge of the river. Night was closing on us and, as we passed the numerous forts on the European side, the sentries yelled out strange challenges and burned blue lights, and blue lights answered from our ship in return, so that it looked to us a strange spectacle. The lights were put out and our eyes were as

BANKS OF THE DARDANELLES.

blind as owls in daylight, but our eyes soon recovered, the stars at last began to twinkle, and we saw a little around us. All night we were crossing the sea of Marmora, with a strong current against us.

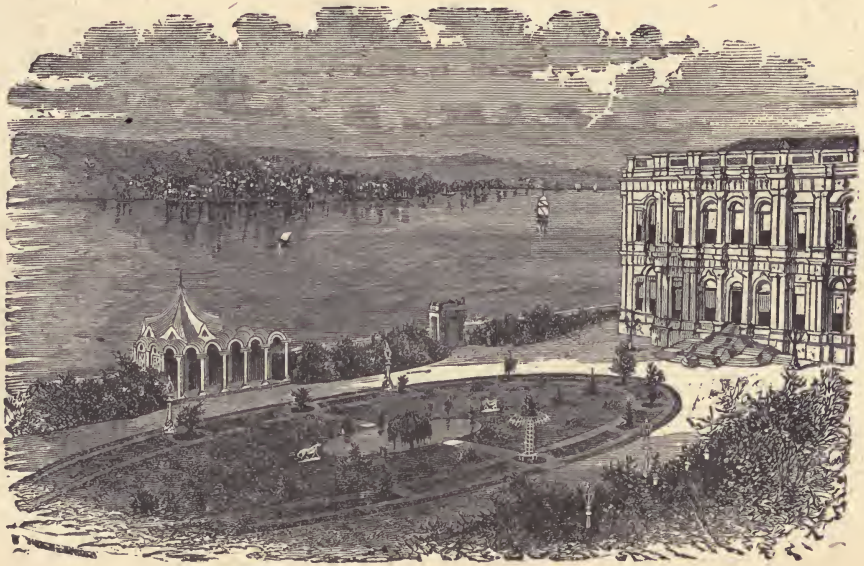
Next morning, after breakfast, we came in sight of Constantinople; at ten a.m. we passed the Seven Towers on our left, with Seraglio point just before us; at 10.30 we cast anchor with hundreds of other vessels at the mouth of the Golden Horn. Steam ferry-boats of the English kind were passing to and fro, and caiques flitted in and out with the dexterity and swiftness of a sea-gull. As we cast anchor, a small brig coming down stream ran foul of us on the starboard bow, snap and crash went her bowsprit and yard, causing considerable damage to our bulwarks and stays; this accident detained us two hours. The stream runs so swiftly down the channel that vessels frequently run foul, sometimes causing serious damage. We notice passing backward and forward from Stamboul to Pera caiques with Turkish women wearing white clothes, and staring at us out of two black holes in their yashmak. At twelve o'clock we weighed anchor and continued our course through the Bosphorus. The scenery is of almost unrivalled beauty, and the panorama of which Constantinople forms the principal part, is such as is perhaps nowhere else to be seen in the world.

As we proceeded up the stream and looked back, the view of the Marmora, as we leave it behind, is very fine. On the opposite Asiatic shore Mount Olympus, 8,800 feet high, with its snow-crowned summit, fades away into the

blue of the heavens, while the Imperial Palace of the Seraglio, St. Sophia's Mosque, and others of less proportions stud the banks in unbroken lines from the very foot of the forts, which command the entrance up to the crowning glory of the scene, where the Imperial City of Con-

A TURKISH LADY.

stantine, rising in many coloured terraces from the verge of the Golden Horn, confuses the eye with its numerous gardens, cypresses, mosques and palaces, its masses of foliage and red roofs surmounted by snow-white minarets with golden tops. The residences of the Pashas, the imperial palaces of the Sultan, and the retreats of opu-



THE SULTAN'S PALACE, SERAGLIO POINT.

lence line these favoured shores. As the ship ran along we could see the Turks sitting cross-legged like tailors on their verandahs, smoking away and looking as like each other as if they were twins. The windows of these houses were closely latticed and fastened, but here and there could be seen a white-faced lady, with gay coloured robe, peeping through the jalousies, showing that the harem was occupied by the fair sex. These dwellings succeed each other the whole length of the Bosphorus, and at places such as Buyukdere they are numerous enough to form large villages, provided with hotels, shops and lodging-houses.

The Turks delight in sitting out on the platform over the water while they smoke their chibouque, and the greatest object of Turkish ambition is to enjoy the pleasure of a residence on the banks of the Bosphorus. These waters abound in fish, and shoals of porpoises and dolphins disport on its surface, splashing, and playing about with ease as they swim against its rapid stream.

I noticed the Turks never took the least notice of us as we arrived; so we departed in silence, and, as far as the Turks were concerned, in solitude. The boatmen scarcely turned their heads to look at the majestic steamer with her deck covered with British troops, crossing the broad, rough, and stormy seas to fight for these lazy, indifferent Orientals, who would scarcely turn their heads to look at us, much less give us a cheer, as we departed from the Sultan's Sublime Porte.

As we passed the batteries which mark the opening of the Bosphorus into the Euxine, we cheered the Turkish

sentries as we shot past them into the Black Sea, and soon the land was shut out. A fog, a drifting, clammy mist, cold and rain, fell down on us like a shroud, and as the night closed in, it damped out the stars and all the light of heaven, and stole down yard, mast and stay; this was genuine Black Sea weather.

THE SULTAN.

In the morning the same haze continued with drifting cold wind; after breakfast we commenced to sharpen our swords and bayonets in order to have them ready to serve out to the Russians, in a professional manner, and with as

little pain and torture as we possibly could; the grinding stones were furnished by the sailors;—this occupied the whole day. The morning dawned; the sun, red and stormy glared from an angry sky, over a rugged outline of coast not more than twenty-five miles distant, and lighted up by white-capped waves which plunged athwart the ship's course. As we neared the land the captain and officers stood forward with their telescopes in hand. Where was the desired haven? was now the subject of conversation, not a sign of an opening was distinguished in that formidable rock, which the telescope scanned from end to end; but at last the captain sighted a ruined tower upon a cliff somewhat lower than the rest with a union-jack flying.

It was not long before the masts of a man-of-war, just visible above the high rocks which marked the narrow entrance into Balaklava harbour, was seen; up went our number, but in vain we looked for an answer. We entered the small, deep harbour through a very narrow passage which was crowded with shipping. We ran up close alongside the ledge of a steep rock on the left side of the harbour, in twenty fathoms of water, and made fast to iron hooks fixed in the rock for that purpose.

CHAPTER XIV.

DISEMBARKATION—FIRST BIVOUAC—THE MARCH—ARRIVAL—SEBASTOPOL—THE TRENCHES—FIRST MAN WOUNDED—RETURN TO CAMP—AN ALARM—BATTLE OF INKERMAN—LORD RAGLAN—SORTIE—FORAGING THE OLD BRIDGE—COLONEL COLE—THE SIEGE—HAULING GUNS—THE BATTLE—BURYING THE DEAD—FISTICUFFS—TIM DOOLAN'S LETTER—THE WILL—THE TURKS.

NEXT day at two o'clock p. m. the regiment disembarked in heavy-marching order, at Balaklava, having been served out with the following articles of camp equipage previously, which we carried to the front, consisting of one circular tent complete to every sixteen men, one camp-kettle, frying-pan, axe, hand-saw, spade, shovel, and two bill-hooks to each mess, one blanket to each man, with three days' ship rations.

The command being given, we marched, distributing the camp equipage amongst the men of the company. The rain poured as we waded knee deep through the mud, making the best of our way through the heaps of forage and stores, which lay under the rain and exposed to the weather, without cover of any kind, all around Balaklava. We were obliged to halt outside the town, on account of the heavy rain, and pitch our camp on the side of Kadikoi Hill for the night. Before we got our tents pitched we got saturated with rain to our very skins. We

had cold comfort that night, in wet clothes and blankets, lying on the damp ground; everything wet except our ammunition, which we always managed to keep dry;—we had not even a light in our tents. At 9 o'clock, after posting the picket sentries around our camp, we lay down;—this was a good receipt for rheumatism, and it required a strong constitution to bear up. At reveillé next morning, we were on the alert, eat some biscuits without water, alas, there was no water near our camp, and marched off. After marching four miles through a slough of Balakava mud, which it is impossible to describe, we pitched our camp on the most favourable spot we could find, and close to a stream of water; having indulged in the latter beverage very copiously, with some hard biscuits, we turned into our tent always placing sentries around our camp. The flashes from the guns of Sebastopol lighting up our camp, we lay down as we did the night before, in our wet clothes, overcoat and blanket. Our slumbers were frequently disturbed during the night by the thundering of the guns of Sebastopol. At 6 a.m. we tried to make a camp-fire, and get some hot coffee, previous to our departure, but we failed in the attempt; several foraging parties scoured the neighbourhood searching for some wood or brambles to make a fire with, but could not find any; so we drank plenty of water from the stream, and filled our kegs with the blessed fluid. After eating some hard biscuits, we struck our tents and resumed our march to the front. As we proceeded through the "slough of despond," we marched through the French camp, when the French soldiers turned

out and cheered us, their bands playing "God save the Queen" as we passed their camp, which we responded to in a most friendly manner. We arrived at the 4th Division, to which we were posted, at two p.m., after wading through slush and mud the whole way, sinking knee-deep at every step, and were shown our camp grounds on Cathcart's Hill, with the honour of being the front regiment of the 4th Division.

Before we had our tents pitched, two-thirds of the regiment were detailed for the trenches that night; several men reported themselves sick, having caught severe colds from sleeping in their wet clothes on the damp ground the two previous nights, together with the heavy fatiguing march from Balaklava, on, I might say, an empty stomach, for we had nothing to eat or drink from the time we disembarked, except hard biscuit and cold water; we could not eat raw pork just then, this told on the men's constitutions; although their pluck was good they had to give in; they were sent to the hospital tent. After we had finished tent-pitching, I was anxious to see Sebastopol and its surroundings. I went to the top of Cathcart's hill, where I had a splendid view along the whole line of trenches from Kamiesch Bay to the Tchernaya River enclosing Sebastopol, which shone white and clear in the sun. I could see a large Russian camp defended by earthworks on the north side of the harbour, and large masses of Russians on parade outside the camp. At sundown the covering party were paraded on the brigade grounds, and, after dark, marched for the first time to face the Moscovite, a field officer in charge,

each party with their officers. Marching down the Russians opened a heavy fire; at every flash we all laid down until the round shot passed over, in this way we dodged them until we relieved the party in the trenches; during the time of relieving, the enemy always opened a heavy fire—they knew the time our relief took place. After taking charge of the trenches, one hundred men were told off to build batteries in the second parallel, and cut advancing trenches. We were formed into gangs of twelve men, each in charge of a non-commissioned officer, with officers superintending the whole, the work having been laid out by the Royal Engineers. We worked hard under shot, shell, grape and canister, until twelve, when the grog was served, each man getting a half gill of rum which gladdened our hearts and gave fresh strength to proceed with our work. While we were working, a man was placed on the look-out for the flashes of the guns, and when he saw one gave the word "down," when we lay down in the trench; if it was a shell, we got behind the traverse.

The flashes from our guns and mortars gave us light to carry on our work when the night was dark. In the morning we felt hungry, but had nothing to eat or drink except biscuit and cold water, unless we eat raw pork, which some could not do then; a man does not know what he can do until he is driven to it, which was shown afterwards. The Russians kept up a steady fire during the night from the Garden and Crow's Nest batteries, which our batteries responded to with a powerful fire. Dur-

ing the day we tried several shots with the "Old Brown Bess" at some working parties who were throwing up earthworks, about 800 yards distant, but could not reach them. Oh, how I wished to have a good Enfield rifle then instead of the smooth bore which we were armed with. A Russian shell burst close to us, a splinter of which struck one of our grenadiers, named James O'Maley, causing a deep wound in his head, this was the first blood shed in our regiment, his wound was dressed by the doctor, who was in attendance at the Green Hill trench. Being relieved by a fresh party at sun-down, we marched to camp under the darkness of the evening. There we indulged in our usual meal of raw pork, biscuits, and cold water. Several parties had been foraging for wood, or roots, or anything to make a fire, but could get nothing; therefore we had to lie down in our tent, our feet to the pole, knapsack under our head, and fully accoutred, with our blankets around us on the wet ground, without a fire or any warm food. We were never allowed to take off our accoutrements at night. During the night an alarm was given that the enemy had advanced on our trenches in large force, when we turned out and marched down. As we advanced on the trenches the cracking of musketry and roaring of cannon was deafening, the flashes lighting up the way as we doubled to the trenches. When we reached the Green Hill trench the enemy had been repulsed with great loss; several Russians lay dead and wounded on the field and in the trenches, our loss was comparatively light, four men killed and nine wounded. We then

returned to camp and laid down in peace till morning, wet and tired. At eight a.m. next morning, Lord Raglan and his staff visited our camp, when the men turned out; he inspected the camp and was well pleased with the appearance of the men. After the usual breakfast of salt pork and biscuit, all available men, after furnishing the trenches, were employed in carrying round shot and shell from the divisional depôt to the trenches.

This was very hard work; each man carried a round shot in a biscuit bag on his back, sinking deep in the usual mud at every step; this and dragging big guns into position occupied the whole day. That evening, as I was sitting in my tent, resting after the hard day's fatigue, I was agreeably surprised by my first cousin, Philip McGurn, entering my tent. He belonged to the 63rd Regiment, and on hearing that I had arrived, he hastened to see me the first chance he got off duty. I had not seen him before since we were stationed together in Dublin, previous to the Crimean war, and our meeting was mutual. He showed us a wound he had received at the battle of Inkerman, and gave us a long and vivid account of that battle. For my reader's edification I will transcribe, at least, part of the story, as near the original as my memory will suggest: "The rattling of musketry! the roar of big guns! and bursting of shells! Such was the reveille on the 5th of November, 1854. The British troops rushed from their tents into the murky air without, where the men, bewildered by the fog, the darkness and the uproar, scarcely knew where to expect the unseen enemy.

All was surprise and confusion. Round shot flies past with angry rush, and shells fall bursting, scattering irreparable ruin; tents are knocked over and torn into fragments; round shot hurling victims to the earth and bounding far down among the cavalry horses, near the windmill. The orderly men in camp had just begun to struggle with the rain in endeavouring to light their fires for breakfast when the outlying picquets were surprised, and forced to retire before a superior force, contesting, however, every inch of ground as they fell back on the main body. When the alarm was given that the Russians were advancing, the sad tidings of dismay which they brought were soon after verified by the unceremonious whistling of round shot, and the explosion of shells among the tents. A strange murmur was heard mingled with the thunder of guns and crackling of musketry. It swells louder and louder, and a moving multitude of Russians suddenly come into view crowding up dark ravines and slopes covered with brushwood. The first British regiments that got formed were pushed forward with a battery in double time to the brow of the hill to check the enemy's advancing columns from the valley; and as the alarm spread through the camp the brigades and divisions were rapidly formed and marched at the double into position by their respective commanders. They were at once met with a tremendous fire of shell and round shot from guns, which the enemy had previously posted on the heights during the darkness of the night. Lord Raglan, on arrival, though tenderly solicitous for the safety of others, was

nevertheless careless of his own, and sat erect and immovable on his charger, surrounded by his devoted staff, on the top of a high mound, in the hope of getting a glimpse through the fog of the fierce battle that was raging beneath, while the ground on either side was ploughed up by round shot, shell, and other missiles of destruction. A shell came right among the staff officers and close to where Lord Raglan was sitting on his charger. It exploded as it struck a horse, tearing the poor animal into shreds and throwing the rider several paces from the spot, fortunately without much injury except tearing his clothes and setting them on fire; but a splinter of the same shell broke General Strangeway's leg, so that it hung by a shred of skin and a piece of flesh to the bone. The poor man never moved a muscle of his face. He was lifted from his horse and laid on the ground while his life blood ebbed fast, and in less than two hours he had sunk to rest, leaving behind him a memory which will ever be held dear to the British army.

"Fast and furious grew one of the bloodiest and fiercest struggles ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. Not only were desperate hand-to-hand encounters maintained on both sides, but the British were obliged to resist with bayonet to bayonet as the enemy, again and again, charged with incredible fury and determination. Captain McGregor, exclaimed Lord Raglain to his *aide-de-camp*, after peering through his field glass and pointing in the direction, 'go down into that ravine where our men are getting overpowered by reinforcements of the enemy. I

see that Sir George Cathcart has fallen, and the division is without a leader. Tell Sir George Brown to advance the light division to support Goldie, and then take command of the whole himself, and carry the ravine at the point of the bayonet at all hazards.' The *aide-de-camp* having received the order saluted and dashed down the hill-side, tearing and bounding through the brushwood heedless of the bullets that whistled past his ears, or the explosion of shells, thundering of big guns and other missiles of destruction. At last he arrived at where Sir George Cathcart had fallen, made his way to Sir George Brown and delivered his message to that officer, whom he found already gallantly leading the remnant of his division against a fearful odds. After transmitting the message the *aide-de-camp* was about to retire when a bullet hit Sir George Brown and he fell from his horse. It was a moment of peril, the men were without a leader, there was no time to be lost, the Russians, with a bravery seldom surpassed, and forced on by dense masses behind, were pressing forward at the point of the bayonet and threatened to surround and annihilate the devoted band. Captain McGregor, seeing the danger, galloped forward with his sword raised above his head, and turning his glowing face towards his resolute followers, cried out at the top of his voice, 'Hurrah boys! for our Queen and country, forward my brave fellows, charge!' With many loud hurrahs the men obeyed him and plunged, with the bayonet at the charge, into the moving masses of Russians that rolled backward and forward like the surging billows

of the ocean as they were impelled by heroic violence, cold steel and British pluck. A break in the fog again favoured the commander-in-chief with a view through his glasses of this fearful contest, the like of which, perhaps, never took place before. 'Captain Shaw,' said his lordship to another *aide-de-camp*, 'ride over to Sir Richard English and tell him to send two regiments of the reserve to the right attack where our gallant fellows are fighting against five times their number. I see that the enemy are trying to gain our flank, be as quick as you can and tell him to move at the double, but not to blow the men.' 'Yes, my lord,' replied the *aide-de-camp*, saluting and putting spurs to his horse and bounding off as if it was a fox that was to break cover in Clare moutains and not hordes of savage Russians that were before him. The bullets fell thick and fast past him, but he heeded them not. One of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoons, named Jim Daly, who was employed on the Commander-in-chief's staff, heard the order given, and saw Captain Shaw, his companion in many dangers, despatched, and fearful for his safety rode up to the Field Marshal, saluting with his sword, said:

"'Plase me lord, as I'm doin' nothin' her jes now 'ud ye be afther allowin' me to 'company Captain Shaw as we 've bin through many little scrimidges together afore to-day. I'd take it as a great favour, me lord, I'd loike to be near him should any danger befall him, so that I might carry him away from them theavin' Rooshans an' bury him dacently loike a Christian, or dress his wounds as the case night be, d'ye pursave, me lord?

"'Yes, my brave fellow,' replied his lordship, 'I see you are more solicitous for Captain Shaw's safety than your own, you can follow the captain into danger if you wish, as you are so brave and reckless of your own life.'

"'Musha thin, thank your lordship,' replied Jim, as he was about to bound off.'

"'But, stay, my man, said his lordship, 'mind, should your troop be brought into action, you'll have to be in your place in the ranks.'

"'Oh! faith never mind fur that, me lord.' replied Jim, I'll be yer bail, bud I'll be to the fore an' in me place quick enough av I'm required, that's af I'm not kilt intoirely, bud I'll keep my eye on the thaves anyhow d'ye pursave, me lord?'

"Yes, my brave fellow,' replied his lordship, 'away you go, then.'

"At these words, with a salute and a 'thankee, me lord,' Jim dashed off at the top of his speed as a guardian angel after Captain Shaw. After the latter had delivered the order to Sir Richard English, that officer despatched the required force, in charge of the senior colonel, who, however, somewhat confused by the fog, and not altogether certain of his way, asked the *aide-de-camp* in which direction they were to move? 'Follow me, colonel,' was the gallant reply, 'I will lead the way.' Off they marched at the double, preceded by the *aide-de-camp*, whose cheeks flushed with the excitement of the battle, together with his youthful appearance and gallantry, drew forth sympathy and admiration from the bronzed and weather-

beaten, warlike veterans, for the brave officer who incited them to daring deeds of valour which never perhaps had a parallel. Forward they bounded with the irresistible impetuosity of men determined to conquer, or die in the attempt. Stimulated by the love for Queen and Country, and animated by the bravery of the officer who led the way, through dingle and dell, through brushwood, brakes, briars and thorny brambles, tearing their scanty and threadbare nether garments into shreds, irritating the noble fellows to utter interjections that would shock some of our latter-day saints. However, they rushed forward heedless of the bullets, round shot and splinters of shells which whizzed past and athwart their path. But as fast as a man fell the ranks closed in, and thus the brave fellows rushed proudly and fearlessly on. At last they arrived at the scene of carnage and slaughter, somewhat diminished in numbers. Here they found their comrades overpowered by the enemy; but their courage never flinched. Re-animated by Captain McGregor's bravery, though their numbers were fast decreasing, they still held their ground against a phalanx of Russians. When the reinforcements arrived, led by Captain Shaw, then arose a hurrah heard above the din of battle, followed by an impetuous charge, and with force irresistible rolled back the living waves of Russians that roared and howled with bloodthirsty vengeance. Words in the vernacular fail to describe with vividness the sanguinary hand-to-hand struggles and series of the most dreadful daring deeds of valour, devotion and fidelity of the British soldiers on that memorable

occasion. The Russians advanced mass after mass, as fast as a column was broken and repulsed another quickly took its place. No wonder that at times the British were compelled to fall back; but they rallied every time, and came to the charge against thousands who came on where thousands had come before, to fall by hundreds, and be piled up in ghastly mounds, victims of the bullet or sharp deadly steel. While this charge was going on the Guards on the extreme right (led by their right royal commander, Prince George), were advancing with a steadiness, strength of purpose and noble bearing, as becometh Her Majesty's household troops (though fearfully diminished in numbers), now dashed forward at the *pas-de-charge* with a loud British cheer, on a small battery which had been previously captured by the Russians, and with such terrific force and velocity irresistible did they hurl those Muscovites through the embrasures and over the escarpment of the battery, accompanied with a loud cheer that struck terror into the advancing columns of the enemy, causing them to pause instinctively ere they encountered such salamanders. The pause, however, was but momentary; with redoubled exertions the Russians once more advanced (rallied by their officers), with deafening volleys, dealing death and destruction among the already painfully thinned British ranks, and for a short time the fate of the day trembled in the balance. The prospect was at once sublime though fearful to behold. The thin red British line resisting with the bayonet the pressure of the overpowering enemy, with oft repeated frantic

thrust. The crash of bursting shells, the vindictive rush of round shot, the whiz and whistle of bullets and other messengers of death, moans, shouts, screams, yells, sobs and roars of pain filled up the brimming horrors of that scene of butchery, blood, carnage and slaughter. As a gallant ship battles with the mighty billows of the ocean, so the slim British line gallantly resists the overwhelming masses of the Russians.

"Let the red, thin wall of heroic defenders waver or break—who shall prophesy the result? Don't mention it, dear reader, for it would be a terrible disaster to the British army. Fate seemed about to blot a bright page of British history and chronicle a defeat. But no! with a superhuman effort a terrific charge and a loud hurrah from that red line of heroes, the Muscovites waver to and fro, break and fly in confusion and disorder before the indomitable bravery of British pluck and cold steel. When our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the phalanx of that potent despot, the Czar of all the Russias, gave way before the brave defenders of that proud banner of Great Britain which once more flaunts in victory's van. At this gallant feat a grand burst of applause resounded from the spectators, and the French advance was heralded by the flourish of their trumpets above the din of battle. When the Zouaves, led by General Bosquet, rushed to the front with the light of battle on their bronzed features, their timely assistance to the bloodstained and wearied British was indeed hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. The French artillery co-

operated with the British, and seemed to vie with each other in hurling iron messengers of death after the discomfited hordes of Russians who were driven pell-mell towards the gates of Sebastopol, and history inscribed that memorable battle on tablets more durable than marble; and whenever the flag of Old England unfurls to the breeze it shall reveal to the world in letters of gold the terrible word, 'Inkerman.'"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" cried many voices, when the story was ended, "that's an excellent account of the battle, and well told." We all complimented him on his ability as a story-teller. It being near the last post he took his departure.

After tattoo roll-call, our task for that time being finished, we lay down with our feet towards the tent-pole, fully accoutred—knapsacks under our heads, and were soon in the arms of Morpheus, tired nature's sweet restorer; our lullaby being the roar of big guns and the crackling of musketry, as the opposing armies replied to each other. We had not been lying down more than two hours, enjoying a sweet sleep, when we were aroused from our slumbers by an alarm that the Russians were advancing on our trenches in great force.

The alarm had scarcely spread through the camp when our battalion was marching at the double towards the trenches. We advanced by sections of companies along the ravine, and afterwards wheeling to the left by files, taking shelter under the rocks as we advanced close to the scene of action.

The roar of big guns and mortars was deafening, while the long continued crackling of musketry along the whole line told us plainly that a fierce battle was raging, and that the enemy was advancing in immense force. The prospect before us was at once sublime, though awe-inspiring to behold, as the shells of the opposing armies, with their comet-like tails described a circle in the air apparently up among the stars; together with the flashes of cannon and bursting of shells in the air and on the ground, illuminating the scene of action for miles along the line.

We had just arrived on the nick of time, for the Russians were overpowering our poor fellows in the trenches, and would assuredly have captured their position only for our timely assistance.

It was evident that the Russians, somehow or other, became aware of the fact that a weak spot lay between the French and English lines of sentries. This weakness on our part encouraged them to hazard an attack on our position. In front of the left attack there were some trenches which ran down the edge of the ravine from the harbour, which divides the town from the military barracks; the continuation of this ravine divides the third division from the French attack. Therefore, in order to guard this ravine, the sentries of the French and English ought to be in communication; but through some blunder of the commanders they were not so. The Russians, therefore, well knowing this to be the case, followed the ravine and got past our sentries, who took them to be French, as their officers answered their challenge in

French, and commanded their men in French, in order to throw our sentries off their guard. In this way they succeeded in getting past our sentries on the left, then bayoneted them and got into our trenches before they were recognised as Russians, killing and wounding a great many of our men, a major of the 50th among the latter, besides taking two officers and sixteen men prisoners. When their treachery was detected; a hand-to-hand encounter ensued, our few brave fellows gallantly resisting the overpowering masses of Russians, who were flocking into our trenches like so many hounds after a fox, and trying to unearth him, when our reinforcements arrived. Then a terrible hand-to-hand and fierce struggle ensued with the naked bayonet. After a sharp contest for the mastery, the Russians were driven back from our trenches with great loss. Several Russians were found dead on the field, besides those who fell in the trenches where the battle was fought, and many of the wounded had crawled away among the rocks, where they died of their wounds. After this terrible battle we returned with our wounded to camp where we crawled into our cold, dismal, wet tents, there we were glad to throw ourselves on the cold, wet ground in our blood-stained clothes and accoutrements to rest our weary limbs, until the orderly sergeant aroused us from our sweet repose at daybreak to resume our wonted day's toil of carrying shot, shell and ammunition, and dragging big guns into position in the trenches or some other equally hard fatigue.

I was one of a party of six who were detailed that same morning for a foraging reconnoissance to the valley of the Tchernaya river in search of fire-wood. Taking our water-keg straps around our waists and our bill-hooks in our hands, we started off with the firm determination of procuring some wood or die in the attempt. As we advanced across the plateau, on reaching Inkerman Heights, where the soldiers' hard contested battle had been fought, we were deeply moved with a feeling of commiseration for our fallen comrades who had fought so bravely, when we beheld the number and the size of the many high mounds of earth where slept the gallant fellows, side by side, who had perished in that memorable battle. May the sod rest lightly over their ashes!

But, as we descended into the ravine on the other side of the heights, what must have been our surprise when we beheld over twenty dead Russians, stiff and stark, lying at the bottom of the ravine, in the dried up water-course, where they had been buried in great haste after the battle! The little earth which they had been covered with was washed away by the heavy rains, and there they lay in their tattered old clothing and accoutrements as they had fallen, presenting a most ghastly spectacle, which we duly reported at head-quarters on our return to camp. However, then, we continued our journey until we arrived at an old bridge where we climbed up the side of a steep hill that was covered with wood and crowned by a Russian battery.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Here we commenced cutting wood and throwing it down to the bottom of the ravine where two of our party collected it, and tied it into bundles. We were not long in cutting as much as our straps would hold. We then shouldered our bundles and escaped stealthily along the edge of the ravine lest the Russians might detect us; but luckily for us we got away safely, although we were close under their batteries, from which the Russians kept up a continual fire over our heads at our men on the opposite heights. When we returned to our camp, the smile of gladness which suffused our comrades' features as they greeted us on our arrival amply rewarded us for any fatigue or danger that we underwent in securing the wood.

It was soon chopped up by our comrades, while others lit the fire and filled the camp-kettles with salt beef and pork, and put them on the fires which were quickly improvised for the occasion in gipsy-like style. The smoke from the fires attracted the attention of our officers, who came over and were agreeably surprised when they beheld the fires and the well-filled camp-kettles, the lids of which kept marking time as the steam escaped, to the delight of the expectant hungry men who stood around. After we had cooked a sufficient quantity of salt junk and pork and prepared coffee, we gave the officers the privilege of using the fire which they thankfully accepted. They then sent their servants to prepare some food, which they, as well as the men, were sadly in need of. The cooking being over, and the fat skimmed for further

use, we all sat down like Turks on the ground, and enjoyed the luxury of a hot meal, which was the first since our disembarkation at Balaklava.

Those pampered dyspeptics, who are living on the fat of the land, but always complaining of a loss of appetite, might well have envied those stalwart defenders of Her Majesty's Crown and country, if they beheld with what zest and professional skill we demolished the salt junks of beef and pork, with all their appendages.

If that famous caricaturist, Bengough, had had the good fortune to have seen us then, formed in square around the hospitable tent-pole, he might have drawn a vivid life-like picture without any caricaturing, that would have immortalized the pages of that satirical journal, *Grip*, and live imperishable in the minds of its readers.

We had scarcely lit our pipes after the enjoyment of this luxurious meal when the orderly sergeant entered and read for our edification the general orders which informed us something like the following, viz.:

"In consequence of the other regiments of our division being so reduced by sickness and death, the 17th Regiment would furnish two-thirds of its number for trench duty every alternate evening until further orders."

In the meantime, owing to the lull in the firing of the Russian batteries on our attack, together with the favourable state of the ground, consequent on the hard frost last night, the whole of the regiment will turn out at once and haul big guns down to some favourable spot near the Greenhill

battery, in order to be able to place them in position during the darkness of the night.

We were also glad to learn that our brave and faithful old friend, Colonel McPherson, C.B., who had been like a father to the regiment since he took command of it many years ago, had been promoted to Brigadier in our own division, and Colonel Cole, who had just arrived in charge of a draft of men from Malta, was to take command of the regiment. Sir Edmund Lyons will also take command of the fleet, vice Admiral Dundas, who proceeds to Constantinople for some purpose not made known then.

Accordingly the whole of the regiment off duty were marched off to man the guns.

Notwithstanding the severity of the frost the previous night, we had a trying fatigue in tugging and hauling the big guns with the drag-ropes, from the depôt to a favourable locality in close proximity with the Greenhill trench. But you know the old adage, "many hands make light work." But this proverb was not verified on this occasion, for the work was the same no matter how many hands were employed. You may talk of a hard-contested tug-of-war at home, in one of your rural gymnasium grounds where two aspiring companies contend for a much coveted prize, and haul their level best to gain the ascendancy, but I tell you, dear reader, that it's only child's play compared with hauling big guns into position through the Crimean quagmire. It was then your qualities as a British soldier, as well as your strength as a man, were put to the test; when the gun-carriage

got stuck in a deep rut. Then the sergeant in charge would appeal to your heroic pluck, and your nationality, in words and phrases that he well knew would warrant the men's united strength and almost superhuman effort to drag the gun from its miry bed, when the following commands and exclamations would be almost sure to follow: "Four men on the right, man the right wheel; four on the left, man the left wheel; the remainder hang on to the ropes. There now, boys, are ye all ready, all right then—altogether, mind—one, two, three, away she goes, stick to her,—well done, my lads, hurrah! You shall all have an extra gill of rum when we return to camp." This encourages the men and the gun goes steadily but slowly along until it gets into another slough, when the same trial of strength and perseverance is gone through, and eventually the gun is placed on the platform with its muzzle in the embrazure pointing towards the Russians, or placed in some convenient spot, ready for mounting on the platform during the darkness of the night.

But for every gun which we had put into position, the Russians were wont to put two, for they had the guns on the spot in their own arsenal; and besides they had more men to spare for that purpose than we had. However, after performing our trying fatigue, we were marched back to camp, where we had scarcely time to resuscitate our exhausted strength and spirits with a biscuit and cold water (for we had nothing better except the half-gill of rum which our worthy sergeant had wheedled out of the quartermaster for us), before we were rendezvoused

on the grand parade for inspection by our old Brigadier previous to marching down to the trenches after sunset. During the inspection our spirits were much saddened by the fact that ten men of the party were reported sick with dysentery, brought on by cold and exposure, lying on the wet ground in damp clothing, and want of proper food; they were all admitted into hospital where two of them died inside of a week and others lingered on.

The inspection having been completed, we were marched off after the sun went down, under the command of a field officer.

Although we advanced on the trenches very cautiously under cover of the closing darkness, yet we were very frequently forced to prostrate ourselves on the ground, in order to evade the numerous round shot and shell, which the flashes of the Russian guns warned us of, when the missiles would pass harmlessly over us, or perchance strike one or two men. The Russians well-knowing the time our relief took place, invariably opened a fierce fire on our advancing and retiring columns. After much dodging of round shot and shell, we eventually arrived at the trenches, where we were told off into gangs, in charge of officers and non-commissioned officers to build trenches, or as covering parties as the emergency required. The company to which I belonged had been told off for a very dangerous duty, which was to pick earth from among the rocks that formed the glacis of the parapet and carry it in Maltese baskets to thicken the parapet which was not considered shot-proof. The Russians well know-

ing that this battery was in course of construction, peppered at us the whole night without intermission with shot and shell and musketry unmercifully. One shell nearly put me out of mess, for it burst so near my head, as I was filling my basket with earth, that the flash of lurid flame like lightning scorched my hair and eyebrows—knocking the sight out of my eyes, so that I was blind as an owl at noonday, for an hour afterwards. Luckily for me that the shell had passed me a little before it exploded, so that the pieces of metal flew forward. Had it burst in advance of me, I would assuredly have been blown into atoms.

Several of our men were badly wounded that same night. However, on gaining my sight once more, I again commenced picking the earth from among the rocks, when my pick stuck into something softer than usual. "What is it?" thought I to myself, as I dislodged it with a great effort from the hole in which it lay covered up with a little earth, and putting down my hands to feel and ascertain what it was, when, to my horror, my fingers stuck into a dead man's eyes, at the same time the effluvia that assailed my olfactory organs warned me to step back to wheeling distance from the noxious object, which turned out to be a dead Russian, who had been buried there among the rocks in great haste after a battle some time previously. This I then reported to the officer in charge of the works who had the remains of the fallen Russian warrior removed and interred in a more becoming sepulchre. Ever since that memorable night, whenever I think

of the offensive odour which emitted from that decomposed carcase, I imagine that my nasal organ is still affected by its exhalation. We were not sorry when the high hour of twelve had arrived, in order that we might retire for a short time from labour to refreshment, which consisted of biscuit, water and a glass of rum. The latter we thankfully received from the hands of our band sergeant, who had been told off, with four bandsmen, for the purpose of catering out the needful. After somewhat appeasing the gnawing worm with the hard tack and aforesaid condiments, we were alarmed at a simultaneous discharge of musketry as our advanced sentries (seeing a large column of Russians emerge from their batteries), fired into them and fell back on our trenches where they reported the enemy advancing in great force, which was soon after verified by the appearance of a dark column moving stealthily up the hill-side towards our trenches. This news aroused us to hostile exertions and stimulated us to give them a warm reception. In the meantime our artillery opened a withering fire on them, while we blazed away with musketry as they closed upon us. Notwithstanding this seething fire which we poured on them, they continued to advance with a persistency and recklessness of life worthy of a better cause, and forced on by dense masses behind, they rushed into our trenches. But as they did so, we gave them the bayonet, after discharging the contents of our rifles into their faces. Then commenced one of the bloodiest hand-to-hand struggles ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. Not only were

desperate hand to hand encounters maintained on both sides, but we were obliged to resist with bayonet to bayonet as the enemy again and again charged with incredible fury and determination. As we pulled the bayonet out of one we knocked the brains out of another with the but end of our rifles. But at last we got so jammed together that we could not shorten arms, and many of our men got clinched with the Russians like Roman wrestlers struggling for the mastery.

This fierce contest continued with unabating stubbornness and ferocity without much advantage gained on either side, on account of the men being so closely jammed together, when a Scotch sergeant named Bill Jackson cries out at the top of his voice, in a much broader Scotch dialect than I can transcribe, "Hoy lads! hoy lads!" cried he, "ye maun unfix yer bayganet an' gie it them wi' yer richt han' i' the baggie, but ye maun be sure till stick tae yer rifle wi' yer left han' an' be gleg after han' till fix yer bayganet an' gie them cauld-kail-het-again when ye get a gude chance an' a sark-fu'-o'-sair-banes i'tae the bargain, ye ken."

This was a happy thought of the sergeant's. We immediately took the hint — unfixed bayonets — holding the muzzle of the rifle in the left hand, while with the bayonet in the right, thrust it into the softest part of our adversary's anatomy, when, with one dying yell, he relaxed his hold and dropped to the ground in the throes of death, while his life blood poured out like water from a fountain, bespattering our tattered uniform with crimson gore.

This quick movement on our part gave us a decided advantage over our antagonists, who perceiving their numbers rapidly decreasing, lost courage and began to sneak off by odd ones, until at last seeing there was no salvation for them, they all took to their heels in a "bee-line" towards their batteries, hotly pursued by our men, with the bayonet at the charge. But we could not chase them far, for the instant they gained their batteries, the latter opened such a terrific fire upon us that we were forced to fall back again on our trenches.

Oh! what a heart-rending spectacle did the dawn of morning reveal to our view, on our return to the scene of action. There lay side by side the wounded, dead, and dying of both armies, in all kinds of postures just as they had fallen, with the blood oozing from their wounds, presenting a sight never to be forgotten. After relieving the wounded, poor fellows, as well as our exhausted strength would sustain, and assisting the surgeons to dress their wounds they were forwarded on stretchers to the hospital despite the fire of the enemy's guns. About ten o'clock flags of truce were hoisted on both sides, when hostilities were suspended *pro tem.* and the painful task of burying the dead took place, which occupied two hours, and when the last shovelful of earth had been deposited on the grave of our fallen comrades the flags were lowered and hostilities commenced once more with renewed vengeance. Having been relieved as usual at sundown, we were marched back weary, hungry, and blood-stained to our comfortless camp under a galling fire from the Russian batteries.

As we marched to camp the rain poured down in drenching sheets, saturating our tattered and blood-stained uniform through and through, so that the water ran down our backs and legs into our boots.

On reaching our dreary tents there was cold comfort, not a fire nor anything to cheer us.

After cleaning and oiling our arms we ate a few hard biscuit with cold water, and were glad to lie down to rest our weary limbs in our wet clothes on the muddy ground, shivering with cold, not even divesting ourselves of accoutrements, for we did not know the instant the alarm would sound to turn out and repel the attacks of the enemy. However, he did not disturb us that night, for a wonder. I guess he must have been as badly in want of sleep as ourselves. The chosen few at home who tumble and toss restively, courting sleep on their luxurious beds and downy pillows, might well have envied those homeless defenders of their soil, if they knew what a sweet refreshing sleep we enjoyed that night without interruption. Next morning I was detailed for mess orderly, my duty being to take my messmates' water-bottles down to a ravine near the Woronzoff road, where a small stream of water, the thickness of a ramrod, sprang from a fissure in the rock, and there fill them with the precious fluid. This little spring supplied the Second, Fourth, and Light divisions, as well as a division of the French and Turks with water.

As the orderlies arrived they were formed up in rear of each other, forming a line rank entire to await their

turn at the spring. Here frequent pugilistic encounters took place, especially between the French and British soldiers, who contended fiercely for the first turn at the spring. The Turks, not deigning to quarrel about the water, were wont to sit on a stone at wheeling distance from the combatants, looking on patiently, but sullenly waiting till the last.

On one of those occasions I was sorry to witness a bout of fisticuffs between one of our grenadiers and a French *chasseur* for the mastery over the spring. But though the Frenchman might be brave enough with the rifle or bayonet in his hands, he was no match for the British soldier with his fists. The first snifter which the grenadier gave him the claret flew profusely from his nasal prominence. The next was a winker that closed his right eye. Then the Frenchman, seeing with one eye that he had no chance at open order, closed with his antagonist, when a tussle ensued. But the grenadier was too many for him at close quarters as well as at arm's length, and after a long scuffle he got the Frenchman down, and was pasting him finely when the bystanders interfered and rescued the Frenchman from the hands of his powerful adversary. Though the *chasseur* got the worst of the fight he showed no cowardice.

After that contest, however, the Frenchmen generally shied off whenever they saw British soldiers going for water, rather than engage with them in such a conflict.

After waiting two hours in the rain, sleet and snow for my turn at the spring, I then got a chance and filled the

sixteen waterbottles, and prepared to join my comrades, with the blessed clear water which they needed so much. I was very sorry to learn from my comrades that a brave Captain of the Royal Artillery was found dead in his tent that morning. It appears that he got suffocated by the fumes of a charcoal fire which he had lit in his tent, previous to lying down to sleep the night before.

This sad occurrence proved a lesson to other officers, who were in the habit of lighting charcoal fires in their tents with the door closed. The state of the roads for the last few days, from the incessant torrents of rain and continual traffic, presented the greatest obstacles to the transport of shot and shell. All that could possibly have been effected was to get up scanty supplies of provisions to our camp. The cold, wet and slush in and around our camp was truly fearful.

I was one of a covering party next night in the second parallel. The night was so very dark and cloudy that the shells of the opposing armies, as they described circles in the air, presented a panoramic view never to be forgotten, as they passed each other in opposite directions, seemingly up among the stars, shedding a lurid light all around as they exploded; carrying death and destruction to many a brave fellow's heart, and misery to many a hearth and home in England, Ireland and Scotland, for our regiment was composed of the three nationalities.

As I crouched closely beneath the traverse while one of these dread missiles exploded a few paces below where I took post under cover, I could see plainly, as the shell

exploded, that it had done sore mischief where it fell among the party of our men who were repairing an embrasure which had been torn to pieces by a round shot previously. "What's the matter, Tim," said I to a man named Doolan, who came towards me. "Faith, Tom," said he, "enough is the matter." "Who has been hurt, Tim," said I, for I knew that some of the party must have been wounded, for I saw the shell fall among them. "Troth, Tom," said he, "there's more nor one or two hurt, an' that severely, too. There's poor Mulrooney's leg broken above the knee. I'm afeard he won't live, and several others, more or less torn to pieces. Sure I'm goin' for the thievin doctor, who is always absent whenever he's wanted. I suppose himself an' ould Jones are together as usual, under the rocks over beyant, enjoying their pipe an' their grog as usual. But a small blame to them for that same, sure it's a stepmother that 'ud blame them this cowld night. Well, as I was a sayin,' I saw that same shell comin' an' I cried 'look out,' to ould nosey Kent, whom you know can never look straight afore him in regard av his left eye that's always lookin' over his nose like a fifer goin' to church. By yer lave sergeant, says I, let that fellow pass, he's in a great hurry! an' faith I said to myself, 'there's more where you came from—your not the only child, an' I never loiked the family." By the hokey there's Dr. Gains an' Dr. Dutton goin' down from Greenhill; my legs are saved the trouble of runnin, after ould sawbones. Tare-an-ages, Tom," continued he, "if that shell fell into ould Mother Mulholland's sheeban-

shop there'd be plenty of sneezin' on the coal-quay in the mornin'. Divil a many 'ud be sorry for the ould baggage any way, although she gave plenty of tick to our fellows, an' signs an it many a long score she had agin' the boys when we left Cork. But thanks to Bill Brown, who wiped out dacently all her scores with the first tap of the big drum, as we marched off playin' 'the girl I left behind me.' But it sarved her right; sure she never kept a dacent drop av spirits in her infernal pandemonium, any way. If there was any av the measures av life more tryin' than another, it was to drink her villainous liquor that fired the very blood in your vains, and split your head open in the mornin', but beastly declined to elevate an' rejoice the heart. When I think av the contrast atween her hypochondriac compound an' the blessed poteen we used to get at Tim Cassedy's, av Castlebar, free av duty, thanks to ould Tim who outwitted the gauger an' Revenue Police, it makes my mouth wather, God be wid them ould times. Tom," said he, "I know you don't always drink your ration rum, an' maybe ye'd have a weeney dhrop in yer canteen. My heart is yearnin' for the taste av it, an' I'm as wake as a *traneen* for the want of a dhrop."

"Didn't you get your grog from the sergeant, Tim," said I. "To be sure I did," said he, "I never miss that, anyhow, but you know that it's only a mouthful, an' only puts a fellow in the longin' condition."

"Well, Tim," said I, handing him my canteen, "if you're so much in need of it, take a little." "That I

mayn't sin but you're a brick," said he, eagerly seizing the canteen and applying it to his mouth, but before he could have satisfied his thirsty appetite with the soul-stirring element he was cut short by another 'whistling Dick,' coming towards us. "May the d——l fly away wid them thievin' Russians," said he, handing me the canteen, 'they won't give a fellow time to take a dacent drink.'"

We had scarcely time to take post under cover behind the traverse when the shell exploded among our men, sending legs and arms high in the air. "Double off for the doctor, Tim," said I, "there'll be plenty of work for the three doctors." "Be gad yer right there, Tom," said he, starting off at the double. In a few moments he returned accompanied by Dr. Gains.

Soon after four men came along, slowly bearing upon a stretcher poor Mulrooney, whose leg had been broken by a shell above the knee; and three or four others who were not so severely wounded, retiring to the Green Hill trench, where the surgeons could perform their operations with much more safety from the enemy's fire. "Tom," said Tim to myself, after this procession had passed by, "I forgot to tell you that I rasaved a letter from home yesterday, afore we came an duty. I want you to read it for me in the mornin', if we can get a chance from these infernal Rooshans." "All right, Tim," said I, "if we can get a favourable opportunity I will be happy to read it for you."

Accordingly next morning, after munching a few biscuits, and washing them down with a little cold water, which served for breakfast, Tim and I betook ourselves to a quiet spot, behind the traverse of the parapet, where I read the contents of the epistle. As the reader may wish to know its contents I will transcribe it for his edification, as well as my memory will suggest:

"BARRY-DOWN-DERRY CASTLE,
"County Clare, Ireland, Nov. 10th, 1854.

"To Timothy Doolan,
"afore Sebastopol.

"DEAR SON,—I take up my pin in haste for fear ye'd be kilt or wounded by thim thievin' Rooshans, afore this letther reaches ye, the same as Terry Helferty, who wor invaladed home an' discharged wid a wooden leg and six pence hapeny a day, for two years, Lord be praised. Sure he has us all besides ourselve entoirely wid his thrillin' stories of how he fought single-handed wid the Rooshans, an' about stormin' citadels an' forthresses, an' now fightin' his mighty battles over again wid the quiet neighbours every night instead av the Rooshans. Besides Jim McManus (who wor edicated for a schoolmasther, but who, somehow or another could niver resave a cirtificate from the school boord for that exalted profession), reads from the papers finely how that thim thievin' Rooshans wor murtherin' every mother's son av our brave sogers out there 'mong them Crim Tharters. Bud should you fall by their murtherin' hands, afore ye rasave this letter,

ye'll find enclosed a copy av my last will an' testament which purvides for all my affsprings, kith, kin an' relations, dead an' alive. Seein' that my latther end is drawin' near, I have secured the aforesaid Jim McManus, the best pinsman in the parish, though 'tis I that says it meself, to dhraw out my will afore I depart this mortal life. May the Lord have marcy on my sowl. Amin."

Then follows

TIM DOOLAN'S WILL.

"I, Timothy Doolan, of Barry-down-derry Castle, County Clare, Ireland, bein' sick an' wake an my legs, but av a sound head an' a warm heart, glory be to Heaven for that same, do make this me first an' last will an' testament on the Ould and New Testament. First, I bequath my sowl to God, whin it plases Him to take it. Sure no thanks to me for that same, fur I can't help it then, an' my body to be buried in Barry-down-derry Castle yard, where all my kith an' kin that have gone afore me, an' them that come after me, lie buried, pace to their ashes, an' may the green turf rest lightly over their bones.

"To my eldest son, Tim, now fightin' the Rooshans, God reward him, sure he was always the divil to fight, an' could handle the *kippeen* at a fair or a pathern wid any gossoon av his size from here to Balahaderreen. God be wid the time when he used to take my part at the fairs an' markets agin' the Hoolahan's, who thought themselves the strongest faction in the barony. Bud faith when Tim put his back to mine we made them stand aff the grass, an' didn't fear any av their breed, d'ye mind. Howsome-

diver that good ould time is now past an' gone. Well, as I wor a sayin' I bequath to him the ould house an' eight acres av land, rale ould Irish acres, not to spake av the two acres av bog an' heather, at the death av his mother, if she lives to survive him.

"My son Teddy, who wor kilt in the America war, might have had his pick of the poulthry, but as he died bravely fightin' for liberty, I'll lave them to his wife, who died afore him.

"My daughter Mary, who married that scapegrace, Paddy O'Regan, who ill-thrates her whenever he has the dhrop in, could have the black bonneens, av they had survived the mashels, but as they all died, sure it can't be helped.

"I bequath to all mankind the fresh air from Heaven, all the fish av the say, an' all the birds av the air, and to Pether Rafferty, a half-gallon (I b'leive theire's left in the jug), av rale ould poteen that I can't finish, as I'm dhrawin' near my last breath; for that poteen is enough to take the wind out av Fin Machule, himself, if he dhrinks enough av it, as I have done. May God be marciful to him if he dhrinks it all himself widout dividin' dacently wid the nabours.

"No more at present from your affectionate father,

"TIMOTHY DOOLAN, SR."

P. S.—In the haste av preparin' me for the great events av this world, as ye'r already aware, my parints must have overlooked the necessity av tachin' me the useful

art av writin', therefore, as I've tould ye afore, it's not myself that's writin' this lether, bud Jim McManus. Av ye'r kilt by them hathens afore ye rasave this lether ye needn't answer it at all at all. Maybe I'll be called away meself by that time, an' then we can talk it over atune us in pace up there, where we'll have no fightin' to do, only plenty av the best av aitin' an' dhrinkin'. God be praised.

"N. B.—Hannah Finnerty says, dead or alive, ye'r not to forget what ye tould her at the crass-roads, about what ye know, when ye parted. She's a dacent father an' mother's child, an' a purty colleen to boot, wid her father's blessin' an' a good fortune—a feather bed an' beddin' besides the two mooleen cows an' the two calves she rared herself."

During the perusal of the letter Tim paid marked attention and by the time it was finished his eyes were brimful with tears of affection for his father whom he never expected to see again in this world, even should he survive the bullets of the enemy. For, as he said himself, something tould him that his father's end wor fast approaching. "Tom," said he to me after a few minutes of sad reflection, "I wish you would write an answer to that letter for me, maybe I might do as much for you some day if God spares me." "Well Tim," said I, "It would afford me great pleasure to do so if I could get the time; but you know that we don't get a minute to ourselves. I want to write an answer myself to a letter which I received from home over two weeks ago, and I can't get a chance

off duty to do it." "Faith 'tis true for ye," said he, "Sure we can't get time to say our prayers itself, though we expect to be kilt every minute by them thavin' Rooshans. "Tim," said I, there's corporal Hanretty (who is convalescent, and doing nothing but sitting in his tent or walking about the camp for the good of his health,) will write it for you with pleasure if you ask him." "Bud-an-agers so he will," said he, "Why didn't I think of him afore, sure he comes from the same place as myself, an' knows all about my friends an' relations. Bud faith I b'leeve though he is a corporal itself, he isn't much av a writer. Howsomediver I will ax him any how the minut I get back to camp." "That's what I'd do, Tim," said I, "and you can bring me the letter after he has written it, and I will read it over for you before you post it." During this confab we were crouched close under the traverse, for the Russians had opened a reckless fire upon us of shot, shell and musketry. Orders were therefore issued, to keep close under cover during this seething fire, and not expose ourselves unnecessarily, or return their fire. Thus economising our amunition, while the enemy exhausted theirs in the vain hopes of annoying our troops and demolishing our batteries. But though they could annoy us the whole day with shot and shell, they could not cause the sun to stand still, as Joshua did while he overthrew his enemy. True to the Divine mandate, the night came at last, and threw her cloak of darkness over this scene of devastation and ruin. When we were relieved from our perilous position by the 21st Fusileers,

who were let in for a hard and perilous night's work in repairing the embrasures which suffered severely from the enemy's fire during the day. We then marched to camp under cover of the darkness, but drenched to the skin with rain before we got into our tents. Then just consider to yourself how we must have felt in our dripping uniform and accoutrements, and what sort of protection a circular tent can afford from the inclemency of that terrible climate, when pitched on wet muddy ground, with the sleet and rain beating through the canvas, into which sixteen famished, weather-beaten, weary and smoke-begrimed men had to creep for shelter and repose, after twenty-four hours fighting in the trenches up to their knees in slush; and then reflect what state we must have been in, after a night spent in such shelter; lying down without any change of clothing, and as close as we could stow in, wet clothes and wet blankets covered with mud, with our feet towards the tent-pole, and knapsacks under our heads, and fully accoutred ready to jump up and fall into ranks at the shortest notice, should we be required to repel an attack of the enemy whose treacherous movements were so uncertain, especially during the darkness of the night.

The rain came down in torrents all that night and next day; and floods of muddy water were flowing through the floors of our tents, making their way down the hill-side.

The roads were so bad as to cut off supplies to the camp, and we were accordingly placed on half-rations; the

horses and mules got stuck in the mud bringing up provisions from Balaklava, and there they lay and died, and our men were dying from cold, hunger and exposure faster than the horses, and the Turks, by all accounts received at our camp, were dying down at Balaklava by the dozen. In fact hostilities were at a standstill in the trenches, the men being too feeble to fight or work the big guns. We had no fear of the Russians, however, for our spies had reported them dying like rotten sheep, and suffering still more from hunger, hardship, exposure and sickness than we were; but then they were more numerous and could afford to lose twenty to our one.

Christmas and New Year's Day were past, and we had had the most dreary, sloppy, wet, miserable and hungry Christmas and New Year that ever came to man's lot to suffer, or an army to contend against, or a writer to record. Nothing but death and the enemy staring us in the face. No rations to resuscitate our exhausted nature, save a handful of crumbled musty biscuits. No wood, nor fire to roast the green coffee berries, which the commissariat served out to us instead of proper ground coffee. No clothing except our old tattered uniform that was no protection from the continual rain, sleet and snow that fell incessantly during the week before and after Christmas and New Year's day. Many of our brave men were forced to succumb and go to hospital with illness brought on by hard work in bad weather, and exposure to wet and cold without any protection.

THE CRIMEAN WAR.

When from Balaklava to the front we go,
The Chersonese are covered with mud and snow,
Where horse, and mule, with the Turks have stuck.
Transporting provisions for our British pluck.

Tents are blown down with the furious blast,
And rain pours down immensely fast,
The shivering soldier in the trenches stood,
With his dripping clothes to chill his blood.

And the noble officer, brought up with care,
In his wet, dismal tent, without dread or fear;
Or a covering party, with their rifles in hand,
Marching to the trenches a melancholy band.

Or, when in camp, without fire or mill
To roast our coffee or to grind it, still
The commissariat, to economise expense,
Issued green coffee! to show their sense.

To roast and grind as best we could,
Tho' issuing neither mill nor wood;
Our lines of soldiers marching rank entire,
Bearing shot and shell, too, at the Russians' fire.

Or the distant Cossack over the hills doth glow,
As winter wraps the Tchernaya Valley with snow,
Prince Menschikoff in the Great Redan he stood,
Giving the Muscovites orders to shed our blood.

And Sir Wm. Codrington on Cathcart's hill,
Giving forth orders to his gallant men;
Yonder the British Navy riding in the gale,
Anxiously waiting orders to spread sail.

T. FAUGHNAN.

CHAPTER XV.

MARCH TO BALAKLAVA—RETURN—MEN GO BAREFOOTED—SNOW FIVE FEET DEEP—LONG BOOTS—HARD FROST—CAVALRY DIVISION—BURIAL GROUND—SOLITARY PROCESSION—MEN FROZEN—I BUILD A HUT—GREEN COFFEE—WINTRY APPEARANCE—DEAD HORSES—63RD REGIMENT—CARRYING SHOT AND SHELL AND PROVISIONS—FRENCH SICK—TIM DOOLAN.

JANUARY 6th. I was one of a fatigue party of six men who were detailed to proceed to Balaklava, under the command of Captain J. Croker, for the purpose of conveying to our camp some cooked pork which had been kindly sent out to us by the people of England. The captain, "in order to kill two birds with one stone," as the old adage says, borrowed a mule from the quartermaster, for the purpose of carrying back a bag of charcoal for his own use. On arriving at Balaklava, after wading through seven miles of quagmire, the captain left us on shore, shivering with cold and an empty stomach, while he went foraging after the pork on board the steamer which lay in the harbour; and after two hours' red tape ceremony he at last got the pork landed from the steamer. He then went and procured, at an exorbitant price, and at his own expense, a bag of charcoal from one of the camp sutlers whose conscience contrasted favourably with old Shylock.

After placing the charcoal on the mule's back we shouldered the bags of pork and started off at once for our camp. We had advanced only about three miles of the way when we felt faint with hunger, weary and wet, the load sinking us into the mire at every step.

As we thus waded wearily and slowly, knee-deep through the mud, the aroma which exhaled from the cooked pork so assailed our olfactory organs with such a pleasurable sensation, that it instinctively conveyed to our gustatory palate such a sensitive desire and preternatural longing for to satisfy our craving appetites with a part at least of the tempting substantials which we carried on our backs, that we conspired among ourselves to lay siege to the captain's conscience—his scruples of honour, and force him to surrender to our logical entreaties, and allow us to open the bags and abstract therefrom such a quantity of the pork as the cravings of the inner man suggested. Thus assailed by a sharp and decisive fire from our artillery, the captain being exhausted with cold, wet, and hunger, as well as ourselves, after a feeble resistance, seeing his fortifications demolished by a superior force—capitulated and agreed to our terms, and the customs of war in like cases, when we opened the bags and took from each a four pound piece, which we divided equally among the party. The captain not deigning pride to interfere with the comfort of his stomach, willingly took his share, and helped himself also. After resuscitating our exhausted natures with the luscious fat pork, which stimulated us with fresh strength and courage to

accomplish our arduous task and to help the poor mule out of the slough, we once more shouldered our bags and set out to brave the storm.

Sleet, snow and rain beat in our faces all the way, and retarded our progress to such an extent that we did not reach our camp until twelve o'clock that night.

That was one of the most severe fatigues that I have ever experienced under such trying circumstances. Helping the mule out of the sloughs cost us much more botheration and annoyance than did the load which we carried on our backs, for the mule sunk so deep sometimes that it took all our strength and ingenuity combined to extricate the poor animal from his miry bed. On arrival at camp the good captain moved with humanity towards our exhausted nature kindly gave each of us a large glass of Hennessey's brandy, from a case which he had received from his relatives in Ireland, as a Christmas-box. This kindness of the captain had the desired effect upon us, for I verily believe that it was the means of warding off a severe cold or some other of the numerous diseases to which human nature is heir to, under such forlorn and extreme circumstances, for we had no choice but to lie down on the damp ground in our wet, muddy clothing. On marching off from Balaklava we noticed that the 39th regiment had just debarked, and were forming up in column of companies preparatory to joining the camp before Sebastopol. They were well provided with warm clothing against the severity of the winter, and looked clean and comfortable in their new fur caps and long boots;

while we, who had been out here so long, had not received a single article of warm clothing, notwithstanding our old clothing was in rags and tatters consequent on the continual battles, sorties and night attacks together with hauling big guns into position and carrying shot and shell from the depôt to the trenches; even our boots were scarcely any protection, the leather having shrunk with the continual wet, and our feet having swelled with the incessant cold, so that some men could not get their boots on, if they happened to take them off during the night to ease their feet, and therefore were obliged to go on duty barefooted, this is a fact not to be gainsaid.

Next morning, when we opened the tent door what a panoramic scene of exquisite whiteness presented itself to our view; the whole of the mountains over Balaklava and along the valley of the Tchernaya River, were bedecked with a mantle of white. The snow having fallen during the night, several feet deep, and the cold was increased by the high and piercing north wind which blew into our very marrow-bones. This weather, however, would be far more welcome and much healthier than the wet and stormy weather which we have had, if we were only well clad; but, alas, we were not properly provided with outer garments sufficient to protect us from the severity of a Crimean winter.

One cannot conceive greater hardship than to stand in the trenches repelling the incessant attacks of the enemy for twenty-four hours, then return, cramped and nearly

frozen to death, to our damp cheerless tents to find that there was no wood nor fire to cook any victuals, nor to make a drink of warm coffee, which we needed so badly. But even the lack of these necessaries were not felt near so badly as the want of long boots to protect our feet and legs. Most of the officers had got long boots, and found them invaluable. Our mitts were so completely worn out and utterly unserviceable, that the force of circumstances prompted me to devise a plan to provide substitutes for mine. for as the old adage says, "Necessity is the mother of invention," I therefore, improvised a pair out of a piece of my blanket, which I found to answer the purpose so admirably that several of my comrades wisely followed my example, of course, it was "robbing Peter to pay Paul." It certainly shortened my blanket considerably, but that was of secondary consideration then. For it had been freezing so intensely severe for several days, that we had the greatest difficulty in protecting our extremities from getting frost-bitten, during the hours of repose especially. But I regret to have to record the fact that one fine fellow, and a brave soldier too, named Geo. Murfin, got frozen to death in my tent during the night. The poor fellow lay down as we all did, wearied and fatigued in the tent, with his feet towards the pole, with knapsack under his head as usual, and went to sleep so soundly that he never awoke. When the orderly corporal was rousing the men next morning for fatigue, he was found frozen stiff in death. We had several officers and men badly frost-bitten, and over one hundred men had been

admitted into hospital from the trenches during the twenty-four hours, who were seized with cramps in the stomach and nearly frozen, for the want of warm clothing. The cavalry division had lost about fifty horses within a few days, and it was fearful to contemplate on the number of our brave men who would be forced to succumb and die with cold, if such weather had continued much longer. The commissariat horses and mules were dying off at an alarming rate, and our famished soldiers seemed most likely to follow, if there was not something done to protect the army from the inclemency of the weather, of which we were more afraid than the Russian bullets. It was the wish of every officer and soldier in the British camp that Lord Raglan would march the whole army against Sebastopol, and let us take it by storm, or die in the attempt, for we would prefer dying in battle than to dying with cold, starvation and sickness. It was the opinion of many that we would not lose near so many men in capturing it, as we were losing daily by sickness brought on for the want of food and clothing. Death had been fast gathering his glorious trophies into the sepulchral home of many a gallant fellow who had died in hospital from diseases brought on by exposure to the terrible cold winter without sufficient outer garments. To the new burial ground which had been opened on the hill-side might be seen, daily and hourly, passing our cantonment four soldiers slowly wending their way towards this necropolis, with the corpse of some poor fellow sewed up in a blanket, carried on a

stretcher on their shoulders, no person accompanying the solitary funeral, nor a relative to shed a tear of affection. On reaching the cemetery they find several graves already dug by the pioneers, in anticipation of their victims. Into one of these the corpse is carefully and respectfully lowered by the fatigue party, and there buried quietly without even the ordinary military honours of three rounds fired over him, or the consolation of a clergyman's voice to commit his body to the dust. The burials were too numerous to pay the usual honours to our fallen comrades, besides we had not the men to spare for that purpose, all available for duty were employed either in the trenches or on fatigue, carrying shot, shell, or provisions to the front. Our men were perceptibly relinquishing their wonted *esprit de corps*, consequent on the continual worry of harassing fatigues and hard work, without the common necessaries of life. Their spirits were broken down, and they marched along with a load on their backs in solemn silence and a despairing countenance, regardless of any passing object whatever, not even looking to the right or left, but resigning themselves to the will of God, and His messenger "Death," which they daily expected, who was closely and quickly following their footsteps, not by shot, shell, or bullets from the enemy, but by a slower and surer torture, starvation and cold.

When I saw so many noble specimens of the British army freezing to death in their tents with the intense frost, I began to meditate seriously on the situation, and

indulged in concocting a plan to save my life from the frost at any rate if possible. I then conned over the following monologue,—"Tom Faughnan, are you going to succumb to the inclemency of this trying weather without any exertions to save yourself during the hours of repose from being frozen to death, as many of your comrades have been, and are now buried yonder on the hill-side? If you get shot by the enemy it is what you expected when you came out here to meet the Russians in mortal combat, and is a soldier's death,—to fall fighting the battles for the honour and glory of your Queen and country; but to get frozen to death while asleep in your tent without any effort or device to save your life, is ill-becoming the character of an Irishman, whose propensity for self-preservation, wit and stratagem under extreme circumstances has ever been proverbial." As I marched in double time round the tent-pole, to keep my blood in circulation (which was necessary in order to keep it from freezing, the temperature being many degrees below zero), I indulged in the above soliloquy. When my imagination conceived an idea which happily impressed itself upon my mind so firmly that I determined to carry it out, which I verily believe was the means of saving myself and comrade from a premature death, and Her Majesty the Queen from the loss of two valuable soldiers, who were then above par. I had resolved to build a hut in the ground. With this intention I secured a pick-axe and shovel (after receiving the Captain's permission), and commenced to burrow like a fox

in the earth, in rear of my comrades' tents. I worked at it every spare moment until I had a hole dug nine feet long by six wide, and four feet deep, cutting the inside walls straight down, and facing them with stones to the height of two feet above the ground, which left the inside six feet high, with a fire-place and chimney, the latter I built two feet above the roof, that it might have a good draught to draw off the smoke. I then induced my comrade, Dandy Russel (after much persuasion, for he was so greatly disheartened with fatigue and cold that he cared little how soon death would come and release him from the misery which he suffered), to accompany me to an old bridge at the Tchernaya river, where I climbed up a steep hill with great difficulty and danger, for I was only a few paces below a Russian battery that crowned the heights (where we had got wood on a former occasion), and there succeeded in cutting enough of wattles and rafters to roof our hut. Having filled our straps with the best we could find, we marched back to our camp, fortunately unperceived by the Russians, whom we could hear talking above us in their battery. On our return, I commenced to roof the hut, cutting the rafters the proper length, and tying them together at the top with gads made out of willows cut for that purpose. Having secured the rafters along the top, I stretched some smaller sticks along the sides of the roof, securing them also, and then laid branches and brambles over all. I then cut some sods of turf in a ravine hard by, and carried them up the hill on my back to the hut, laid them on

the top of the branches, covered them over with earth, and smoothed it over with the back of the shovel as I had often seen done to a potato-pit in Ireland, for the purpose of throwing off the rain. I finished by cutting a trench around the hut to carry off the water, and made stone steps going down to the door, which I fitted with a flat stone or flag, so closely that it defied Jack Frost's best tactics to make an entrance. So you see my Irish experience gave me confidence to erect this humble but invaluable den, which preserved us at night, especially when off duty, from the severity of the weather during the remainder of that dreary, long, terrible cold winter. After we got our hut finished we frequently (when off duty) went foraging for wood to the old bridge, where we usually secured enough by perseverance to keep a fire in our hut when we required one, but run the risk of being shot by the Russians every time, if they detected us. By those exertions we contrived to keep ourselves warm and comfortable while our less favoured, but, shiftless comrades were freezing to death in their thin canvas tents. Besides Dandy and I managed to get on trench duty alternately, so as to leave one of us to look after the hut, and prepare the meals for the other while on duty.

Having been served out with green coffee berries by the commissariat, and having no means of roasting or grinding it, we had accumulated a large bagful. So to crown our previous devices, we procured the half of a large exploded shell, and with a nine pound shot (which were plentiful enough around the camp), we ground the

coffee in the shell, after roasting it carefully on a frying-pan. Most of our comrades threw away their green coffee, with a malediction on the commissariat for not supplying means of roasting and grinding it. Many were the visits paid Dandy and I, in our new acquisition by officers as well as men, seeking the privilege of using our fire to cook rations and make their coffee. One piercing cold evening, as we squatted in Turkish fashion before the cosey little fire, the door tightly closed, enjoying our hot coffee and fried biscuits, which we had prepared on our return from a heavy fatigue, carrying shot and ammunition down to the Green Hill battery, our attention was directed to the door where some person was trying to gain admission by shifting the flag which barred the rude entrance to our lowly cot, and before we had time to challenge "Who comes there," in pops the head and shoulders of the veritable Tim Doolan, of Barry-down-derry-castle reminiscence.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye comrades," said he, very politely, as he entered our little domicile. "The tail of the evening would be nearer the mark Tim," said I.

"Och! bad cess to me for an *omathaun*," said he, "what bulls I do be makin', sure I never open me mouth bud, I'm sure to put me foot in it any how."

"Never mind Tim," said I, "They say all great orators and vocalists are endowed with a wide embrasure. But that's neither here, nor there, we wouldn't have known you were an Irishman if you hadn't made a bull, that's characteristic of our countrymen you know; but

don't let that trouble you, sit down and take a drink of hot coffee, chew some biscuits and fried pork, you seem sadly in need of something hot as well as ourselves, if your appearance don't belie you, for you look famished and blood-stained."

"Musha then, me heart's thanks to ye for that same, comrades," said he, and without noticing the last part of my sympathetic remark, squatted down quite familiarly near the fire beside us, and opened such a vigorous attack on our small stock of commissary rations as to alarm us for their safety.

"Further discourse with Tim for the time seemed impossible, for he kept his mouth so surcharged that any attempt at articulation was fraught with danger to his life by strangulation. We therefore sipped our coffee in silence while Tim made a clean sweep of the good things before him. At last, after he had taken the rough edge off his keen appetite, and exhausted our magazine of provisions by demolishing everything eatable and drinkable within wheeling distance of his long arms, he wiped his mouth and shifted his position away from the fire and exclaimed,—

"Bud-an-agers, comrades, I wor mighty hungry, that wor the best av eatin' an' dhrinkin', glory be to God for that same! It's comfortable that I am now entirely, me heart warms to both av ye fur yer kindness to me this blessed night, may God reward yez! Shure the worm wor gnawin' the very life out o' me inside for somethin' to ate, an' the cowld wor penetratin' to the very marrow

in me bones for the want av somethin' hot to dhrink, an' I wor as wake as a *thraneen*, bud sure God is good on land as well as at say."

"The old adage has it Tim," said I, 'God is strong by sea as well as by land." '

"Thrue for ye," said he, "that's the way I've heerd it aff'n sure enough."

"I am glad you look yourself once more," said I, "for you looked famished and weather-beaten. Now that you feel refreshed, tell us about the sortie which you took part in repelling last night. We have heard that the Grenadiers and the 97th had to repel a fierce attack of the enemy. We were expecting to be called out every moment during the night, the continual roll of musketry was appalling, it roused the whole camp, but fortune always favours the brave they say, we were not required, but ready should our assistance be needed. It was an agreeable surprise to us next morning to hear that our comrades had beaten back the enemy to their batteries without our assistance."

"Faith we did that same, an' a small blame to us; sure they desarved all they got for their manners in comin' on the top av us like thaves in the dark, bud be me sowl they had to run back faster nar they came all that wor left av them, for we sent many a won av them to keep company wid ould nick down below, where they'll be kept in plenty of hot wather I'll warrant ye. The sarra a word I'm spakin' bud the truth, sure enough it wor a terrible night entoirely, bud any how we bate the bla-

gards. Divil a purtier fightin' ye ever laid yer eyes on, we made them Rooshans run like redshanks. The Grenadiers also bate them out av their new masked battery, which they have been buildin' the last two weeks, an' the 97th charged afther them up to the very muzzle of their guns, led by their gallant captain, till he wor knocked over by a musket ball through the lungs, bless the hearers. Bud his men avenged him so well afore day-light that the trench wor piled up wid their dead an' dyin', an' the field forninst our batteries wor strewed wid their corpses. The gallant captain breathed his last about ten o'clock this mornin', an' he wor buried this afternoon along-side av Sir George Cathcart, the ould an' bould, the true an' brave, that scorned the vanities av a pompious funeral, bud dropped like a hero that he wor, into the cowld earth, covering his dignified face wid his unsarviceable great coat, an' kicked coffin an' sarcophagus to ould nick, sarra the lie in it."

"How is it you are covered with blood, Tim," said I, "have you been wounded?"

"Faith then I have sure enough an' purty badly too," said he, divesting himself of tunic and under garments, exposing a large bayonet wound in his side the length of his rib.

"That's a bad stab," said I, "Why didn't you go to hospital?"

"Well," said he, "the hospital is so crowded wid worse cases nar mine, the docther dressed it an' convalesent me till further orthers."

"How did you get stabbed?" said I.

"Well, asy, an' I'll be afther tellin' ye. It's loike this. When the thavin Rooshans advanced into our trenches last night agin' our bayonets, we wor wallapin them finely wid our guns, an' slaughterin' them wid our bayonets, when I happened to twig a big Rooshan makin' a bould thrust at Captain O'Connor. Oh! murther sheery, says I to meself, me brave captain; so wid that to save our captain I threw meself afore the thafe an' warded off his bayonet, but faith it rin into me own side, an' luckily the bone af me rib saved me life, bless the hearers.

"Bud be me sowl I brought the big Rooshan down wid me bayonet at the same time, divil a thrust he'll ever give agin, I'll be yer bail. The sarra won av me felt the wound much at all while me blood wor up durin' the hate av battle, but it bled a power. Shure Captain O'Connor says he'll have me elevated, the sarra less, for savin' his life. Bud faith I'm thinkin' there'll be few av us left for promotion av things goes an as they are at present. There's a hot time expected on the right attack to-night, for we saw three columns o' Rooshans manœuverin' opposite Inkerman on the north side of the Tchernaya, an' their movements are mighty mysterious. They have sent a large body of cavalry to the east o' the valley o' Balaklava, an' at the same time a double column av infantry moved aff towards the north, as if they wor goin' to surround our camp an' murther every mother's son av us. God help us. Lord Raglan an' all his staff wor on

the top o' Green Hill, atween the rocks, peerin' at them through their field glasses. I'll warrant ye we'll be roused to-night to meet the thaves as usual."

"Well, Tim," said I, "trust in God and fear no danger, but keep your powder dry, we are fighting in a good cause, and a noble Queen, and as the Scotchman says, 'we'll gie them could-kail-het-again and a sarkfu'-o'-sair-banes in-till the bargain.'"

"Be me sowl we'll do that same," said he, "av we're not kilt entoirely, bud we'll keep an eye an the thaves anyhow, I'll be yer bail."

"Here, Tim," said Dandy, handing him a horn of hot rum which he had been brewing in a canteen while the confab was going on, "'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' It's time enough to bid the enemy a good morrow when we meet him. Let us drink and be merry to-night, for to-morrow we may be dead. Perhaps you'd have no hobjection to hoil your tongue with a taste o' this 'ere."

"Why thin, none in raison, *avick machree*," replied Tim, thinning his lips with a smile, as he seized the goblet with a "thankee, Dandy, *asthore*, sure the smell av it dhraws the tears to my eyes an' makes me feel yer goodness all over me. The sarra the man I'd be every 'our o' me life to refuse yer good nature. Troth a taste at the bottom o' the horn just an inch deep 'ud be enough to refresh me so it would, forby this gobletful, but it shows the big heart ye have widin. God reward ye.

"Comrades, here's to ye," said he, as he raised the flowing bumper with a cunning leer, and smacking his lips in anticipation of the coming pleasure, "may ye never want a dhrop when yer dhry to wet yer throat wid," so saying, he gulped down the contents of the goblet in one draft.

"Be the lace o' me coat that's a stiff un," said he drawing the sleeve of his coat across his burning lips.

"It's hot enough to frizzle the leg aff a jack-boot. Like new milk it went down though, in a manner o' spakin'. Maybe ye can see, comrades, how me intarnals appreciated yer goodness, fur hang the dhrop left to moisten the bottom o' the horn."

"It's plain to be seen that you have done justice to the spirits," said I, "they may raise your spirits sufficiently to amuse the company with a stave of a song. It's a poor heart that never rejoices," as Dandy says, 'we may be all dead to-morrow night.'"

"Here," said Dandy, handing him another horn of hot rum, "wet your lips with another drop before you commence, one is scarcely sufficient to touch the right spot."

"Musha, thin, here's long life to both av ye, an' may the skin av a cowcumber make a nightcap for the thavin' Rooshan that 'ud injur' a hair av yer head," said he, as he raised the goblet to his lips and tossed off the contents.

"Thanks, Tim, for your good wishes towards us."

"And now for the song, we know from past experience that you can sing well when you feel like it."

"Well, boys," said he, "I'll give ye a song that I larned from the recruitin' sergeant who marched us to Dublin

whin recruits, to join our regiment. It's one he composed himself while an the recruitin' sarvice. He wor a great man entoirely for poethry an' music."

"All right, that will do," said I, "let us have it then."

"I will, in troth," said he, "an no blame to me for that same, in regard av yer good nature to me this blessed night."

He then cleared his throat with a short cough, and commenced:

AIR—*Garryowen.*

Now, young men of every grade,
Of ev'ry rank an' station,
No longer bicker about bad thrade,
The failure in the nation.
All lamentations are in vain,
To bether yer condition;
So then take heart an' join the Queen,
Ye'll never rue yer mission.

CHORUS.

Then rouse, my lads, declare no more
Ye'll trust Misfortune's capers,
Bud join at once the brave ould corps—
The Royal Bengal Tigers.

Ye think it hard to leave yer home,
Friend, sweetheart, and relation;
The world wide some years to roam
In search of a situation;
But that which now I recommend,
Though 'tis but a recreation,

Will ever stand yer faithful friend
In time of tribulation.

Then rouse, &c.

How many thousands yearly sail
Across the briny ocean ;
An' brave the dangers of the gale
In search of vague promotion.
Their native Isle to see no more,
They land forlorn an' dejected,
On Australia's distant shore,
Homeless an' unprotected.

Then rouse, &c.

In the army ye'll be taught to fight,
In case of an invasion ;
And where's the dastard coward wight,
Would shrink on that occasion ?
A course of drill an' marchin' too
Ye'll daily have to learn,
With this brief maxim then adieu,
Delay not at yer peril.

Then rouse, &c.

"Hip ! hip ! hurra ! loud applause," cried Dandy and I, after the song was finished. "That's a fine song, and well sung, but the air beats anything I ever heard."

"Pass him another horn of that hot whisky—rum I mean, singing is mighty dry work."

"Faith 'tis thrue fur ye Tom," said he, reaching his long arm for the proffered utensil.

"Tim," said I, after he had drained the goblet, "have you asked Corporal Hanraty to write the answer to your father's letter, as you had intended ?"

"Bud-an-agers, shure I did, an' here it is, I had almost forgotten it altogether," said he, taking the letter from his breast pocket, and handing it to me.

"I want ye to read it for me, Tom, avick machree af ye plase afore I post it."

"All right," said I, taking the letter and reading it for him.

"What d'ye think av the writin'?" said he, after I had finished reading it.

"The corporal is a mighty poor hand at constructin' a letther, I bleeve, fur I had to tell him every blessed word meself."

"The writing is good enough," said I, "but the language is mighty deep, and hard to be understood by the unlearned. It will take a man of letters to construe it into the vernacular."

"Och! fur the mather o' that," said he, "sure Jim McManus, who wor educated fur a school masther, an' can read Latin, has a nack av his own fur makin' it out I'll be yer bail."

"I would like to take a copy of that letter for curiosity sake, Tim," said I, "if you have no objection. It certainly places Corporal Hanraty in a strong light as a letter writer, and may live imperishable after you and I have shuffled off this mortal coil."

"Musha thin do," said he, "wid me blessin'."

I then copied the letter into my diary. I will transcribe the contents, with the firm hope that its perusal may gratify the reader's curiosity and create a hearty laugh at very little expense.

"CAMP AFORE SEBLASTROPOL,

"Jany 8th, 1855.

"DEAR DAD.—I rasaved yer welcome lether afore Christmas, which informed me av yer wakeness, glory be to God. It's meself that's afeerd ye'll be dead an' buried long afore ye rasave this lether, fur I can't get time to post it from fightin' the thievan Rooshans, bad sess to them. Bud no mather, dead or alive its' glad ye'll be to hear that your son Tim an' every mother's son that falls afore Seblastropol, after we bate the murtherin' Rooshans, 'ill be purmoted Keepers o' the Queen's Star Chamber, God bless her, the darlin'. Everything out here is at a standstill, wid the cowld weather, while the counthry is over run wid Rooshans an' red coats murtherin' one another. Divil a purtier fightin' ever ye saw in yer galla days at a fair in ould Ireland than we have out here among the Tarthers an' hathens every day an' night widout any feer or danger av the peelers, bad ses to 'em. Bud its' terrible cowld out here. Shure I'm frozen to death while I'm writin' this lether in me tent on the top o' Cathcart's Hill, wid a pin in each hand an' a gun in the other, wid Prince Minchikoff an' the whole Rooshan army forninst me waitin' a good chance to murther every mother's son av us, thats af they wor able, Dad—bud ye know av ould that two can play at that game. Whin we get a chance to sleep afore the enemy we're always wide awake wid

one eye, open d'ye mind. Murty Glen who wor sent off on a maritiam excursion acrass the says at the Queen's expense to Bottany Bay, fur throwin' the sheriff an' his under strappers down the blind well, and beatin' the three peelers, an' takin' their guns away from 'em, 'ud be worth a pot o' money out here. Tell Hanna Finnerty that I'll never forget what we agreed upon at the crass-roads afther we parted. It's not meself that's writin' this lether at all at all, bud Corporal Hanraty, who wor left a poor lonely wake orphan on his father's hands, two years afore his mother died, rest her sowl. Oh! murther sheery, the Rooshans are advancin upon us an' the corporal is seized wid the gripes. So no more at present from

Yer affectionate son,

To Timothy Doolan, sr., TIMOTHY DOOLAN, jr.
Barry-down-derry-Castle,
County Clare,
Ireland.

This closed the evening's entertainment.

All three of us being sadly in need of a night's rest, prepared to retire. Tim, radiant with smiles and good nature, his eyes a little bleared by the absorption of an undue quantity of liquid liveliness, shook both our hands with dislocating violence, and throwing his thanks like a shower of pearls, vanished from our snug but gloomy domicile.

After our jovial guest had departed, we barred the door on further intruders, and lay down side by side, on some empty biscuit bags near the little fire, and were soon in

the arms of Morpheus, our lullaby being the roaring of big guns and crackling of musketry, as the opposing armies responded to each other. Fortunately our slumbers were not disturbed during the night by any unusual demonstration of the enemy. Next morning, it took our combined efforts to open the door. The snow having fallen heavily during the night, and drifted to an alarming depth around our camp, and especially around our hut, the top of the little chimney only being visible. On attempting to emerge from our hospitable little den, into the piercing cold wind and drifting snow, to join our comrades, and assume our wonted duties of carrying shot, shell and provisions from Balaklava to the front, we found it a very difficult task to extricate ourselves from the immense snow-drifts which had barricaded our door. The scenery of our camp ground and the country around as far as the eye could see had assumed a truly wintry aspect. The lofty peaks and ridges which circumscribe the valley of Balaklava, were covered with snow, which gave them the appearance of great height, in the valley and plateau, the snow was over three feet deep in some places, and streaked by lines of men, horses, mules and Turks carrying up munitions of war and provisions to the camp. The number of dead horses and mules on the wayside increased daily, every slough across the path was marked by a dead horse or mule. At such a state of mortality the whole division which could only muster about 600 horses would be almost extinct in less than a month.

Having an afternoon to myself off duty, I took a stroll through the cantonments of several regiments, in order if possible to ascertain the condition of the troops, and collect matter for my diary, where I entered every incident worthy of notice. I first directed my steps towards the camp of the 63rd regiment, to which belonged a first cousin of mine, named Philip McGurn, whom I was anxious to see. Inquiring after my friend, I was informed by the hospital sergeant that he had been severely wounded in the thigh by a piece of shell, and was sent with several others down to Scutari Hospital, where he died from the effects of the wound. The regiment then, could only muster twelve men fit for duty, the remainder were either killed, or died from sickness brought on by exposure, or wounded, or sick in hospital. The 46th regiment had only about fifty men fit for duty; the Scots Fusileer Guards had lost since they landed in the Crimea upwards of one thousand men, and could only muster about three hundred men on parade; many other regiments had suffered in like proportion.

Oh! war, cruel war; thou dost pierce the soul with untold sorrow, as well as thy bleeding victims with death; how many joyous hopes and bright prospects hast thou blasted, and how many hearths and homes hast thou made desolate! How many kind fathers, fond mothers, affectionate sisters and sweethearts hast thou bereaved of the darling of their heart! How many young widows hast thou left to mourn the loss of a loving husband, whose return to the bosom of his little ones had been

looked for with a feeling of pleasurable delight! In a word, how much of the best and bravest blood of England, Ireland and Scotland, hast thou shed in sustaining the honour and glory of our noble Queen and country, when it was menaced by the ungovernable will of that potent despot, the Czar of all the Russias, and his Muscovite hordes. Oh! when shall war cease to curse the earth, and devastate the land!

The duty of carrying provisions and ammunition from Balaklava to the front was no less fatiguing and trying on the men than fighting in the trenches. Every two men carried a large bag of biscuits or pork, or beef, slung from a long pole between them. They marched about six miles in that manner, from Balaklava to the depôt; horses and mules could not do such severe work, for they could not keep on their legs, and almost every hundred paces along the way was marked by the carcass of one of these animals. The French and Turks suffered equally as much hardship as our men, and had more sickness among them than we had. As I passed through the French camp one day on my way foraging for wood, I went into several of their tents, and was surprised to see what a wretched state they were in. There lay the sick men in their tents, dying with dysentery, diarrhœa, scurvy and pulmonary diseases, while our sick were cared for by our doctors in hospital. Therefore, it must not be inferred that the French soldiers were healthy while we were sickly. Far from it, their men were allowed to lie sick in their tents instead of being sent to hospital, and attended there by their doctors as our men had been.

January thaw having set in, the roads were resuming their wonted sloppy state, which had increased the difficulties of transporting provisions and munitions of war considerably. The cavalry divisions were getting up sheds for their horses, and sheep-skin coats had been distributed to some regiments. Many of our officers had also received warm clothing and sheep-skin jackets, and not before they wanted them badly, but the men had not received any, notwithstanding the large quantities that had been sent out. Whose fault was this? The sick in hospital, on the hill-tops, suffered severely from the cold weather, and the snow blew into their very blankets. However, such supplies as we had received proved of the greatest service and had saved many valuable lives. Consider what men suffered, with snow three feet deep around the tents. The men scarcely knew what fuel was in many regiments, they grubbed into the earth for roots and stumps—broke up empty pork barrels, or anything they could find that would make a fire to cook their rations. This was enough to make the poor worn-out, exhausted soldier despair before he had sunk down to rest, and sigh that he could not share the sure triumph and certain honour, and glories of the day when our flag should wave from the citadel of Sebastopol. Although our patience was sorely tried, yet there was no deep despair shown among the troops; no one for an instant felt the slightest doubt of ultimate success. If British courage, daring, bravery and a strong arm in the fight, contempt of death, and love for our most gracious

sovereign lady the Queen, and our country; if honour, glory, and British courage could have captured Sebastopol, it had been ours long ago, and might have been ours at any time; for we were prepared for a mighty and dreadful sacrifice, and not one of us for one instant had the slightest misgivings as to the result. But let our country at least feel that the soldiers who lay on the muddy wet ground before Sebastopol, famished and in rags, deserved at her hands the greenest and brightest laurels and rewards, and we trust that she has requited those gallant noble officers and men who under such a trying position deserved the highest honour she could confer upon them.

Let our country know them as the descendants of that glorious army (led by their illustrious chief, the Duke of Wellington) who thwarted that great and mighty Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte in Spain and Portugal, who fought at Quatre-Bras, Ligny and Waterloo; and let her recollect that in fighting those battles against such a powerful enemy at that time, we had to maintain a struggle with foes, equally stubborn, barbarous and crafty; with a terrible climate to contend against, and if they triumphed through their bravery and British pluck over the former, she might rest assured, as we did, that through that herioc blood which we inherit from our forefathers, we would triumph over the latter.

However, it seemed to us that more decisive steps should have been taken by the authorities to intercept supplies for the Russians, or to harass them more in their attempts to convey provisions into their garrison.

Loaded waggons could be seen every day slowly wending their way down the heights over the Tchernaya river towards Sebastopol, and large columns of the enemy were also frequently visible marching along the same route and disappearing mysteriously into a subterranean passage leading into the citadel—presumably reinforcements for the garrison. Therefore, there could have been no doubt that means of communication existed between Inkerman and Sebastopol along the south bank of the estuary of the Tchernaya—this should have been cut off by a *coup-de-main.*

After we siezed the Woronzoff road it was thought that no other means of approach, except by a mountain path, existed between Simpheropol and Sebastopol on the south side, but later experience taught us different—sharp eyes and field glasses detected another means of access soon afterwards.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRENCHES—CANAL OF MUD—RUSSIAN NEW YEAR—HEAVY FIRE—ON SENTRY—THE SORTIE—OLD BROWN BESS—SORTIE—ARRIVAL IN CAMP—NEW STYLE OF CANDLE—FLINT AND STEEL—MAKING COFFEE—HEAVY SNOW—NO FIRE—WARM CLOTHING—SHOT AND SHELL—THE BATTLE-DESERTERS.

JANUARY 16th. It being our turn for duty a strong party of the 17th Regiment were detailed, and marched down to the trenches at sun down, to relieve the 68th, and resume our wonted twenty-four hours' vigilance and hard fighting; but unfortunately for our comfort in advancing on our post we got wet through to the skin; a heavy thaw with drenching rain having set in, so that the trenches became a canal of mud and slush.

After relieving our predecessors we noticed that the Russians were very actively engaged, evidently celebrating their New Year; for flaming bright lights shone from the windows of all the private houses and public buildings.

They also lit watchfires and bonfires on the north side of the harbour, and illuminated the heights over the Tchernaya with rows of lights, in the form of a cross, which shone brilliantly through the darkness of the cold

damp winter's night. Our cautious sentries who lay prostrate on the wet ground in front of our advanced trench, with our muskets loaded and capped ready to fire on our enemy, whenever an opportunity offered, kept a watchful eye on every embrasure in front of us, and not a movement of the enemy within their fortress escaped our observation. We fancied that the Russians in Sebastopol were endeavouring to annoy us by their gay demonstrations.

However, about the high hour of twelve, all the church bells in the city ushered in their New Year by pealing forth simultaneously their joyous harmony. It was then evident to us that they were performing a solemn religious ceremony. Amid the glare of wax torches and the pomp of gorgeous ritual, and with chant and hymn—heard only by the demon of war, their Greek priests excites to frenzy the Russian soldiers, whom they harangued and inspired with fanatical enthusiasm to sally forth like semi-savages and attack our unsuspecting famished soldiers in their trenches with the blinded hope and superstitious zeal of driving us infidels from before the impregnable walls of their christian city. We were, therefore, all warned to be on the alert, and well-prepared to meet the enemy should he venture an attack on our position, and all our advanced posts were strengthened accordingly.

Our anticipations, however, were soon afterwards verified, for when the Russians emerged from their churches about one o'clock in the morning, they gave three united,

lusty patriotic cheers, which was plainly borne by the night breeze to the ears of our artillery and blue jackets, who responded by opening a vigorous fire on them, as did also the French on our right and left, when the Russians in return opened one of the fiercest cannonades along their whole position, that we had ever heard before; their batteries fairly vomited forth floods of flame, which burst through the smoke as lightning through a thunder-cloud. The flashes of big guns and mortars, and the bursting of shells, illuminated the whole city with a vivid brightness, so that we could see distinctly the houses and buildings, and their batteries crowded with soldiers. The roaring of round shot, the whistling and bursting of shells, filled up the intervals between the volleys of musketry. The round shot passed over our trenches rapidly, ploughing up the ground into furrows as they passed us by, or, striking into our parapet with a thud. Our gunners were forced to seek shelter closely under cover of their batteries, and could barely reply to the volleys of round shot, which tore up the parapet, knocking sand-bags, gabions and fascines about the men's heads, and frequently knocking some of them off. Nevertheless, we always laid our guns correctly, sending the destructive missiles into the enemy's embrasure with such vengeance that many of their batteries were dismantled and their guns silenced.

While this terrible cannonade was going on, a strong body of the enemy, under cover of their guns, had been pushed up the hill-side towards our works in front, on

the flank of the left attack. I being one of the advanced sentries, was the first to detect the Russians emerging from their batteries.

"Look out George," said I, to the sentry on my right, "Can't you see a dark column of Russians creeping up the hill?"

"Well," said he, "I thought I saw something dark moving slowly between me and the light, but, I can now see a column of Russians plainly enough, they are moving along under cover of the brow of the hill."

"You are right, George," said I, "It's a column of Russians sure enough, pass the word along to the other sentries, but, tell them not to fire, until they come within a sure range of this useless old Brown Bess, that we can't be sure of at that distance, let us make every bullet tell any how. I wish we were armed with the Enfield Rifle, instead of this useless old blunderbuss."

"All right, Tom," said he, and then passed the word, which ran along the line of sentries like a flash of lightning.

We had not long to wait, for the enemy advanced rapidly within range of our muskets. When the whole chain of sentries simultaneously fired a volley into the advancing foe like one man, as they closed upon us, and then retreated back into our trenches, where we gave the alarm to the covering party, whereupon the field officer in charge despatched messengers to the other parallels for reinforcements, which arrived in good time to assist us in driving the Russians from our trenches.

In the mean time, the enemy persistently advanced rapidly on our trenches, notwithstanding that we kept blazing away at them with musketry as hard as ever we could load and pull a trigger the while, and standing against them on the escarpment of the parapet, with our bayonets at the charge.

Nevertheless, they forced into our trenches against our bayonets, in large numbers, despite our best efforts to repel them, when a desperate hand-to-hand struggle for the mastery ensued. We got so completely jammed together in the trench that we were obliged to resort once more to Sergeant Jackson's contrivance *i. e.*, to unfix bayonets and gie it them in the baggie with right hand, retaining a hold of the muzzle of our rifle with the left. Our officers fought bravely, and inspired the men by their example, in cutting down the Russians with every stroke of their sword. One officer (Lieut. Williams), in severing the thick skull of a hard-headed Muscovite, broke his sword at the guard. This accident nearly cost him his life, for a powerfully-built Russ, seeing him disarmed, made a malicious thrust at him with his bayonet, but luckily one of our men anticipating him guarded it off, and by a sharp turn of the wrist, drove his own bayonet through the softest part of the ruffian's anatomy thereby saving the noble officer from being placed *hors de combat.*

This narrow escape from a premature death so stimulated the officer with almost superhuman prowess that he quickly picked up a musket which he clubbed, and floored

every Russian within wheeling distance of his mighty wapenschaw. I can assure you, gentle reader, that we all fought as becometh British soldiers, though the odds against us were ten to one. When the enemy saw what salamanders they had to contend with, and so many of their comrades falling, they began to sneak off by odd ones; but when they espied our reinforcements advancing to our assistance, they made a precipitate exit out of our trench, and ran off as fast as their cowardly legs could carry them towards their outworks, closely pursued by us up to their very batteries, and engaging with them again in the grave-yard where we had a very hard fight amongst the graves. Here we closed around and dislodged them from behind the tombstones, where they took refuge, cutting off three of their party whom we marched back prisoners, besides all the wounded we picked up on the field and in our trenches. In this affair two of our officers and eighteen men were wounded and six men killed. The Russians had over eighty men killed and wounded.

The French had also to resist a strong sortie at the same time, and succeeded in driving the enemy from their works with great loss. In the pursuit they got inside the Russian advanced batteries, where they had a desperate hand-to-hand fight, and by great valour succeeded in cutting their way clear of the enemy—returning victorious to their own trenches. "After a storm there comes a calm," as the old adage says, which was verified on this occasion, for next morning all was quiet enough except an odd shot exchanged as a reminder. Having been relieved

that evening by the 21st Fusileers, we were marched back to camp completely exhausted with hunger, wet, cold, and bloodstained with hard fighting. Our tattered clothing being saturated with mud and slush, became more of a burden than a comfort to us, it having thawed during the night, and then turned round to freeze as we retired from the trenches, stiffening our torn uniform and adorning us with icicles, the noise of which, as we marched along, reminded us of the ancient Roman warriors in their coats of mail. When I had reached my hut Dandy was there shivering with cold—without a fire.

"What's the matter, Dandy," said I, in a voice suggestive of no pleasurable delight, when I beheld the empty fireplace.

"Well, Tom," said he, rousing from his lethargy, and wiping his eyes, "we were turned out in the night to reinforce you fellows in the trenches, and I have been away all day carrying shot and shell from the depôt, so that there was no person left to look after our hut, and several of the men, finding us both away, has been and gone and used up all our wood to cook their own rations."

"That's a terrible catastrophe, Dandy," said I, "what's to be done, for I'm sadly in need of something hot?"

'I don't know, Tom," said he, "for I myself am very weak and too exhausted with cold, hunger, and fatigue, to do anything, except to die."

"Tut! man alive," said I, "never give up; while there's life there's hopes, we ought to be thankful to have escaped last night's fighting with a whole skin, while so many of our comrades were laid low."

"Ah!" said he, they are better off than we are, there's an end to their suffering in this wicked world anywise. For my part I would much sooner have been killed than to suffer such persecution, or prolong this miserable existence."

"Well, Dandy, you and I differ very much, for I want to live as long as I can, life is sweet; can't you think of no ways, means or contrivance by which we can create a fire?"

"None, whatever," said he, "I have been puzzling my brains on that all-absorbing subject before you came in, and was forced to let it die a natural death, and give it up, altogether in despair."

While the above dialogue was carried on, my own inventive faculty was absorbed in ruminating on some device for securing a canteen of hot coffee, which we both needed very much. At last, after much reflection, a happy thought struck me; for as the old proverb says, "necessity is the mother of invention."

What did I do? I know you will laugh when I tell you, but never mind, a good laugh without much expense is better than doctor's medicine. I tore a strip off the nether end of my shirt, set it in an empty blacking-tin with some pork fat, which served as oil, then lit the strip of calico by means of a flint and steel (which I had always carried in my pack, our matches being too damp to ignite, besides they were very scarce), set my canteen over the blaze, with a little water in it at first, making the coffee when the water boiled, then adding more water. After

making a sufficient quantity of coffee to satisfy our exhausted nature, we fried some biscuits in pork-fat over the blaze, after soaking them well first in water. We then sat down in Turkish fashion, with sharp hunger for a relisher, and indulged our keen appetites with a plentiful supply of this coarse, but hospitable fare. This new device proved very useful afterwards, not only to Dandy and myself, but to the officers and men, to whom we imparted our new contrivance. You can scarcely conceive how quickly water will boil over a blaze of this kind.

"How do you feel now, Dandy," said I, after we had stowed away, in a professional manner, all the coffee and biscuits that we had prepared.

"I feel like a new man, thank God," said he, "and now I hope to live and fight another day, but, I verily believe only for your ingenuity and God's help I would have been a dead man long ago."

"That shows you plainly," said I, "that you should never despair, but trust in Providence, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'"

"If that be true," said he, "I wish there were a few shorn lambs out here, they might be the means of mollifying the piercing cold, frosty wind that blows into our very marrow bones."

"We should patiently and humbly resign ourselves to God's will," said I, "His ways are unsearchable to us sinful mortals, whom He has created out of nothing. We know from the inspired records of His divine word that He frequently tries the faithfulness and patience of His

best servants with painful afflictions. Take for example His faithful servant Job, who bore the sore afflictions with which God had encompassed him with the patience and resignation of a martyr."

"Yes," said he, "Job had great patience, 'tis true, but he never had to fight and wade in human blood to satisfy the tyranny and ambition of a despotic monarch like the Czar of all the Russias, or suffer the inclemency of a Crimean winter in rags, as we have to do."

"True, we have to wade in human blood," said I, "in order to repress the dogmatical insolence of that potent despot, but has not God commanded us to be subject to the higher powers, especially in defending our country from the ravages of an avaricious enemy."

"This world is God's footstool, and whatever is done in it is His doing. So long as He permits wars to be in the world so long are soldiers His instruments, and doers of His will, while they fight their country's battles, and while they learn the drill and discipline which make them good and efficient instruments to do this will of God in the very best way."

"I believe you have mistaken your calling, Tom," said he with a smile. "You should have been a preacher."

"If I have itself," said I, "it matters not, for life is short, and if I do God's will cheerfully, my duty as a soldier, and have faith in Christ, I am as sure of salvation as any of His ministers."

"Well, in the name of God let us lie down and have a good night's sleep, for we are fatigued and in much need of rest."

"So be it," said I, "the enemy will not disturb us to-night, I imagine, for it seems too cold for him to venture an attack on our position."

We then lay down together, fully accoutred, on the floor, and were soon in the arms of Morpheus, tired nature's sweet restorer. Our anticipations were verified, for we enjoyed a refreshing sleep the whole night, without intermission or disturbance of any kind.

In the morning our door was blockaded with snow, which had fallen and drifted during the night, to the depth of three or four feet in some places.

Having been detailed for fatigue the previous night, we hastened to join our party who were about to march off to the commissariat depôt for provisions. On arrival there we noticed that the preparations for a general bombardment were progressing rapidly; for upwards of seventy siege guns and thirteen inch mortars were all ready up at the depôt, and if the frost and snow continued, would be in position in the batteries in a short time. But though the frost enabled us to haul heavy ordnance into position, it had other bad effects, for several men had been frozen in their tents during the night, while others had been sent to hospital from the trenches. severely frostbitten, and others had suffered intensely from the bitter cold frosty wind. Yet when a path had been once broken through the snow, men and horses got along much more easily than when they had to wade knee-deep through the mud. But the temperature was very trying in the tents, particularly when we had

no wood to make a fire. Many regiments had been served out with fur coats, long boots, mitts, guernseys, socks, and flannel waist-bands, but alas, none of these comforts had reached the 17th Regiment, except the men in hospital, who had received a few articles of warm clothing.

It was a most melancholy subject for reflection to have seen our army then. There was scarcely a regiment recognisable except by its well-known camp ground. The officers could not have been distinguished from the privates unless they wore their swords.

What a harvest death had reaped, and many more were ripe for the sickle. It was sad to have seen the noble officers, who had been brought up in the lap of luxury, sharing the same fate as the private soldiers, who were always accustomed to rough treatment.

Being acting orderly corporal one day, I went to warn Lieutenant Brinkman to take charge of 400 men who were detailed for carrying shot and shell from the depôt to the trenches. I was sorry to find him sitting in his tent, shivering with cold, trying to cut out a pair of leggings off the end of his blanket. At his request I helped him to cut them out, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Faughnan," said he, "this is trying weather on us unfortunate soldiers. It would be much more comfortable to be a sweep in London than an officer out here. They may talk at home about the noble officers of the British army, and imagine them sitting comfortably on a camp stool in a snug tent, with warm clothing and gor-

geous uniforms, partaking of the good things that the people of England had generously sent out to her gallant officers and soldiers; but which none of them have yet received, and I believe never will, if this weather lasts much longer. I myself am nearly famished to death for the want of the common necessaries of life, and I fear many of us will be forced to succumb before any relief arrives. Our senses, too, are considerably blunted, smell, from colds; taste, from want of practice; sight, from sleeping with one eye open, and hearing, from the incessant roaring of big guns and mortars; and though many of us have escaped the bullets of the enemy, we have all bled in our country's cause; for we are devoured by vermin of the most detestable kind, which, in former days, we associated with paupers and other tribes belonging to the unwashed; but in this respect the officer has descended from his regal eminence. When we remember him in all the elegance of gold lace and scarlet cloth, it would be difficult to recognise him now in the faded and tattered object, seated like a tailor, in his miserable, cold tent, trying his best endeavours to manipulate a pair of leggings out of his old blanket, and smoking a short pipe contentedly—dreaming of home and happier days."

"And the girl I left behind me," said I, finishing the sentence for him.

"Ah! Faughnan," said he, "you Irishmen are always light-hearted and happy, no matter what hardship, danger or difficulty stares you in the face, and never at a loss for a witty or humorous expression; I wish I was as light-hearted and happy as you are."

"What is the use of worrying over our misfortunes, sir," said I, "'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' When I joined the service of my own free will and accord, I then made up my mind to resign myself to any privations and suffering, even death itself, when called on to do so, in defence of my Queen and country. Besides, it ought to alleviate our suffering considerably when we consider what honours, rewards and decorations that 'll be conferred upon us by our gracious Queen and grateful country, when we return triumphantly to our native land, after surviving all these battles and privations."

Further discourse was interrupted by the Sergt. Major calling out for the orderly Sergts. to fall in in the fatigue party, of which I myself was one, therefore I made a precipitate exit in order to join my comrades as they fell in.

Having been inspected by a field officer, we were marched off, wading knee deep through the snow, which had fallen during the night to the depth of three or four feet in some places. The frosty wind with drifting snow blew so bitterly cold that the horses and mules refused to face it; but the men went plodding along in a dreary string through the deep snow willing enough.

There was something mournful in the aspect of those long lines of men moving slowly across the expanse of glittering snow, each man bearing a round shot on his back.

On our return to camp, after completing our arduous task, we had blue noses and pale faces; as to our uniform

what would the people of England have thought if they beheld their gallant army? Most of the officers were as ragged as the men; many officers were crippled and obliged to go on sick leave with their feet badly frost-bitten.

Several men, who could not get their frozen boots on their swelled feet, were obliged to go about barefooted, up to their knees in snow.

You can easily imagine how delighted those unfortunate fellows must have been, when the welcome news had reached their ears, that the quartermaster had received among other useful necessaries for the regiment, a goodly supply of long boots, sheepskin jackets, warm inside clothing, fur caps, and Enfield rifles, to supersede the "Old Brown Bess," whose days were numbered.

Although much in need of these essentials, the conveyance of them to our camp from Balaklava entailed on our men the work of commissariat mules. However, as they were all for our own special comfort, we marched bravely and bore the burden with a right good will.

As we advanced towards the front with loads on our backs, like beasts of burden, we passed on the way a large cavalcade of sick and dying soldiers, who were sent down to Balaklava hospital on mules and bat horses; they formed one of the most painful looking processions that could have been imagined. Many of those unhappy mortals were in the last throes of death, with closed eyes, open mouth and pale haggard features. They were borne along, two on each mule, one on each side, in panniers.

One of those unfortunate creatures died on the way, his corpse looked ghastly. Strapped upwards to the seat, the legs hanging down stiff, the eyes distended—wide open, the head and body nodding with frightful mockery of life at every stride of the mule. As we passed the dead man the only remarks our men made were, "there goes another poor fellow out of pain and suffering at any rate." The snow having been well-packed and the road hard, we made rapid progress in order to arrive in camp before nightfall. It would astonish a stranger to have seen the number of dead horses and mules along the wayside. The attitude of those skeletons—which were torn by dogs and vultures, was truly fantastic.

Some had dropped dead and were frozen stiff, while others seemed struggling to rise from their miry bed. Most of those carcases had been skinned by the Turks and French, who used the hides to cover their huts. About five miles of the country were dotted with those festered carcases in every stage of decay. Were it summer time, around Balaklava would have been more noxious than a lazaretto.

Next morning we gave in the "Old Brown Bess," and received instead a new Enfield rifle. We also received a goodly supply of warm clothing, long boots, fur caps, sheepskin coats, and comfortable inside garments, with a few watchcoats for the sentries. The following evening our regiment furnished the covering party for the advanced trenches.

The night was clear and dry, but piercing cold, yet we all felt in excellent spirits and felt comfortable in our long boots and fur caps. On taking up our position in the trenches, the enemy opened a terrible storm of musketry on us, as if they suspected that we were armed with the Enfield rifle, and were anxious for us to try it. Their surmises were soon verified, for we opened such a telling fire of musketry upon them that it bewildered them with astonishment. We could hear their confusion within their batteries, and hear their supports advancing to reinforce their batteries, and soon after they replied to our fire with a vengeance. Their fire was particularly directed against our attack, the whole night. At break of day, the fire on both sides burst forth with renewed vigour all along our lines. There could not be less than 3,000 men engaged on each side, firing as hard as they could pull a trigger, the air was illuminated with the incessant flashes of big guns and musketry, and the lines were marked by thick curling smoke as it expanded from the cannon's mouth. The firing slackened on both sides about ten o'clock. Not a night passed without severe rifle shooting from behind the parapets, and between the lines. Our advanced works were pushed within one hundred and fifty yards of the Russian batteries, and on the left attack almost into the town and its suburbs, the ruined houses of which were turned into defences for their sharp-shooters, and the town was one formidable stronghold, from the glacis to the ridge over the bay, on which the south side of the town is situated. In the

skirmish during the night, one Russian officer was taken prisoner, and several deserters came over to us. They gave a fearful account of how the Russians were suffering from cold, hunger and exposure, since we knocked down their barracks about their ears by our heavy shot. They showed us some uninviting hard black bread they brought with them in their haversacks. So that it appeared quite evident that the Russians were suffering as much, if not more, privations than we were; although we had heard that large quantities of provisions and stores were thrown into their garrison recently. When we returned to camp that evening, Dandy had a good supply of hot coffee and fried biscuits ready for me.

We found our hut quite comfortable during the cold frosty nights, besides we were getting two nights at a time off trench duty, so that we improved the time between intervals, by endeavouring to forage as much wood as kept us in a fire when we required it.

Notwithstanding the clear, frosty weather, the transport of provisions and other munitions of war entailed considerable hardship on our worn out soldiers; moreover, the sick in hospital made little progress toward recovery, and the number sent down to Balaklava every day is a proof of the unsatisfactory condition of our army.

Those regiments who had been so frightfully cut up, and lost so many men by sickness and death, had their clothing conveyed from Balaklava by mules.

Fry. 16th. Coffee for the first time had been issued to us roasted, this we found a great luxury compared

with how we had formerly received it, vegetables, however, were greatly needed; picks, shovels, spades and bill-hooks were very scarce, though much required to clear the camp, dig graves and chop wood, when we got any, but we got none so far.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MAN FROZEN—WHISTLING DICK—REFLECTIONS—THEIR OWN COIN—FOOLING THEM—A FRIEND—THE FRENCH ZOUAVE—WHAT HAVE YOU IN THE BAG ?—AN ALARM—SORTIE—THE ARMISTICE—WHITE FLAG—HIGHLANDERS—GUARDS—NAVVIES—LORD RAGLAN—DESERTERS—RACES—THE COSSACKS.

FEBRUARY 21st. As we trudged along through the deep snow, to the trenches yesterday evening against a very stiff, piercing, cold, frosty wind, the atmosphere was so completely surcharged with thick falling snow, which drifted into immense banks and beat unmercifully into our faces and eyes with such a cutting force, that we became as blind as owls at noon-day, and would never have found our way, save for the flashes of guns, and explosions of shells, which shone so brightly through the falling snow, as sheet-lightning through a thunderstorm. Many of our poor fellows who had suffered all the horrors of a Crimean winter for the last three or four months were so exhausted that they could not keep up with their more robust comrades, were forced to drop behind. One weakly young fellow, who had been recently discharged from hospital, after surviving the severe attacks of dysentery, which reduced him to a skeleton, ac-

tually fell down completely exhausted. The captain, a very kind man, halted the party in order to ascertain what was the matter, when to his surprise he found the man dying, but as the party were already behind time on account of the fearful storm, he could not wait, but wrapping his martial cloak around the poor fellow, telling him to be of good heart until he'd send the guard with a stretcher, in order to have him conveyed to hospital.

Dreary road to weary toil, plodding through snow!
Cannon's lightning flashes light us where to go,
In the trenches deep and cold,—the storm I cannot brave
To fight for British glory, here I'll make my grave!

Comrades, I am frozen, my limbs refuse to tread!
If the trench I cannot reach, the snow will be my bed,
Those whom you relieve, can call here as they go by,
These were words the soldier uttered. then lay down to die!

After relieving the party in the trenches, our captain instructed his predecessor where to find the dying man, on their way back to camp. Therefore, when they had reached the place described, they halted and searched for the mark, calling out the unfortunate man's name, but, got no answer, the snow drifts were so deep they could not find him. At last they noticed, a little way off, a growing heap, and there they found him covered up with snow. Strong arms raised him, and the doctor who accompanied the party used his best endeavours to resuscitate him; but the vital spark had fled to God who gave it. One more brave soldier gone, without a murmur or complaint.

where so many go for Britain's sake. They laid him gently on the stretcher, and bore him to his last resting-place, where so many of his comrades had been laid before him. This terrible storm raged in all its fury during the night, but towards morning, having exhausted its violence, calmed down, and eventually the sun burst forth in all his glory from a clear blue frosty sky.

The day was dry and intensely cold, but our warm clothing and long boots enabled us to survive its severity, which would have been fatal to many, had we been as destitute of clothing as our comrades, on whom winter had fallen with all its rigour, when they had nothing to wear but their old worn out uniform. The atmosphere was without a cloud or film of vapour to cast the slightest shadow on the bright glittering surface. We, therefore, had a splendid view of Sebastopol, and its surroundings, despite the dazzling effect of the snow. The pontoon bridge, which crossed the harbour, from the government buildings, was crowded with sailors and soldiers, who were busily employed passing supplies to the other side, showed us plainly that their commissariat depôt lay in rear of the Redan, and opposite the fire of our batteries. Further to the right, toward Inkerman, the white houses and barracks loomed up in the distance.

The bells of the numerous churches were ringing out clearly on the frosty air.

The high houses which occupied the hill-side, and the massive public buildings, gave old Sebastopol rather an imposing appearance. There was not a soul to be seen in

the streets, save the long-coated soldiers, running across the open space, from one battery to the other, relieving guard, or posting sentries. The town was surrounded by formidable earth-works, ten feet high, with embrasures, from which the cannon pointed toward our trenches.

Many of the houses and small white-washed cottages in the suburbs had been knocked down by our shot and shell; but the ruins they had utilized into cover for sharp-shooters.

During the day, the enemy tried his best to annoy us by shelling our position from a mortar battery, toward the sea, projecting those dread missiles into the air, every half minute or so, across a hill that intervened, so as to disturb our working party, who were engaged in throwing up a trench towards the Quarantine fort.

They kept us on the *qui-vive* looking out for those whistling Dicks. First the white smoke rushes into the air, and expands into rings, followed by the heavy, dull report, then the shrill whistle of the shell travelling through the air, as it describes a curve, increasing in velocity as it descends; sometimes sinking deep into the earth, tearing it up by the explosion, to the destruction of those around. To how many families they carried deep sorrow and mourning! When the smoke clears away, the men gather round some poor fellow who moves not, they bear him away on a stretcher, and a small mound of fresh earth marks for a little time the last resting-place of the soldier, whose wife and children, perhaps mother or sisters are left destitute of all earthly happiness, save the

memory and the sympathy of their grateful country. Who will let the inmates of that desolate cottage in England, Ireland or Scotland know of their bereavement! However, look out Bill, there goes another "whistling Dick," which does nothing but knock up a cloud of earth and stones about our ears. Many were the unpleasant reflections, when one of those bombs appeared high in the air, coming towards us in a bee-line, giving notice of its propinquity by a shrill whistle, and watching anxiously in order to evade it by taking post under cover behind the traverse. After the explosion, we resumed our wonted position, and our gunners paid them back in their own coin, by sending a thirteen inch shell or two, into the very battery they sent their last one from, while we peppered away at them with musketry whenever they appeared at an embrasure to load or fire a gun. Not one of them dare venture his head above the parapet lest he'd get a bullet through it. For our fellows were as much on the alert for a chance shot at a Russian, as ever a sportsman who laid in wait for his game, and many were the allurements thrown out to draw the rascals from their cover. For instance, one of us would place his cap on a ramrod and hold it above the parapet; the Russians concluding that it was a man's head, invariably sent a few bullets through it, thereby giving our men, who were on the look-out, an opportunity of hazarding a shot at them. This was what we called fooling them, and thus we passed the day, until relieved at night-fall, when we marched back to our gloomy camp under a heavy fire, af-

ter being relieved by the 68th Regiment. For the enemy well knew the time our relief took place, and always gave it to us pretty hot, very frequently killing or wounding some of our party. When we got back to camp, I found my hut warm and comfortable. Dandy was there keeping my coffee hot, with a cotton rag as usual dipped in pork fat, as a substitute for a candle.

"Why Dandy, we're lucky, wonders 'ill never cease, where did you get the wood?" said I, as my eye caught sight of a nice lot of dry wood chopped and piled up alongside the fire place.

"Your friend, Tim Doolan and Charley Cleghorn," replied he, "found four empty ammunition barrels very fortunately in a magazine, and succeeded in conveying them to this humble cot for our special benefit, in return for our kindness on many occasions."

"Well, that's mighty fortunate," said I, "for it's a terrible cold night, how thoughtful of them, and to bring it all the way from the trenches; we must not refuse to let them cook coffee in future. Pile on some wood then, as God has sent it, and let us have a fire, it's a poor heart that never rejoices."

We then closed and barred the door tightly for the night, and sat down before the little fire to enjoy our supper in peace. We had not been long sitting, when a loud knock on the door proclaimed an intruder.

"Who comes there?" said I, in a loud voice.

"Von Zouave, bon comrade," was the answer.

"Some benighted Frenchman, I suppose," said Dandy, "let us let him in and see what he wants."

So saying, we unbarred the door, and in popped a French Zouave, with a haversack slung over his shoulder.

"Bon soir, comrades," said he after entering.

"What do you want? Parlez-vous, Anglais?" said I.

"Oui, Monsieur, vare much Anglais," replied he.

"Sit down, then, and sup with us, and state your troubles," said I, dividing the floor for him between Dandy and I, handing him some coffee in a canteen at the same time.

After demonstrating his willingness by polite gesticulations, and many expressions of thankfulness, in language too complex for my pen to define, which only a Frenchman can execute, he accepted the coffee, and took his place between us cheerfully. After discussing the merits of the entertainment, and doing justice to the good things before us, we were very much amused by the many stories and anecdotes which the Frenchman favoured us with, for he was quite a story-teller, and very intelligent, though somewhat at a loss to express himself properly in the English language, but sufficient for us to understand, and to cause a good laugh.

What fellows those Frenchmen are, to be sure for telling a story! they make a shrug of the shoulder, or a wink of the eye, have twenty different meanings; and their hands are most eloquent. One might say they talk with their hands and on their fingers—and their broken English I think helps them. I will transcribe one story he told, as well as my memory will suggest, for the reader's special benefit; but if I could only give you his voice,

gestures and manner it would, I am sure, amuse you, but I am afraid it will lose much of its prestige by my relating it. However, I will endeavour to do it justice, but if I make a bull of it, you know it is the attribute of an Irishman, which ought to be an ample apology. So here goes :—

"Vell, von night," commenced the Zouave, "I vos mit my picket guart, und it vos raining like de vera devil, and de vind vos vinding up de valley of Balaklava, so cold as nothing at all, and de dark vos vot you could not see—no—not your nose before your face.

"Vell, I hear de tramp of horse, and I look into de dark —for we were very much on the *qui-vive*, because ve expec de dam Russ to attaque de next day—but I see noting; but de tramp of horse came closer and closer, and at last I challenge 'Que va la,' und de tramp of de horse stop. I run forward, and den I see von Russ offisair of Polish Lancers. I addressed him 'La Français,' and tell him he vos in our lines, but I do not vant to mek him prisonair —for you must know dat he vos prisonair, if I like, ven he vos vithin our line. He is very polite—he say, "Bien oblige, bon enfant,' und ve tek off our hat to each ozer. 'I aff lost my roat,' he say; and I say 'Yais'—bote I vill put him into his roat, and so I ask for a moment pardon, and go back to my corporal, and tell him to be on de qui vive, till I come back. De Russ offisair and me talked vera plaisant vile ve go togezer down de leetel roat, and ven ve come to de turn, I say, 'Bon soir, Monsieur le Capitaine, dat ish your vay.' He den tank me

vera moche like von gentilman, and vish he coot make some return for my generosite, as he please to say—and I say 'Bah! Russ offisair vood do de same to French gentilman who lose his vay. 'Den come here,' he say, 'Bon enfant, can you leave your post for aff an hour?' 'Leave my post?' I say. 'Yais,' said he, 'I know your army has not moche provision lately, and maybe you are ongrie?' Ma foi, yais,' said I; 'I aff not slips to my eyes, nor meat to my stomach, for more dan fife days.' 'Vell, bon enfant,' he say, 'Come vis me, and I vill gif you, goot supper, goot vine, and goot velcome. Coot I leave my post?' I say. He say, 'Bah, corporal take care till you come back.' "By gar, I coot naut resist—he vos so vare much gentilman, and I vos so ongrie—I go vis him—not fife hundred yarts—ah! bon Dieu—how nice! In de corner of a leetel ruin 'ouse dere vos nice bit of fire, and hang on a string before it de half of a sheep—oh ciel! de smell of de ros beef vos so nice—I rub my hands to de fire—I sniff de cuisine—I see in anozer corner a couple bottles of vine—sacré it vos all watair in my mouts! Ve sit down to suppair—I nevair did ate so moche in my life. Ve did finish de bones, and vosh down mit ver goot wine—excellent! Ve drink de toast—'a la gloirie'—and ve talk of de campaign. Ve drink 'a la Patrie,' and den I tink of 'la belle France,' and 'ma douce amie'—and he did de same. Ve den drink 'a l'amitie,' and shek hands over dat fire in goot frainship—dem two hands dat might cross de swords in de morning. Yais, sair, dat vos fine—'twas galliard—

'twas la vrai chivalrie—two sojair ennemie to share de same leg of mutton, drink de same vine, and talk like two friends. Vell, I got den so sleepy, dat my eyes blink, blink, and my goot friend says to me, 'Sleep, old fellow; I know you aff got hard fare of late, and you vos tired; sleep, all vos quiet for to-night, and I vill call you before dawn. . Sair, I vos so tired, I forgot my duty, and fall down fast asleep. Vell, sair, in de night de pickets of de two armie get so close, and mix up, dat some shots gets fired, and in one moment all vos in confusion. I am shake by de shoulder—I vake like from dream—I heard sharp fusillade—my friend cry, 'Fly to your post; it vos attack!' We exchange one shek of de hand, and I run off to my post. Oh, ciel!—it vos driven in—I see dem fly. Oh, mon desespoir a ce moment la! I am ruin—dishonore—I rush to de front—I rally mes braves—ve stand—ve advance—ve regain de post—I am safe—de fusillade cease. It vos only an affair of outposts. I tink I am safe—I tink I am ver fine fellow—but Monsieur la Colonel send for me and speak, 'Vere vos you last night, sair?' 'I mount guart by de ravine?' 'Are you sure?' 'Oui, Monsieur.' 'Vere vas you ven your post vos attacked?' I saw it vos no use to deny any longair, so I confess to him everyting. 'Sair,' said he, 'You rally your men vera goot, or you should be shot. But in punishment for your vera grave offence you vill revert to your former rank of von private soldat, and tink yourself very moche favoured. Go, sair, and do your duty as rank and file.' Oh! mon Dieu! I vill

never forget his vorts, they vos impress 'pon my heart like nothing. I vos dere and den ordered to doff mine epaulets and cold lace, and don de private sojair uniform."

"Ah! Français, that was a great misfortune you got into through yielding to the allurements of the Polish Lancer. He must be a generous fellow though to have treated you so kindly, in sharing his supper and wine with you, whose sword might be crossed by his in the very next battle. However you ought to be very thankful that you were not shot. If you were in the British army you would not have got off so leniently, I can tell you, for leaving your post when before the enemy."

"Eh! Bien, comrade, it vos von vera bad offense, I vos vera mache vex mit myself ven I vos deprive of mine epaulets and cold lace.

"What have you got in the bag, Monseir?" queried Dandy, who suspected that the bag contained a drop of something stronger than Adam's ale.

"Vell! comarade, I vos mit some Inglas offisair vot buy some coot cognac," said he, taking a bottle out of his bag and exhibiting it between Dandy and the glimmering light to convince him of its purity.

"That vos vera fine cognac, comarade."

"How much for the bottle?" quoth Dandy, whose eyes opened wide when he beheld the tempting beverage.

"Bon comarade," said he, "von offisair giv' me ten frank. Bot you von coot comarade, vot gib me coot 'ot coffee and bisque; you giv' me fife frank, den tek him."

"All right, here's your money," said Dandy, handing him four English shillings.

"Vera coot, comarade, dat vill do," said he, stowing away the cash.

"You must have indulged pretty freely that night you left your post," said I, "or else you would never have slept so soundly away from your guard. Are you fond of liquor?"

"Me no like cognac, comarade, boot me like plenty excellent vine, it vos vera coot for my stomach."

Our discourse was interrupted by the frequent salvos of cannon, explosion of shells and incessant rattling of musketry, which warned us of an attack on our position. When the Zouave made a precipitate exit, and ran toward his camp as fast as ever his legs could carry him, lest he might again be reported absent from his post, should their works be attacked by the treacherous enemy.

He had scarcely left a half an hour when the alarm was given to turn out the whole. The division was, therefore, fell in and marched off at once to reinforce the covering party in the trenches. On arrival we found that the covering party, though much overpowered, had succeeded, after a hard contested battle and hand-to-hand struggle, in driving the enemy from our trenches and taking several of them prisoners.

We then returned to camp and laid down for two or three hours to dream of cold and frost-bites. The French were also surprised by a sudden attack at the same time, but, as usual, gallantly repulsed the enemy with a heavy loss.

At the request of Genl. Ostensacken, an armistice was granted by Lord Raglan from twelve till one o'clock next day, to enable the Russians to bury their dead.

Accordingly, at twelve o'clock, white flags were run up on the batteries at both sides, and immediately afterwards a body of Russians issued from the Redan, Flagstaff, and Malakoff batteries, and proceeded to carry off their dead. Our men, simultaneously with the French, emerged from their batteries also on a similar errand.

A few Russian officers advanced about half way toward our batteries, where they were met by several British and French officers, when extreme courtesy, the interchange of profound bowings and salutations, marked the interview. The officers walked up and down, shakos were raised and caps doffed politely as they approached each other.

In the meantime the soldiers were busily engaged bearing off the field the dead and wounded. About one o'clock the Russians, having accomplished their painful task, retired behind their batteries, and immediately after the white flags were hauled down.

The instant the flags dropped, the flash and report of a big gun from the Malakoff announced that the war had begun once more, our batteries simultaneously opened fire, and the popping of rifles commenced with renewed vengeance on both sides.

The preparations for a general bombardment of Sebastopol were progressing rapidly, and arrangements were made to send up two thousand pounds of ammunition

per day to the front from the harbour. About two hundred mules were pressed into the service, in addition to the railway, which, by the way, was making rapid strides toward completion. The Highland brigade, besides all the artillery horses, were employed daily in transporting shot and shell to the front. This was rather heavy duty for the Highlanders after all their hard fighting, which distressed and disabled them very much. The Guards were also down at Balaklava employed at the same work, though many of them seemed in very delicate health, but a few old campaigners had attained that happy state in which no hardships or privations could have any effect on them.

The silence and calm of the last few days seemed but the omen of the struggle which was speedily expected for the possession of Sebastopol. The Russsians were silent also, because we did not impede their works.

Our whole forces being employed in the transport of the enormous amount of projectiles and mountains of ammunition, which would be required for the service of our batteries when we opened a general bombardment. In addition, the railway had begun to render us some good service in the transport of shot and shell, and enabled us to form a small depôt about four miles from Balaklava, which, however, was not large enough for the demands made upon it, and was emptied as soon as formed, by parties from the regiment in front, who carried the ammunition to the camp depôt four miles further on. Every means were put forward to advance the completion

of the railway. The navvies worked at it hard and honestly, with a few exceptions, but the dread of the provost-marshal had produced a wholesome influence on the disposition of the refractory. A part of the Naval brigade were also employed in its construction, in order to hasten the work as much as possible.

March 4th. We furnished a covering party in the advanced trench ; it was a bright moonlight night, with cold, frosty wind. The enemy availed themselves of the brightness of the night by keeping up a constant fusillade of musketry on our trenches. At about day-break the rattling and volleys of musketry, mingled with the roar of round shot, whistling and bursting of shells was something terrible, one would have thought that the world was coming to an end. Under cover of the scathing fire the Russians made a determined sortie on our trenches, but fortunately, we anticipating their movements, and suspecting their point of attack, had doubled our forces and placed obstacles in their path, which threw them into confusion before they reached our trenches, from which we peppered them with musketry as they advanced, and gave them the bayonet as they jumped our trenches, when a terrible hand-to-hand struggle ensued. But at last the indomitable bravery, British pluck and cold steel prevailed, when our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the phalanx of the Czar, as usual, were forced to succumb and take to their heels by a precipitate exit from our trenches, and run for shelter behind their own parapets from the

showers of musketry which we rattled after them, knocking many of them over in their flight, which was verified next morning by the number of dead they left on the field.

March 7th. Yesterday being a fine sunny day, our first spring meeting took place, and was numerously attended. The races came off on a level piece of ground near the Tchernaya river, and were regarded with much interest by the Cossacks, on Canrobert's Hill. They evidently thought that the assemblage was connected with some military demonstration, and galloped about in a great state of excitement to and fro. In the midst of the races, a party of twelve Russians were seen approaching the sentry on the old redoubt beyond Inkerman; the sentry fired, and ten of them fled, but two of them ran towards the sentry, and gave themselves up as deserters from the Russians. One of them was an officer, but had suffered degradation. They were both Poles, spoke French fluently, and expressed great satisfaction at their escape from Russian bondage, and said, "Send us wherever you please, provided we never see Russia again." They stated that they had deceived the men who accompanied them into the belief that the sentry was one of their own outposts, and they, being recruits, believed them, and advanced boldly until the sentry fired at them, when they discovered their mistake, and fled. As they were well mounted they dashed towards our lines; the Cossacks tried to cut them off, but failed in the attempt. They requested that their horses might be sent back to the Rus-

sian lines, as they did not belong to them, they did not wish to be accused of theft. The horses therefore, were taken to the brow of the hill and set free, when they threw up their heels like young colts in a pasture-field, and capered as if they had been fed on buck-wheat, and then dashed off as hard as ever they could run towards the Cossacks. This little incident, however, did not stop the races, which proceeded as all other races do, with all the excitement of winning and losing small sums of money, and subsequently towards six o'clock the crowd dispersed.

That same evening after coming home from the races, myself and comrade, with several others of the company, were detailed to proceed to Balaklava at six o'clock next morning, for the purpose of carrying up to camp a supply of provisions, which had been landed off board ship for our regiment.

As we marched down, we were agreeably surprised at seeing the progress made in building the railway. There was about two miles of it quite finished. It winds its way from the post-office in Balaklava, towards Kadikoi, passing by old Mother Seacoles' well-known half-way house, and was graded up as far as the 4th division. The sleepers were on the ground along the line. A stationery engine had been placed on the hill side above Kadikoi, which pulled the trucks up from Balaklava. The Turks at first were greatly scared and astonished by the puffs of steam from its iron lungs, and the shrieks and screams as it was put in motion. We had a good view of

the Cossacks beyond the valley of Balaklava, busily engaged throwing out their picquets and sentries all along the top of Canrobert's Hill. These sentries could see everything that went on in the plain, from the entrance to Balaklava to the edge of the hill on which our right rested. Not a horse, cart, or man, could go in or out of the town, without being seen by those videttes. The works of the railway must have caused them very serious apprehensions. Besides, they could see villages of white wooden huts gradually rise up on the hill-side, and in the valleys, and from the cavalry camp to the heights of Balaklava, they could see line after line of those structures, and discover the tumult and bustle around Kadikoi. That might all be very puzzling; but it could have been nothing compared to their excitement when they beheld the railway trucks rushing round the hill, and down the incline at the rate of twenty miles an hour. They galloped up to the top of the hill to look at this phenomenon, and then capered about shaking their lances when the trucks disappeared.

As we advanced a little further we came up to Lord Raglan, accompanied by his staff, inspecting the railway on his way down to Balaklava, where he afterwards inspected the progress and condition of various military and naval departments, and subsequently went on board a man-of-war in the harbour, to visit some sick soldiers who had embarked for conveyance to Scutari Hospital. We regretted to see so much evidence of sickness down at Balaklava among the troops, dysentery and diarrhœa, instead of abating, seemed on the increase, and scurvy had

begun to show itself among the troops. It was no wonder that the men got scurvy, living on salt rations and hard biscuits, without vegetables of any kind, and sleeping in their clothes, without a chance to wash themselves or change their inside clothing; water being so scarce we could not wash our linen.

Lest I might shock my gentle reader's refined ideas of comfort and cleanliness, I will refrain from describing the filthy state of the whole British army, yes, and the French too, for the want of clean linen, or water to wash themselves with. Suffice it to say that several new flannel waist-bands which had been served out to the men for comfort during the winter were thrown away consequent on the swarms of the most vulgar species of the parasitical genus, which we formerly associated with beggars and other nomadic tribes of the unclean. Those waist-bands could have been frequently seen, if one looked sharp enough, on the ground proximate with the camp occupied by large armies, which were moving slowly in skirmishing order. Just to give you an idea of the scarcity of water, I took my canteen, water bottle, and soap down to the spring one day to wash my linen. I waited there two hours for my turn, after which I filled my canteen and little bottle with the blessed fluid. I then washed my clothes on a flag. I then had to wait two hours more for another turn at the spring to get water to rinse them, making in all four hours I had to wait. This demonstrates clearly the difficulty we had experienced in procuring a sufficient supply of water for ablution purposes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RIFLE-PITS—ST. PATRICK'S DAY—FOURTH DIVISION—FRENCH LOSS—GENERAL ATTACK—THE BATTLE—FLAG OF TRUCE—BURYING THE DEAD—ENNISKILLENER—HARD TACK—TIFFIN—THE ALARM—THE ADVANCE—THE COSSACKS—THE TURKS—FAIR AMAZONS—THE ONSLAUGHT—DAUGHTERS OF ERIN—RUSSIAN ADVANCE—THE HIGHLANDERS—HEAVIES' CHARGE—LIGHT BRIGADE—THE CHARGE.

MARCH 18th. There had been a fierce struggle between the French and Russians last night for the possession of the rifle-pits. Those pits were situated in front of the Mamelon, and the Russian sharpshooters occupy them every night, and keep up a most galling and destructive fire against the exposed parts of the advanced trenches of our right attack, as well as that of the French. The shot from our batteries made the rifle-pits too hot a place for the Russians during the day, but at night they crawled back and occupied them, supported by large bodies of infantry; in those encounters the enemy had many men killed and wounded.

These rifle-pits cost both armies large quantities of ammunition, as well as the sacrifice of many valuable lives; but the French were determined to wrest them from the Russians at any cost, for they were a source of the great-

est annoyance to them. They sent a strong force of about six thousand men down close to our second and light divisions, before dusk yesterday evening, and shortly afterwards they were sent to the advanced trenches on our right; the covering party and riflemen were ordered out to occupy the rifle-pits; they advanced but found that the Russians had anticipated them, and that the enemy were already in possession of the pits. A fierce battle then ensued, but it was found that the enemy were there in much larger force than was expected; therefore, the French could not then drive them from their position, notwithstanding their repeated attempts to do so. The contest was carried on by musketry, and the volleys which rang out incessantly for five hours roused the whole camp.

From the constant roll of musketry, and the incessant flashes like lightning in front, one would have thought that a general engagement between large armies was going on. The character of the battle had something unusual about it, owing to the absence of round shot or shell. About 7.30 p.m.. the 4th division was turned out and took up a position near the Green Hill battery, under the command of Sir John Campbell, and the light division under Sir George Brown, at the same time, marched towards the 21 gun battery; the second and third divisions were also turned out and marched to the trenches in their front, after the French had desisted and retired from the assault on the rifle-pits; those divisions, after remaining under arms for five hours, were marched to

camp again without being engaged. Had the French required our assistance we were ready and willing to give it, but they were determined on taking those pits themselves, without any aid from us. The Zouaves bore the heaviest part of this battle; we could distinctly hear their officers between the volleys of musketry, cheering on their men and encouraging them, and the rush of men generally followed, then a volley of musketry was heard, followed by rapid file firing, then a Russian cheer and more musketry. Between the volleys we could hear the officers again giving the commands in French. Then a loud cheer, and crash and flash of musketry in rapid succession. The Russians, stimulated by reinforcements, dashed headlong with renewed vengeance, rallied by their officers, who, by the way, are very brave. The French never flinched though, but met their overpowering antagonists gallantly with a bold cheer of defiance. This work went on for about five hours, when the French at length retired rather than lose their men unnecessarily. The French loss, as it was at that affair, came pretty heavy, twenty officers and two hundred men killed, besides the wounded and prisoners. But the Russian loss was over six hundred killed and wounded. The French were so greatly exasperated at being foiled in their attempt to capture the rifle-pits, by the bravery of the Russians, that General Canrobert, incensed at the repulse, hastened to the scene of strife, at a very early hour next morning, accompanied by his staff, to reconnoitre the position of the rifle-pits, Malakoff and Mamelon. That same even

ing, after dark, a stronger force of the French than before, with a battery of field-pieces were moved down cautiously towards their advanced works, and when they had all their forces marshalled ready under cover, the signal being given, they made another impetuous attempt and a bold dash to capture the rifle-pits; this time they were more successful, the Russians having been taken somewhat unawares, notwithstanding they fought bravely and contended fiercely to hold their own; but at last, after a hard fought battle, which lasted all night, the French valour prevailed in dislodging them, amid a blaze of fire from the batteries and forts at daybreak. The French, after gaining possession of the pits, reversed the sand-bags and loop-holes, and directed a heavy fire against the Mamelon and Malakoff. This acquisition of the French galled the Russians fearfully, but they had to repress their pride and drink the bitter cup of humiliation.

Yesterday being St. Patrick's day, many officers and soldiers might be seen early in the morning on the hill-side in search of something green to wear in their caps as a substitute for a real shamrock, the symbol of Old Erin; but like the dove sent forth from the ark at first, "not finding where her foot might rest," returned to the ark, so with the soldiers, not finding anything green, returned to the camp, and improvised pieces of green ribbon into mock substitutes for the real emblem. In the afternoon we had horse races to perpetuate the day, and show that Irishmen, though far from their native land, had not forgotten the rites and ceremonies by which this celebrated day had been formerly commemorated by them.

The crowd of sportsmen who participated in the racing, though very much bronzed and weather-beaten, seemed in excellent spirits, if one might judge from the amount of the hilarity and ludicrous incidents which took place, and evoked much laughter; but the thunder of the big guns before Sebastopol and the explosion of shells frequently rose high above the shouts and cheers of the applauding crowd, and somewhat damped out the excitement whenever one of those dread engines of war came close enough to warn them of danger. However, when those messengers exploded or passed harmlessly by, the excitement rose again to fever heat, whenever an infantry bob-tail nag took the pole from a cavalry charger on the home stretch, and came in first by a head and neck. But the softer effects of military influence were not wanting, for between the intervals of excitement the bands of the Irish regiments throughout the camp enlivened the day by the crash of martial music and popular airs, which sounded very sweetly in the distance. Next evening our regiment furnished a working party of one hundred men for the third parallel.

On arrival at the trenches, we were told off into gangs of ten men each, to cut a new advance trench. Every file of men got a pick-axe and shovel and were placed at six paces apart, on the open ground, without any cover or shelter whatever from the Russian grape and canister, which they fired incessantly at our working parties in order to keep them from throwing up trenches or batteries. We placed a man on the look-out for the flashes

of the guns, while we worked hard to dig a hole and throw up cover for ourselves. About twelve o'clock the sentries in advance of us seeing a column of Russians emerge from their batteries, gave the alarm by firing on them, but they came so suddenly upon us that we had scarcely time to snatch up our rifles before they were upon us, bayoneting our men before we were prepared to meet them. When our sentries first discovered them they were close upon us.

Taken at a great disadvantage, and overpowered by superior numbers, we were properly cornered, but when a man is cornered he generally does his best to extricate himself, so it was with us, for we met them hand-to-hand with the bayonet, and fought like British lions, meeting their assault with undaunted courage, and pursued by shot they ran at the top of their speed towards their own batteries, where they took refuge under cover. The attack was general along the whole line.

At ten p.m., our batteries, in conjunction with the French, finding out their treachery, began to shell the town, in return for their perfidy, pouring our rockets and shells in successive streams of lightning into the very heart of their city, setting many of their best buildings on fire. When first the Russians advanced on our trenches, the sentries in advance of Chapman's battery gave the alarm also, that the enemy were advancing in force on the trenches; therefore our covering party, as well as the French, were pretty well prepared to receive them with a vengeance. But the French were so very much

overpowered by them that our troops extended along a portion of their trenches overlapping them, and then backed them up. On the left attack the enemy also advanced in great force at the same time, through a weak part of our trenches, turning the third parallel; they killed and wounded many of our men, and actually had advanced to the second parallel, when our covering party charged down upon them with the bayonet, and drove them back after a fierce conflict. On the right the 34th Regiment had a strong force to contend with, and as Col. Kelly, their commanding officer, was leading them on against the enemy gallantly, he got wounded severely, so that he was captured and taken prisoner, and carried off to Sebastopol. After an hour's hard fighting and great bravery, the enemy was driven back to their own batteries, leaving many dead and wounded behind. During this affair we had ten officers and one hundred men placed *hors de combat;* the French had fifteen officers and two hundred men killed, wounded and taken prisoners. On the other hand the enemy lost between seven and eight hundred men. The number of dead Russians lying around our trenches and on the field in front, proved that they got a severe chastisement, which they deserved, and experienced a fearful loss of men and officers.

The bodies of one officer and sixteen men remained in our trench until next day, and in front of our trenches the ground was literally covered with their dead. About one o'clock next day, flags of truce were run up from the Redan and Malakoff, and shortly afterwards white flags

were seen waving from the French and English batteries. The instant the flags were hoisted, friend and foe emerged from their batteries in swarms, and commenced to pick out their comrades, and bear them off the field. The sight was a strange one, the French, English and Russian officers saluting each other most courteously as they passed to and fro, and a constant interchange of civilities took place between them. But while all this politeness was going on, the soldiers of both sides were carrying off their fallen comrades from the blood-stained ground which was covered with strong proofs of the recent battle. There British, French and Russian soldiers lay as they had fallen, in their gore and glory, with broken muskets, bayonets, pouches, belts, fragments of clothing, pools of blood, broken gabions, fascines, and torn sand-bags, visible on every side; and the solemn procession of soldiers, bearing their comrades to their last resting-place looked a most ghastly spectacle. In the midst of all this evidence of war, a certain amount of lively conversation took place between the Russians and our men, such as "Bono Inglais, Francais no bono, Rooso bono," they led us to believe that they liked the British soldiers much better than the French, although we always made it hot for them whenever we met them in mortal combat, for which they gave us the name of "red devils." It took two hours to bury the dead, which were laid down gently side by side, in one big deep wide pit, when something like the following casual observations and ejaculations would instinctively escape from a comrade, when he beheld the

gory, stiff, stark, inanimate form of a messmate brought on a stretcher to the grave.

"That's poor Peter Abbott, he was my right hand man." "There's Dan Sullivan, he'll never quiz ould Blake again about his bald pate." Next, "Sergeant Kent, devil a man he'll ever put in the guard-room again; but no matter, he was a good duty sergeant, but rather strict. What's the good of all his strictness to him now?" "Oh! Poor Andy Hynes, I know him by his red hair. Lord have mercy on his soul, and may the sod rest lightly over his ashes! he was a good kind-hearted creature."

When the two hours were expired, the armistice was over, and scarcely had the white flags disappeared behind the parapet of the Redan, before a round shot from the sailors' battery knocked through one of their embrasures, raising a pillar of dust; the Russians at once replied, and the roar of big guns and mortars drowned all other noise.

We were not sorry when our relief arrived that evening, for we were sick at heart from burying so many of our brave comrades, who had fought so gallantly during the night. But all things in this world of sorrow come to an end some time, and so that long wearisome day came to an end, when we were marched to our camp under cover of the darkness.

Next day, my comrade and I were sitting cross-legged in Turkish fashion, in our little hut at dinner (if dinner I may be pardoned for calling it; but I think "tiffin" as the swells say, would be a more appropriate term, for we

had nothing before us that would justify me in dignifying it with that appellation, save our usual quantum of hard tack, salt junk, and coffee), when in walked one of the Enniskillens, who was employed on despatch duty on General Pennefather's staff, whose tent stood in convenient proximity to our hut.

After joining us (at our request), in a little of the good things, which we were actively discussing, he lit his pipe sociably, and then amused us very much by a thrilling account of the battle of Balaklava, in which he had been engaged, the veracity of the incidents so ably delineated, he verified by exposing to our view two sabre cuts, one of which left him minus the right ear.

For the information of my gentle reader, I will endeavour to transcribe the story as near *verbatim* as my memory will suggest:

"If I live for a hundred years," said he, "I shall never forget that memorable morning, the 25th October. Before we had time to water our horses, or break our own fast, which we had not done since the day before, we were alarmed by the sound to boot and saddle, and had scarcely time to surmise what was the matter, when we found ourselves drawn up in squadrons on the slope behind the redoubt in front of our camp. On looking to the left, we beheld eight or ten compact columns of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the narrow mountain passes near the Tchernaya river, and were advancing in solemn grandeur up the plains towards Balaklava, covered by regular lines of field batteries of at

least twenty-four pieces strong. Two battalions of horse artillery were already a mile in advance of the whole, and firing with energy on the redoubts which were manned by the timorous Turks, and from which puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind those guns, and in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of Russian cavalry. They were in compact columns, four on each flank of the infantry, and advancing *en echelon* towards the British. The valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres, lances and gay trappings, in green and gold, in blue and silver with furred pelises, and jackets richly embroidered on the breast and sleeves, and all the glitter of a gorgeous equipment. In their front, and extended along the intervals between each battery of guns, were lines of Cossack skirmishers. The first result of the enemy's movement was a commotion amongst the turbans and fez caps in the redoubt, as the shells of the enemy burst over them. The Russian cavalry advanced rapidly upon the Turks, who got scared at the overwhelming force of the enemy; fired a few shots and fled at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across the plain towards Balaklava; some running down the deep slope, and some pitched headlong from the escarpment of the parapet. But the swift horse of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd, who were knocked over in their flight like nine pins. As a remnant of them were straggling in from the front with their goods and chattels on their backs, and occasionally prostrating themselves in

the direction of Mecca praying to Allah to save them from the fury of the Muscovites, they were intercepted in their flight by three fair Amazons, who were employed at a small stream, washing linen for the Connaught Rangers.

"'Go back an' fight for yer counthry this minute, ye dirty, cowardly hathens!' cried the most masculine looking of the trio, as she administered a clout on the ear with the cloth she was wringing on the foremost runaway. 'Start back I tell ye with that in yer lug! Hi! Mrs. Duffy, Mrs. O'Neil, come here an help me, we must stop these flying thieves av the world! It's most loikely they have eaten our brave min's dinners, as they come by, for ye pursave that they have their gobs full. Give yon sheepish looking loon a whack wid yer fist Mrs. O'Neil.'

"'Ay! Ay!' replied the latter as she cuffed the gentleman attired in dark-blue, baggy nether garments and red fez cap. Meantime the third damsel made brisk and liberal application of the wash-board which she had been using.

"'Mashalla! Mashalla! Mashalla!' screamed the wretched delinquents; whack, whack went the clout, 'Sich a disgrace! Give it them the cowardly thieves, shouted the leader of the party, whilst the other two emitted screams of revengeful triumph, and continued the onslaught with increased vigour. 'Shure the devils can't be satisfied wid one dacent woman fur a wife, bud must have two or three hundred. Oh! divil a lie in it, Mrs. O'Neil,' said the leader, 'Shure they are no betther nar the Mormons.'

"'Arrah, Mrs. McGra, d'ye tell me so,' said Mrs. Duffy, after the Moslems had made their escape from the clutches of their fair assailants.

"'Divil a lie, I'm tellin' ye,' said Mrs. McGra. 'Sure it wor no later nar last week that Tim tould me as how these thievin infidels can have as many wives as they loike.'

"'Oh! Presarve the hearers,' said Mrs. O'Neil, as she turned the whites of her eyes upwards, 'In troth its meself that's sorry entoirely that our brave min have to fight fur sich hathens.'

"As the three fair daughters of Erin were dilating on the morality of the Turks, a dull, heavy, continuous sound announced the approach of cavalry, and almost before they were aware, a numerous body of Russian cavalry swept past in the direction of Balaklava. One glance at the cut of their long gray coats and deep saddles, and the broad caps, was sufficient to show who and what they were.

"'Begorra! we'll be taken prisoners if we stay here much longer,' exclaimed Mrs. McGra, 'look at all the Rooshan cavalry crassin' the plain!'

"'Faith then, asthore machree, its thrue for ye,' said Mrs. O'Niel, 'let's be off at once, there's the 93rd Regiment formin' a line over beyant forninst us, let's get behind thim.'

"So saying they collected their clothes and washing utensils, and retreated in rear of the Highlanders, who had already formed line to defend the heights.

"In the meantime the great body of the Russian cavalry had moved forward at a pace which, though rapid at first, was momentarily subsiding into a walk. On the front lines came crowding against a vastly inferior force.

"The full peril of the moment was seen and felt by ourselves as well as by the spectators, who looked on from their elevated position on the heights, and who now saw plainly that upon our two short lines of dragoons depended, perhaps, the safety of the British base of operations. We watched them anxiously, waiting in suspense for the order to dash at them.

"The silence was oppressive, between the sound of big guns we could hear the champing of their horses' bits and the chink of their sabres in the valley just below us.

"The Russian cavalry walked along very slowly for a little while in order to allow their horses to breathe, and then in one grand line they charged in towards Balaklava.

"The ground seemed to fly before them, gathering speed at every stride, they dash towards the Highlanders. With breathless suspense the spectators on the heights above us await the crash and bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within two hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a deadly volley, which carries terror and destruction into the Russians; after a second volley the Russians wheel about, open files right and left, by threes about, and then fly back much faster than they came.

"'Well done, Highlanders!' exclaimed Sir Colin Campbell, and a loud cheer from our lusty lungs, as well as from the crowds of spectators above us on the hill, repaid the Highlanders for their gallantry.

"When we saw them retiring, we began to think that we wouldn't be called into action, and we so anxious for it. But we were not kept long in suspense, for a second line was advancing on their left at an easy gallop towards the brow of the hill; a forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them, as they reached the summit of the little hill. The instant they came in sight, our trumpets and the Grays' rang out loud and shrill through the valley, and then, with our gallant colonels at our head, we dashed right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. Oh! when I think of it, and look back at how we rushed at them with our heavy swords, I feel more nervous than I did then, for we had no time to think of anything only rush headlong to the front.

"The Russian line brought forward each wing as we advanced, and threatened to surround and annihilate us as we passed on. But they met their match for once, for as lightning flashes through a thunder cloud, so we pierced through the Russian cavalry. The shock was terrible. There was a clash of steel and a light play of swords in the air, and we cut them to pieces all around us. Yells and shouts burst from the Russians, and their pistols were discharged at us; points and cuts exchanged, and then we cut right through their squadrons which shook

and quivered before us as we rode over them. In a few moments more we were seen by the spectators emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, against the second line which was advancing against us to retrieve the fortune of the day. With unabating strength and courage we cut our way, and dashed through the enemy's squadrons.

"The first line of Russians which we had hacked, cut, and utterly smashed to pieces, had fled off in confusion and disorder, when a third line advanced to their rescue. It was a fight of heroes; demi-gods could not have done what we did. By sheer pluck and courage we and the Grays were winning our way right through the enemy's squadrons, when out darted to our relief the 1st Royals, 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards in a flank attack, and off flies the hostile swarms of Muscovite hordes in wild retreat, while high in the air flashed our heavy avenging swords, which came down with a vengeance, and sharp blows fell quick and heavy upon Russian heads. We paralyzed and disorganized the whole of the Russian cavalry into such a chaos and confusion, that they were obliged to retreat in rear of their artillery and infantry columns, in order to rally their squadrons into anything like order again. We expected that this affair would have capped the climax of the day's proceedings, and so it would—for the Russians were in full retreat—only that some person made a great mistake, but who that person was could not be found out, for dead men tell no tales. And now occurred the melancholy disaster, which

filled us all, as well as the spectators with sorrow. The general, it appears, being ambitious to recover the guns which had been captured from the Turks; gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, 15th Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing him to advance the Light Cavalry, and recover the guns from the enemy, if possible. Shortly afterwards the order was given by Nolan, who was shot soon after he gave it, and the Light Cavalry Brigade, under the command of Lord Cardigan, began to move down the valley of death (as we called it after that event).

"As they marched towards the front, the Russians opened fire on them from their field pieces, as well as from the guns in the redoubt, and with fearful volleys of musketry.

"We saw them plainly as we were drawn up in line just in rear of their position, and could scarcely believe our eyes, it seemed to us such an absurdity for such a handful of cavalry to charge a whole army in position. However, such was the fact. They swept proudly and bravely on, glittering in the morning sun, in all the pride and splendour of war—their desperate valour knew no bounds. Onward dashed the proud cavaliers with an undulating motion which tells of accelerated pace. Their comrades in arms gaze in sad amazement from the heights behind us. Oh! for a trumpet sound to call them back again! But, no, the thought is vain and hopeless. Fate beckons them on to a dreadful doom, which obedience decrees and courage will not evade; and for the honour of

'the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,' they made the desperate charge. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing into the arms of death! As they crossed the plain the whole line of the enemy belched forth flame through which hissed the deadly missiles.

"Their flight was marked by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. They never halt or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by round shot and musketry; with flashing blades above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a brave and noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the batteries, leaving the plain strewed with the bodies of their comrades. Through the clouds of smoke could be seen their sabres flashing, as they rushed up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners who crouched beneath gun and limber, behind wheels and under the gun horses, where they cleft the Russians to the chin at every stroke. But there is no time to pause or ferret them out, and they still fly forward pell-mell, for now it is wild excitement, and death showers of bullets and round shot are forgotten. The Russians, appalled by this terrific onslaught, waver before their desperate adversaries; but they cannot pursue beyond a certain distance. Already the foe is circling round to hem in the scattered remains of that noble and chivalrous brigade.

"The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry had passed, returned to their guns.

CHARGE OF LIGHT CAVALRY AT BALAKLAVA.

"They saw their own cavalry mingled with the British, who had just ridden over them, and to their shame and everlasting disgrace be it told, they poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin.

"The decimated heroes returned, few altogether untouched. The wild charge had passed over like a tornado, leaving but the traces of devastation and ruin behind—a dreary plain strewed with the bodies of wounded, dying and dead: The maimed and mutilated charger, with his military trappings presented a horrible spectacle, while others, riderless and untouched in the *melee*, gallop to and fro, or stand beside the motionless form of their late owner."

Let us turn away from the sad scene and cry all honour to the heroes of Balaklava! Their desperate chivalry saved the British army, struck terror into the enemy's heart, and crowned the Light Brigade with a wreath of unfading laurels.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Blow the bugle! sound the trumpet! let the clarion's thrilling cry,
Borne upon the passing breezes, speak defiance far and nigh;
Let the ringing echoes wake the stillness of the autumn day,
Where the little band of horsemen wait the signal for the fray.

Few they are: but every breast is swelling with a purpose high,
And a stern resolve is flashing in the light of every eye;
One the thought in every bosom, one the dearest wish of all,
If it may not be to conquer, yet for Britain's sake to fall.

Blow the bugle! sound the trumpet! let the glorious pennons wave
Gaily floating in the sunlight o'er the helmets of the brave!
For at last the word is given, and to battle for the right,
See the little band of horsemen riding onward to the fight.

Not to snatch an easy triumph; not to chase a flying foe;
Not to meet in equal conflict, man to man, and blow for blow;
Not with any hope of bringing proudly back the victory,
But, when duty bids them onward, they are riding forth to die.

For the path of honour lies across a long and rugged plain,
Where each onward stride is measured by the fall of comrade slain.
See the dark and serried masses of the foemen far away,
And on either side the cannon grimly waiting for their prey.

Blow the bugle! sound the trumpet! sound it with a solemn strain.
As the noble-hearted horsemen ride across the dreary plain.
Twice three hundred light dragoons in their pageantry and pride,
Tell me, who of all that number shall return at eventide!

None of all will play the craven; none will rein his charger back,
As they press together onwards all along the deadly track.
Fewer still, but still advancing, till they gain the fatal goal;
Fitting resting-place for heroes, where the martial thunders roll.

Oh! how sad, and yet how glorious! stretched beneath an Eastern sky;
Parted not in direst peril, side by side the heroes lie!
Far away from lordly castle, far away from cottage home,
Severed each from many a loved one by the leagues of ocean foam.

Weep, oh, weep not for the fallen! weep not for the young and brave,
Doomed in all their grace and beauty, thus to find a soldier's grave;
For they died the death of heroes; died at duty's stern command;
Died for those they loved in Britain, fighting in a foreign land.

Say not 'twas in vain their prowess ! say not it was all in vain ;
All the precious life-blood shed so freely on that gory plain ;
Come what may—to fail or conquer—they have nobly done their part,
And their deed of dauntless daring strengthens every failing heart.

Speak it not with stern rebuking to the sordid love of self ;
Shames it not their lofty bearing, schemes of pleasure or of pelf ;
Reads it not a lesson to the lagging soldiers of the cross ;
Bidding them to bear unshrinking, pain, and suffering, and loss.

Yes ! their lofty, proud devotion lives enshrined in many a heart.
Nerving many a wavering spirit to embrace the nobler part,
And to fight life's battle bravely, till the sounds of discord cease,
And the strife of earthly passions fades before the reign of peace.

T. F.

CHAPTER XIX.

EXPLOSION—POUNCED UPON—THE ALARM—THE BATTLE—KILLED AND WOUNDED—WOODEN HUTS—GOOD TIMES—THE TURKS—THE MARCH—RULE BRITANNIA—THE STAFF—BOMBARDMENT—THE STORM—THE SIEGE—LIEUT. WILLIAMS—SAILORS—I GET WOUNDED—HOSPITAL—SARDINIANS—DESCRIPTION—ATTACK ON QUARRIES—FLAG OF TRUCE—ARMISTICE—BURYING THE DEAD—KILLED AND WOUNDED.

APRIL 6th. This morning, one of our thirteen inch mortar batteries fired several of their mighty big shells into the Redan; and after they exploded we could see beams of timber, men's bodies, legs and arms, thrown high into the air.

One of those shells sunk so deep into the earth, that it exploded a mine, and tore their works to pieces, we could see the blaze of fire like lightning run along a portion of their works.

The working party in the advanced trench last night, were pounced upon in the middle of the night by the Russians, and a regular hand-to-hand fight ensued. Our men who were armed with the new Enfield Rifle, could not draw their ramrods, the wood of the rifle being new, had swelled with the rain and continued dampness, causing the rifle to get wood-bound, this had occurred more

than once to my own knowledge; therefore after the first volley, they had no resource, but, to use their bayonets and butt end of their rifles, or bill-hooks, pick-axes, and spades, which they had been using at their work. After the sentries gave the alarm, the covering party from the third parallel came to their assistance, and after a fierce contest, the Russians were repulsed with great loss. Our loss on that occasion was 60 men killed and wounded. Next evening on reaching camp we were agreeably surprised at beholding two neat wooden huts which had been erected for our regiment during our absence, one for the Grenadiers, and the other for the light company. When the men took possession of those comfortable huts, they were delighted at the change. Besides, to perfect our happiness, we were receiving a small supply of firewood, and things were beginning to assume a more cheerful appearance. The weather too was getting fine, and the camp ground dry. We also got a divisional canteen established, where we could purchase several articles of luxury, though at an exorbitant price, such as, butter, cheese, bread, bottled ale and porter, besides several other useful articles, which we required to nourish and strengthen us, after the hardship we suffered during the severe winter. But as the old adage says truly, "It never rains but it pours," for we were getting winter clothing now, such as comforters, guernseys, woollen shirts, and jackets when they were not needed much.

It was a pity our men did not get these things during the severity of the winter, but even now, they were

thankful for getting them; they came in useful during the night time. Their thankfulness, however, was tinged with bitter regret, that our brave departed comrades could never share those comforts. As our neat wooden huts rose up in rows, one after another, the eye rested sadly on the rows of humble mounds of earth, which marked the last resting-place of those noble souls, who perished in their wet and muddy blankets, under a dismal tent. I am glad to state, however, that there was not a regiment in the Crimea, but had some generous friends in the mother country, whose care and bounty had provided them with luxuries beyond all price, to the sick and broken soldiers; some sent tobacco, cheese, arrowroot, and warm clothing. In fact, the bountiful kindness and love of the people at home, had most liberally contributed to the wants of the army, which never shall be forgotten. In anticipation of the coming contest for the possession of Sebastopol, a small acquisition of 12,000 Turks had been landed at Kamiesch bay, on the 8th of April. They had a long and difficult march to their camp-ground above Balaklava. It was astonishing that so few men fell out of the ranks or straggled behind, notwithstanding the heavy road and long march. They were the proud possessors of a brass band, if such it might be called, which astonished the British soldiers by playing, "Rule Britannia," as they marched past our camp, most of the regiments were preceded by drums and fifes. The colonel of each regiment and their two majors rode at the head of their respective corps, caparisoned on small, but, spiri-

ted horses, covered with rich saddle-cloths, and followed by their pipe-bearers.

The mules, with the tents, marched on the right and the artillery on the left, each gun was drawn by six horses; the baggage animals marched in the rear. The regiments marched in columns of companies at quarter distance, and were armed with the very old fashioned flint-lock musket, which by the way looked clean and bright. They all displayed rich standards, blazing with cloth of gold, and coloured flags with crescent and star embroidered on them. All the men carried a small pack with a blanket on the top, a small piece of carpet to sit on, and cooking utensils. As they marched along they presented a very warlike appearance, the reality of which was enhanced by the thunder of big guns at Sebastopol, and the bursting of shells in the air.

During the afternoon, the whole of our division were employed in building a fence around the burial ground, and placing a rustic gate at the entrance. We noticed that generals of divisions and their staff were very active through the camp, and *aides-de-camp* galloping to and fro with orders, seemed to us a sure indication that a desperate struggle for the capture of Sebastopol was impending. The French staff, too, were actively employed,—General Canrobert and staff passed us by on their way from Lord Raglan's headquarters, where a council of war had been held by the commanders, but nothing definite was made known. But from the bustle and excitement among the staff we anticipated something

of great importance to take place in the near future We were not kept long in suspense, for our expectations were verified on Easter Monday morning, at day-break, when the whole line of batteries, from left to right, both French and English, opened fire simultaneously on Sebastopol. The instant the firing commenced, the overhanging clouds seemed to have burst with the terrific thunder of the big guns and mortars, and the rain poured down in torrents, accompanied by a stiff breeze of wind. So thick was the atmosphere that even the flashes of the guns were scarcely visible, and the gunners must have fired at guess work part of the time, as it was impossible to see more than a few yards in advance.

A driving sheet of rain, and a Black Sea fog shrouded the whole camp, which had resumed the miserable aspect so well known to us already, tents were blown down, the mud had already become very deep, and the ground covered with slush and pools of dirty water. Our batteries were thundering away continuously in regular salvos, at the rate of forty shots a minute, but with the downpouring rain and fog, it was so very hard work that it was necessary for the gunners to slacken the fire considerably.

The Russians were taken completely by surprise, when our batteries opened such a terrible fire; and some time elapsed before their batteries responded.

Lord Raglan. Sir John Campbell and General Jones, as wet and drenching as the day was, posted themselves in their favourite spot at the Green Hill trench, whence

they could get a good view along the whole of the batteries. At five o'clock the sun descended in a dark pall, which covered the sky, and cast a pale light upon the masses of curling vapour across the line of batteries The outlines of the town were faintly visible through the smoke and rain. It seemed quivering inside the lines of fire around it. The ground beneath was lit up by incessant flashes from the guns and mortars, and long trails of smoke streamed across it, spurting up in thick volumes tinged with fire. That same evening at sundown our regiment furnished 450 men for the trenches. As we were relieving the 21st and 57th Regiments, the Russians opened fire with tremendous salvos from their batteries. Our gunners made excellent practice though, and soon silenced several of their most troublesome guns, and at every shot the earth was knocked up out of the enemy's parapets and embrasures, and guns dismounted. The French had silenced ten guns on the Flagstaff battery, and had inflicted heavy damage on their works. On our side we had silenced half the guns on the Redan and Malakoff; but the Barrack and Garden batteries were not much injured, and kept up a brisk fire against us of round shot.

During the night the firing was very heavy on both sides; there was a continual roar of big guns and mortars. We also discharged large quantities of rockets into the town, and our mortars kept up a steady fire on the Redan and Garden batteries. During the night we were greatly exposed to the enemy's fire, for we were employed

as hard as ever we could work, in patching up embrasures, platforms, and mounting big guns; we had mounted two guns in the second parallel, broken platforms were renewed, and damaged guns replaced by others.

April 13th. At dawn this morning the batteries on both sides commenced their terrible duel as usual, and it was evident that the Russians had wonderfully exerted themselves to repair damages during the night, for they had replaced four or five damaged guns, repaired broken embrasures and injured parapets, and were as ready to meet our fire as we were to meet theirs. The firing did not slacken the whole day.

About three o'clock, we were repairing a battery on the left of the second parallel, when the Russians opened a fierce fire of shell and round shot; one of the latter knocked the head clean off the shoulders of one man, dashing his brains into Captain O'Connor's face, and all over the breast of his tunic. As he was getting the man's brains washed off his face and clothing, a piece of shell struck Lieut. Williams, and cut the left eye clean out of his head.

As I was gazing with horror at the officer's eye hanging by a shred of flesh down on his cheek, a piece of shell struck myself on the head, cutting through my forage cap, and sinking into my skull. This all happened in less time than I can tell it; the shelling was fearful. I saw six shells burst in our trench at one time.

Lieut. Williams and myself, with many others, were, of course, placed *hors de combat* for some time after. The

doctor dressed our wounds behind the Green Hill, and then we were conducted to hospital by a couple of bandsmen. The sailors suffered severely, although they only worked about forty guns in the different batteries; yet they lost more men in proportion to their number than any of the other siege trains; at the time I got wounded they had then seventy men killed and four wounded.

The sailors in Chapman's battery silenced five of the best guns in the Redan yesterday; but the Russians replaced them during the night, and opened fire from them in the morning with a vengeance. The Redan was very much damaged on the right and front face, four of the embrasures were knocked level with the inside, but the Russians worked hard repairing their batteries during the night; they were so numerous they could spare the men; besides they had no shot and shell to carry from a distance as we had.

When I arrived at the hospital, the doctor examined my wound, dressed it, put me to bed, the first I lay on since I left Gibraltar last year, and the first time I was ever sick in hospital. The change seemed to me a strange one—the doctors were so attentive and unremitting in the care of the sick and wounded men, and so many hospital orderlies waiting on the sick.

I did not think at the time that I deserved such attention and kindness as they were bestowing on me; for I often had seen a man getting an uglier wound from the crack of a shillalah at a fair in Ireland, but the doctor made me believe that the wound was much more severe

than I had thought it at first. I was surprised to see so many men in hospital with diarrhœa, dysentery, and a few with scurvy; sick and wounded men kept coming in from the camp and trenches day and night. The worst cases were to be sent down to Balaklava. I was glad not to be one of them, for I did not want to go so far from my old regiment.

After three long weeks of careful medical treatment, my wound was nearly healed, and soon after I was discharged from hospital and returned fit for duty once more, thanks be to God, and recommended for light camp duty for a few days.

The weather was clear and beautiful, a gentle breeze fanned the outspreading streets of canvas tents, for we had only received two wooden huts for the regiment. When I joined my company I was anxious to have a good view of Old Sebastopol once more, and see how it appeared after the storm of shot and shell which I had heard roaring and bursting during the three weeks which I had been in hospital. I therefore betook myself to the top of Cathcart's Hill, on the side of which our camp rested. On reaching its summit I found the air clear and bracing, the reports of the big guns and crackling of rifles were clear and distinct. The white buildings, domes, and cupolas of the city stood out with menacing distinctness against the sky, and the suburbs and massive batteries seemed just the same, and looked equally as strong and impregnable as when I last saw them three weeks ago.

The Sardinians were visible massing on the hills around Karanyi. Three steamers had arrived a few days ago laden with those troops. They landed all ready for the field, with their transport horses, mules, carts and other vehicles, they had a very showy but martial appearance, and every one admired the air and carriage of those troops.

We could not help noticing the large, gay, plume of green feathers on the top of their dandy shako. The officers wore a plume of green ostrich feathers. When on the march they carry very small square tents which are upheld by their lances stuck in the ground, one at each end of the little tent, the infantry use a stick, and their encampment with its flags floating in the air, has a very military appearance.

June 6th. At three p.m. the whole of our batteries encircling Sebastopol, once more, for the third time, opened a terrible fire on the enemy's works.

The English and French were well prepared in strength and power—equal to any achievement, and in the best of spirits, and anxious for a good charge at the Russians with the bayonet.

Every one felt that the intention of going beyond a vain bombardment was tolerably plain, and with some strong defiance of the risk. Before the fire opened Lord Raglan and Genl. Pellisier, with their staff, rode through the camp, amidst the cheers and acclamations of both armies. There could have been no doubt as to the zeal of those brave troops whom they commanded.

Our fire was kept up for four hours with the greatest rapidity. The superiority of our fire over the enemy became apparent at various points before night-fall, especially on the Redan, which was under the special attention of the sailors' batteries. After dark the fire slackened somewhat on both sides, but the same relative advantage was maintained by our artillery. The fire of our batteries, which continued steadily until daybreak, when it assumed a sudden fury that was kept up until the critical moment with great activity. The affair itself came off about seven o'clock p.m., when the head of the French attacking columns climbed its arduous road to the Mamelon. A rocket was thrown up as a signal to our division, and instantly the small force of our men made a rush at the Quarries. After a hard hand-to-hand fight we drove out the Russians, and turned round the gabions and commenced to fortify ourselves in our newly acquired position. At the same time the French went up the side of the Mamelon in most beautiful style, like a pack of hounds trying to rout a fox from his old cover; the Zouaves were upon the parapet firing down upon the Russians; the next moment a flag was run up as a rallying point, and was seen to sway to and fro, now up, now down, as the tide of battle raged around it; and then like a swarm of bees they went into the Mamelon, when a fierce hand-to-hand encounter with the bayonet and musket ensued; and after a very hard contested battle, the French succeeded in driving the enemy from the Mamelon. In the meantime our men fought at the Quar-

ries, and repelled six successive attacks of the Russians, who displayed the most singular daring, bravery, and recklessness of life, to obtain possession of the Quarries. They made repeated attacks during the night on our men, who defended their new acquisition with the utmost courage, and at a great sacrifice of life, against superior numbers continually reinforced. Yet our men maintained their ground against many fierce attempts to wrest it from them, and oft repeated hand-to-hand encounters in the position itself. But the most murderous sortie of the enemy took place about three o'clock in the morning; then the whole of the batteries were lit up with a blaze of fire, and storms of shot and shell were thrown from the Redan and other batteries within range. When morning dawned the position held by both French and English was of the greatest importance. The morning brought out on every side, along with the perception of advantage gained, and a prey lying at our feet, all the haste and circumstances of the scene, with its painful consequences of death and suffering. On our side about 400 men and 40 officers were killed and wounded. The French had 1,200 killed and wounded.

Next day flags of truce were hoisted from the Malakoff and Redan and Flagstaff batteries, which announced that the Russians requested an armistice to bury their dead; it was a grave request to make in the midst of a fierce bombardment, evidently a ruse to gain time, events hanging in the balance, success, perhaps, depending upon the passing moment; but it was granted by Lord Raglan,—I

dare not criticise his lordship,—from one o'clock until six in the evening, during which time no shot was fired on either side, while the dead bodies which strewed the hill in front of the Quarries were moved from the field of slaughter. The corpses which encumbered the earth, and were in process of removal, gave out faint tokens of coming putrefaction; fragments of bodies and marks of carnage were interspersed with, as usual, gabions and broken firelocks. During the five hours' armistice the enemy, with their wonted perseverance, had been making good use of their time, which we knew they would; and when the firing commenced, which it did instantly the flags were lowered. A few minutes before six o'clock it was plain that the Malakoff and Redan had both received reinforcements of guns—so much for politeness—for the Russians were most artful in hiding their working parties during the armistice. We had many men killed and wounded during the night in our new position, into which the Russians kept firing grape and canister from their batteries which flanked the rear of the Redan.

CHAPTER XX.

BOMBARDMENT—THE ASSAULT—GREAT REDAN—THE BATTLE—BALAKLAVA — HOSPITAL — MISS NIGHTINGALE—NURSES—PROMOTED — DISCHARGED FROM HOSPITAL—DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN.

AFTER the contest for the rifle pits and Mamelon, on the 8th and 9th, a temporary lull took place in the siege operations, which was necessary, in order to make preparations for a yet more formidable assault on the Malakoff and Redan, of which the Mamelon and Quarries were mere advanced works. Therefore, on the morning of the 17th June, 1855, the batteries of the allied armies before Sebastopol opened fire from the whole line of trenches, from left to right. The tremendous roar of big guns and mortars was terrible. What a pity that this bombardment had not been kept up until the general assault took place next morning, which Lord Raglan had intended; but in order to suit the wishes of General Pellisier, it was most unfortunate that his Lordship was induced to abandon his intention, instead of which the Russians were allowed to strengthen their batteries and reinforce them with troops owing to the lull in the firing. By the time the assault was made, they were well prepared to meet us.

June 18th. At 2 o'clock in the morning, the 4th division

under General Wyndham and Sir John Campbell, consisting of the 17th, 20th, 21st, 57th and 63rd Regiments, were marched down to the twenty-one gun battery; thence by files through zigzags to the Quarries, under a galling fire of shot and shell from the Redan, the 17th Regiment leading. As we reached the Quarries, the men got packed closely together in such a small space; and the Russians, having the exact range, threw the shell right amongst our men, tearing them to pieces, throwing their legs and arms high in the air, as we stood there a target for the Russians, waiting for the two rockets which was the signal from the French, when they got into the Malakoff. A shell struck Sergeant Connel of the Grenadier company, tearing him to shreds and throwing one of his legs fifty yards off, which was found afterwards and known by the regimental number on the sock. That leg was all of him that could ever be seen afterwards. Paddy Belton, the third man from me, got struck with a shell and torn to pieces, and several others. We had much better have tried to get into the Redan, than to stand there in suspense, a target for shell and shot. The sailors and 20th Regiment were told off to carry scaling ladders and wool packs; the latter were placed on the field as cover for the riflemen, who were told off to cover the advance of the storming party, firing at the Russian gunners through the embrasures. As the ladder party advanced toward the ditch of the Redan, a storm of grape, canister, rifle bullets and pieces of old nails and iron, were discharged from the big guns of the Redan, besides a cross-fire from the curtains of the

Little Redan and Malakoff, causing great slaughter to the small parties of sailors and 20th Regiment. I saw one of the ladder carriers knocked down from one end by a shot, when the weight of the ladder devolved on the other man who dragged it along the best way he could, till he was also knocked over. After hard tugging, several had got as far as the abatis, where they had another delay; for during the night the Russians had repaired and strengthened it. This obstructed the advance of the ladder party, who used the greatest exertions to remove that barrier; all who were not shot worked through and deposited their ladders in the ditch of the Redan. Of those who fell their ladders lay on the ground between the Quarries and Redan. The ladders were barely deposited in the ditch when Lord Raglan gave the order for the advance of the storming parties, which consisted of the 17th, 21st, 57th and 63rd Regiments. This small party, led by Sir John Campbell, were to attack the left side of that immense and formidable stronghold, the Great Redan.

The light division, led by the gallant Colonel Yea, consisted of the 7th, 23rd, 33rd, 34th, 77th and 88th Regiments, the right side, and the 2nd division the centre or apex. On the signal being given, Captain John Croker sang out at the top of his voice, "Grenadiers of the 17th, advance," when the company bounded over the parapet, like one man led by their captain, followed by the other companies. When the Russians saw us advancing, they opened such a terrific fire of grape, canister and musketry, that it was almost impossible for any man to escape being

hit. As we advanced up to the abatis, Sir John Campbell was shot, also my noble captain, John Croker, who was struck with a grape shot in the head and fell.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN CAMPBELL AND CAPTAIN JOHN CROKER.

Who fell leading the assault on the Great Redan, June 18th, 1855.

Ye Grenadiers ! who fear no foe, and scoff at death,
Full well I know, that to your dying breath
You'll fight like warriors, or like heroes fall,
So now obey your Queen and country's call.

To crush those Russians with relentless hand,
And scale their ramparts like a gallant band,
Let John Campbell's orders be our guide,
We'll fight and conquer by that hero's side.

Nor will we humble to the Russian bear ;
While God is with us we need never fear ;
Grasp your swords for victory's glorious crown,
And share with none those deeds of high renown.

The warriors brave around John Croker stood,
Within the Quarries ready to shed their blood ;
While our noble Captain on the signal given,
Cries, Grenadiers, advance ! trust your fate to heaven.

Stung with desire we raised the battle-cry,
And rushed well forward to win the fight or die,
Our Captain waved high his sword, and then
Onward he dashed, followed by all his gallant men.

Who with one loud hurrah, the silence broke,
And charged like Britons through fire and smoke ;
A moment more, the bloody struggle came,
With roar of cannon and with flash and flame.

While piled in ghastly heaps brave soldiers lay,
Filling the trenches with their dead that day,
Croker's voice was heard above the battle din,
Leading his company through deadly slaughter then.

Until at last the fatal bullet riven,
Laid our hero low, and sent his soul to heaven;
Deep was the grief and sorrow at his loss we bore,
As the noble chieftain lay weltering in his gore.

While round his ghastly corpse we bravely tried
To quell the sweeping torrent, the rushing tide
That rushed upon us with a resistless fire,
And levelled our heroes in heaps, there to expire.

But few escaped of the forlorn band,
Of that chivalric company Crocker did command:
But those who did stuck by their leader still,
And laid his corpse to rest on Cathcart's Hill.

T. FAUGHNAN.

At this time, if the commander had supported us, we would have taken the Redan; but the few men who were sent out were shot down. Scarcely a man advanced as far as the Redan but got either killed or wounded. I got shot through the right arm, fracturing the bone. As I was coming back, covered with blood, for the wound was severe, I saw a man named John Dwyer, who got struck with a grape-shot in the thigh. He said to me, "Oh, Faughnan, I am kilt intirely." He had scarcely spoken when a round shot struck him again and put an end to his sufferings. I was conducted to the ravine, at the Woronzoff road by a drummer, where the doctors and hospital orderlies were in their shirt-sleeves, hard at work, ampu-

tating legs and arms, and binding up wounds; it was fearful to see all the legs and arms lying around. After the doctor stopped the blood with a patent bandage, he dressed my wound, and sent me to hospital on an ambulance waggon with twelve other wounded men. During the assault on the Redan and Malakoff, the third division, under General Eyre, consisting of the 9th, 18th, 28th, 38th and 44th Regiments, with a company of picked marksmen, under Major Fielden, of the 44th regiment, were pushed forward to feel the way, and cover the advance. At the signal for the general assault, the 18th Royal Irish, being the storming party, rushed at the cemetery, and got possession, dislodging the Russians with a small loss; but the moment the Russians retired, the batteries opened a heavy fire on them, from the barrack and Garden batteries.

The 18th at once rushed out of the cemetery towards the town, and succeed in getting into some houses; Captain Hayman was gallantly leading his company when he was shot. Once in the houses, they prepared to defend themselves. Meantime the enemy did their utmost to blow down the houses with shot, shell, grape and canister; but the men kept close though they lost many men. They entered the houses about six oclock in the morning, and could not leave them until eight o'clock in the evening. The enemy at last blew up many of the houses, and set fire to others. When our men rushed out of them the fire was now spreading all over. The 9th also effected a lodgment in some houses, and held their possession as well as the 18th. Why were these men not supported by large

bodies of troops, so as to take the enemy on the flank, and move round behind the Redan? Whose fault was it? Not the men's! Whose fault was it that the Redan was not breached by round shot, and the abatis swept away before the assault was made? Not the men's! Whose fault was it that large supports were not pushed forward to the Redan, on the assault being made? Not the men's! Nothing can be compared to the bravery, daring and courage of the officers and soldiers of the British army, when they are brought properly into action; but when a handful of men are sent to take a stronghold like the Redan, armed as it was with all sorts of destructive missiles, and manned by an immense force, it could not be expected that men could do impossibilities. An armistice to bury the dead was granted by the Russians and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th, white flags were hoisted on the Redan and Malakoff, and in an instant afterwards burying parties of the French and English emerged from the trenches and commenced to carry off their dead and bury them in rear of the trenches, all in one grave, and in their clothes as they lay, except the officers, who were taken to camp, and buried at Cathcart's Hill. Many wounded men were found close to the abatis, who were lying there thirty-six hours in their blood-stained clothes, in the scorching sun, without a drop of water to quench their thirst. Several had crawled away during the night, and hundreds had died of their wounds as they lay. After the burial was over, the white flags were lowered and firing commenced again once more. As the ambulance waggons moved along

the Woronzoff road towards the hospitals, I could not help regretting our loss in officers and men, more especially Captain John Croker. He was a very strict officer, but a very kind gentleman; that is, he expected every man to do his duty faithfully and zealously, and beyond that, he was indulgent, generous, and always anxious for the comfort, happiness and amusement of his company. A better, braver, or more dignified and gentlemanly officer, a kinder friend than Captain John Croker was not in the service, nor one more precise, more exacting, more awake to the slightest professional neglect of duty; and his loss to the grenadier company, I am sure, will be deeply and sorely felt; he was a native of the County Limerick. On arrival at the hospital the doctor examined my wound, and found that the bone was fractured. He then set it after taking out three splinters, dressed it, put it in a splint, gave me a glass of brandy, and put me to bed. The hospital was getting so crowded I was one of a party of wounded men who were sent down to Balaklava hospital on mules, next day at ten o'clock. The number sent down from the divisions was two hundred: each mule carried two patients; we sat back to back. On arrival at Balaklava hospital we were told off to comfortable huts, each containing beds or cots. The wounded men were separated from the others; those very severely wounded were put to bed, and at dinner time one of Miss Nightingale's ladies came round, and spoke kindly to us, and examined our wounds, which we appreciated very much; and at tea time the same lady brought us arrowroot and port

wine. Next morning the doctor dressed our wounds, and the lady brought us all sorts of delicacies. How different to the camp rations of salt junk and hard tack; and now we had a real lady to nurse us and attend to our wants. I thought that it was worth getting wounded to have such attendance. Nothing could surpass the kindness and attention which those ladies showed the wounded men; each of them had a certain number of patients under her care; and truly their kindness and unremitting exertions did more good to alleviate the pain and suffering of the wounded men than all the doctors' medicine. The weather was so very hot that my arm began to swell, so that the doctor got alarmed and consulted another doctor, when they decided to amputate my arm. I did not like the idea of losing my arm, but the doctors thought the swelling would get into my body; so when the nurse came round with the arrowroot in the evening, after she had washed and dressed my wound, she advised me not to have my arm taken off, but to go down to a spring that gushed from a rock at the foot of the hill, and there hold the wound under the stream as long as I could bear it, every day. I did as she told me. I then told the doctor that I would not have my arm taken off. I sat at the spring all day, except at meal times, and held my arm under the cold water that rushed out of the rock, and at the end of a week the swelling reduced. From that time it began to get better; I was in good health and was allowed to walk round the hills during the day. The head surgeon, Dr. Jephson, allowed us every privilege,

and our nurse brought us note paper, envelopes and postage stamps so that we could write home to our friends. The invalids were allowed to roam around the rocks all day between meal times. The hospital, which had been recently established, afforded great comfort to our sick and wounded men, who were saved the evils of a sea voyage to Scutari. It already presents the appearance of a little village with small patches of gardens in front of the huts; and its position on those heights, among the rocks, overhanging the sea and deep crags, which wind up past the old Genoese tower that stands at the entrance of the Balaklava harbour, to the height of our camp over the sea, is strikingly picturesque. The judicious surgical treatment of my arm, and the careful manner in which the doctor's directions were carried out by our nurse, together with holding it under the stream of cold spring water, soon restored it to use again; several other men whose wounds were very severe were fast improving under this lady's care. Her assiduity and skill as a nurse, as well as the gentle kindness of her manner, fully warranted the greatest respect from her patients, who almost idolized her, whose presence in the hut stilled the pain of the wounded men. We often wondered whether she ever slept as she seemed to be always attending one or another of her charge. Miss Nightingale had returned to Balaklava from Scutari a few days ago, so I had the gratification of seeing that heroic lady, whose honoured name is often mentioned among the soldiers of the British Army with the most profound respect—that high born lady, Florence

Nightingale, the sick and wounded soldier's friend, whose name will be handed down to future generations, as the greatest heroine of her sex, who left her happy home with all the genial associations, comforts and social attractions which her birth, education and accomplishments so well enable her to appreciate; going out to a country wherein every turn spoke of war and slaughter; taking up her abode in an hospital containing none of her own sex save those noble ladies who accompanied her as nurses; watching and tending the sick from morning till night, among hundreds of wounded, sick, emaciated and hungry soldiers. All these things considered, there has indeed rarely, if ever, been such an example of heroic daring combined with feminine gentleness. Although there is a heroism in charging an enemy on the heights of Inkerman, in defiance of death and all mortal opposition, worthy of all praise and honour, yet the quiet sympathy, the largeness of her religious heart, and her wondrous powers of consolation, will ever be remembered with the love, thankfulness and affection of the soldiers of the British army, and by no one more than T. Faughnan.

LINES TO MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

At the Crimean war thy life was new;
You left your home, and country too,
To tend the wounded with hands so fair,
To Balaklava hospital you did repair.

Miss Florence Nightingale, for you is given
The soldier's prayer to God in Heaven,
That you may soar to Him above,
For your noble valour and Christian love.

If angels are here on earth below,
You must be one of them we know ;
For flesh and blood can not compare,
Such genuine valour and angelic care

As you displayed, without one thought
Of the sleepless nights on you it brought ;
May God His blessings on you descend,
Is a soldier's prayer whom you did befriend.

When you this earthly race have run,
May Angels lead you to the Son,
There to sing with Christ for evermore,
Whom here, on earth, you ever did adore.

T. FAUGHNAN.

After it was ascertained at the regiment that I was not killed, as was reported, but only wounded, and in hospital at Balaklava, the commanding officer had me promoted to full corporal, and my promotion dated back from the first of April previous, which left me three months' back pay to draw. This news reached me a few days before I was discharged from hospital. On the 20th of August, I was discharged from hospital, and once more proceeded to join my regiment in camp. After thanking the Sisters for all their kindness and attention to me while under their charge, I bade them all good-bye, and started to the front with six others.

On arrival at camp, the first I met was Major Gordon, who was very glad to see me. He said to me, "Faughnan, we all thought you were killed that morning. I am sorry I did not know that you were only wounded before I sent off the returns; I would have recommended you for the Victoria Cross—but it cannot be helped now, as I have recommended Corporal John Smith for it." I thanked him very kindly, and joined my company, who were all well pleased to see me.

There is a sad feeling among the officers and soldiers in camp, and deep regret evinced at the loss of Lord Raglan, who departed this life at nine o'clock p.m., the 28th June, 1855. His death appears to have at once stilled every feeling but that of respect for his memory; and the remembrance of the many long years he faithfully and untiringly served his country; and his frequent cheering visits among the men in camp, had endeared him to the army now before Sebastopol. A military procession was formed at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 3rd of July, to escort the body to Kazatch Bay. As many as could be spared from duty in the trenches and, with safety to the camp, from every infantry regiment, formed an avenue from the British to the French headquarters, and from thence to Kazatch Bay, where the *Caradoc* was ready to receive her melancholy freight. The French troops formed a similar avenue. The cavalry and batteries of artillery were formed up behind the lines of infantry, and bands were stationed at intervals, and played the Dead March as the procession moved slowly

along the route marked out by the line of infantry, The coffin was carried on a gun carriage—the soldier's hearse. At each side rode the four commanders of the allied armies; then followed all the generals and officers who could be spared from trench duty. As the solemn procession moved along, minute guns were fired by the field artillery of the French. At Kazatch Bay, marines and sailors were formed upon the wharf; the naval officers were in attendance; and the body of Lord Raglan was placed on board of Her Majesty's Ship *Caradoc*, and removed from that battle-field where both his body and mind had suffered for the last nine months, and where many hundreds of gallant officers lie in their gore and glory, waiting for the sound of the last trumpet to come forth.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTAIN COULTHURST—SIEGE—BOMBARDMENT—ASSAULT—REDAN—THE BATTLE—8TH SEPTEMBER—THE EVACUATION—RUSSIANS—BRITISH IN SEBASTOPOL.

AUGUST 25th. Captain Coulthurst arrived at camp with a draft of three hundred men, who were posted to the different companies, to fill up the vacancies left by those who fell in battle, or died in hospital, or camp, during the winter. During the month of July and August our loss in the trenches was very heavy although the achievements were not such as brought great fame and honour to the hard-working army. The outworks had approached so near the Russan batteries that our trenches afforded very insufficient shelter from shot, shell, and rifle bullets, which killed and wounded so many of our working parties, swelling the list of dead and wounded very much every twenty-four hours. Every thing was now reported ready by the engineers and artillery officers for one last and desperate assault on the fortifications.

The labour bestowed by the Russians to strengthen the Redan and Malakoff was almost inconceivable—a formidable abatis of sharpened stakes in front, a parapet thirty feet high, ditch twenty feet deep by twenty-four feet wide, with three tiers of heavy guns and mortars rising one

above another. Such was the Malakoff and Redan. The plan of assault was, a vigorous fire to open on the enemy's batteries, by the Allies, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th: followed on the 8th of September, 1855, by a storming of the Malakoff by the French, and of the Redan by the British. Generals Pellisier and Simpson arranged that at dawn, on the 8th, the French storming columns were to leave the trenches, the British to storm the Redan; the tricolor flag planted on the Malakoff was to be the signal that the French had triumphed and the British were then to storm the Redan, for unless the Malakoff was captured first, the Redan could not be held, as the former was the key of the position, therefore the Malakoff should be attacked first and with a very strong force.

Appalling in its severity was the final bombardment of Sebastopol. It began at day-break as previously arranged by the commanders, the shot and shell shaking the very ground with the tremendous reverberations, raising clouds of earth and overturning batteries along the Russian lines, filling the air with vivid gleams and sparks, and trains of fire, burying the horizon in dense clouds of smoke and vapour, and carrying death and destruction into the heart of, and all over the city. After three hours of this tremendous fire, the guuners ceased for a while to cool their guns and rest themselves; then resumed with such effect that the Russian earth-works became awfully cut up, without, however, exhibiting any actual gaps or breaches, which would have befallen stone batteries, under such a storm of shot and shell, proving the defensive power of earth-works. Darkness did not stay this devas-

tation; shell and shot continued to whistle through the air, marking out a line of light to show their flight, and crashing and bursting against the defences and buildings. The Malakoff and Redan, when no longer visible in daylight, were brought out into vivid relief by the bursting of shells and the flashes of guns. One of the ships in the harbour caught fire from a shell, and was burnt to the water's edge. All through the night fire continued, which prevented the Russians from repairing their parapets and embrasures, and with dawn on the 6th, the roar of cannon was only interrupted by a few intervals to cool the guns. The enemy seeing that the hour of peril had arrived, used almost superhuman exertions to work their batteries; increased agitation was visible among them, and several movements seemed to indicate the removal from the south to the north side of the harbour of all such persons and valuables as would not be required to render assistance in the defence. Again did a night of intermittent fire ensue. On the 7th another ship was burnt in the harbour by our shells; flames broke out in the town, and a loud explosion like that of a magazine took place in the evening.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE 8TH SEPT., 1855.

To-morrow, comrade, we
At the Great Redan must be,
  There to conquer or both lie low!
The morning star is up,
But there's wine still in the cup
  And we'll take another tot, ere we go, boys, go,
  And we'll take another tot, ere we go.

'Tis true, in warriors' eyes
Sometimes a tear will rise,
When we think of our friends left at home,
But what can wailing do,
Sure our goblet's weeping too,
With its tears we'll chase away our own, boys, our own,
With its tears we'll chase away our own.

The morning may be bright;
But this may be the last night
That we shall ever pass together;
The next night where shall we
And our gallant comrades be?
But—no matter—grasp thy sword, and away, boys, away.
No matter—grasp thy sword, and away.

Let those who brook the lot
Of the Russian great despot,
Like cowards at home they may stay;
Cheers for our Queen be given,
While our souls we trust to heaven,
Then, for Britain and our Queen, boys, hurra! hurra! hurra!
Then, for Britain and our Queen, boys, hurra!

THOS. FAUGHNAN.

On the morning of the 8th, a destructive and pitiless storm of shot and shell continued until noon, when the French issued forth, preceded by riflemen and sappers and miners. The French had bridges as substitutes for ladders; the ditch was crossed by the bridges, and the parapet scaled with surprising celerity. Then commenced the struggle, with guns, rifles, pistols, swords, bayonets, and gun-rammers; but in a quarter of an hour the tri-

color flag floated on the Malakoff, announcing that the formidable position was taken.

Although the French had captured it, the Russians so well knew its value, it being the key to the whole position, that they made furious attempts at recapture. But the French General judiciously sent powerful reserves to the support of McMahon, and these reserves maintained a series of desperate battles against the Russians within the Malakoff, bayonet against bayonet, musket against musket, man against man. The contest continued for several hours; but the French triumphed, and drove the Russians from their stronghold,

Anything more wildly disorderly than the interior of the Malakoff can hardly be imagined. The earth had been torn up by the explosion of shells, and every foot of the ground became a frightful scene of bloody struggles; thousands of dead and wounded men being heaped up within this one fort alone. As soon as the tricolor was seen floating on the Malakoff, two rockets gave the signal for the British columns to storm the Redan. Out rushed the storming party, preceded by the ladder and covering party, a mere handful altogether; indeed it appears astonishing that so few should have been told off for so great a work; every soldier had a perilous duty assigned him. The riflemen were to cover the advance of the ladder party, by shooting down the gunners at the embrasures of the Redan; the ladder party to place the ladders in the ditch. As soon as the storming party rushed from the Quarries, the guns of the Redan opened a fierce

fire on them, sweeping them down as they advanced. Col. Unett, of the 19th Regiment, was one of the first officers that fell, and Brigadiers Von Straubenzie and Shirley were both wounded, and scarcely an officer, who advanced with the storming party, but got either killed or wounded. The distance from the Redan to the Quarries was too great, being over two hundred yards, which gave the enemy a good opportunity to mow the storming party down with a tremendous fire of grape, canister and musketry. The survivors advanced and reached the abatis, the pointed stakes of which, standing outward, presented a formidable obstacle to further progress; however, the men made gaps through which they crawled. Then came another rush to the ditch, when the ladders were found to be too short. However, our men scrambled down, and climbed up, many falling all the time under the shot of the enemy. Officers and men were emulous for the honour of being among the first to enter this formidable battery; but alas, too weak in the numbers necessary for such an enterprise. Mounting to the parapet, the besiegers saw the interior of the Redan before them filled with masses of soldiers, and powerful ranges of guns and mortars; wild and bloody was the scene within the assailed fort. Colonel Wyndham (afterwards Sir Charles) was the first officer to enter; and when fairly within the parapet, he and the other officers and men did all they could to dislodge the Russians from behind the traverse and breast-works; but the Russians overpowered our handful of men that were sent to take

that stronghold, for we had no support to back up those that got a foothold in the Redan. The Russians continued bringing up reinforcements, and soon overpowered the few British, who saw they must either retire or remain to be shot down. New supporting parties kept arriving in such driblets, and in such confusion as to render impossible any well-directed charge against the place. If, for a time, a few men were collected in a body, volleys of musketry, grape, canister, and old pieces of iron of every description, fired from their big guns, levelled our men to the dust. The officers and men at last, seeing no supports coming to their aid, lost heart and retreated to their trenches.

The embrasures of the parapets, the ditch, and all round the abatis became a harrowing scene of death and wounds; heaps of dead and wounded lay all round the Redan, and piles of them lay at the bottom of the ditch, where they fell by the Russian shot, as they climbed up the scaling ladders. At two o'clock the attack was over, and in these two hours the British loss was very severe. No other day throughout the war recorded so many killed and wounded, which amounted to the large number of 2450 in all. The French loss was three times more severe, it comprised no less than 7550 killed and wounded.

Next day another attack was to be made on the Redan. Sir Colin Campbell sent down a party cautiously in the night to see how the Redan was occupied; it was found to be vacated, telling plainly of the abandonment, by the Russians of the south side of the town. It appears that Gortchakoff, when the impossibility of maintaining hi

position became evident, commenced blowing up the public buildings of the town; the gunners, during the early hours of the night, kept up a sufficient fire to mask their proceedings in the stillness of the night when the allied camps were filled with men, either sleeping or thinking anxiously of the scenes which day-light might bring forth. Lurid flames began to rise in Sebastopol; explosions of great violence shook the earth, and intense commotion was visible to the men in the trenches. The fires began in various parts of the town, and tremendous explosions behind the Redan tore up the ground for a great distance; and other explosions succeeded so rapidly that a thick, murky mass of smoke and flames from burning buildings imparted an awful grandeur to the scene. Now came a resistless outburst which blew up the Flagstaff battery; then another blew up the Garden battery. As day-light approached, Fort Paul, Fort Nicholas Central, and Quarantine Bastion, were seen surrounded by flames. We could not withhold our admiration of the manner in which Gortchakoff carried out his desperate plan, the last available means of saving the rest of the garrison.

On the morning of the 9th September, when the troops in camp heard the announcement that the mighty city had fallen, the city which, during twelve months, had, day by day, been looked at and studied by our generals and engineers, and in front of which 10,000 of our troops had been killed or wounded on the preceding day,—with difficulty was the announcement credited, so accustomed

had all been to the dashing of their hopes and the non-fulfilment of their predictions. I was one among many who hastened into the town, and was astonished at the enormous extent of the batteries, and the manner in which our shot and shell had knocked down and torn up the massive buildings. The French soldiers rushed into the town, peered about the burning houses, and plundered them of chairs, tables, looking-glasses, and countless articles, and carried them off to their camp. The French soldiers always kept a bright look-out for plunder. I must say that our men did not touch a single article, that I ever heard of, except one man, who found a lot of money in a bank. He emptied it into his haversack, and left at once. The bank clerks, in their excitement and hurry, must have forgotten to take the money in their haste to get out of the city. We had a chain of cavalry all round the town, to keep back stragglers, and stop any person from taking anything out of the town. Thus ended the wondrous Siege of Sebastopol. On the 8th of September, when the allied commanders found that the Russian garrison, together with inhabitants, had crossed to the north side of the harbour, it became their duty to ascertain whether any traps or explosive mines had been laid by the enemy, before our troops could be allowed to occupy the town, to ward off camp-followers, and to divide the spoils of the garrison between the two invading armies; and to take measures for the destruction of the forts and docks.

The appearance of the town, at the time that we en-

tered it, was fearful indeed. Destructive forces had been raging with a violence never before equalled in the history of sieges; and the whole internal area was one vast heap of crumbled earth-work, shattered masonry, shot-pierced buildings, torn-up streets, scorched timbers, broken guns, and muskets, and shattered vehicles. The buildings were shattered into forms truly fantastic; some of the lower stories almost shot away, and barely able to support the superstructure; some with enormous gaps in the walls. Proofs were manifold that the Russians intended to defend the town street by street, had we forced an entrance, for across every street were constructed barricades defended by field pieces. In some of the best houses columns were broken by shot, ceilings falling, which these columns had once supported; elegant furniture crushed beneath broken cornices, beams, and fragments of broken looking-glasses, mingledwith the dust on the marble floors. The effect of our 13-inch shells had been extraordinary. These dread missiles, of which so many thousand had been thrown into the town, weigh 200 pounds each and falling from a great height, have the weight of over sixty tons, descending deep below the foundation of the houses, and when they explode, scattering everything around far and wide. Our army still continued to encamp outside the town, sending only as many troops as would suffice to guard it, and take up the principal buildings among the ruins for guard-houses. Now we have plenty of wood, each company sending a fatigue party daily from the camp to Sebastopol for it. These parties could be seen by the

Russians from the north side pulling down houses for the wood and carrying it to camp. While doing so the Russians invariably fired upon us, from the north side of the harbour, where they had thrown up very strong forts, armed with the heaviest guns. They had placed some of those guns with the breech sunk into the ground, in order to get elevation, and throw shot right into our camp amongst our tents, not unfrequently killing and wounding our men.

We had regular guards and sentries all over Sebastopol. After posting a sentry one day, I happened to go down some steps which led to the basement of a large building, and there I found, to my horror, fifteen dead Russians. My sense of smell first detected them in the dark vault; they were in the worst state of putrefaction. It was found, on removing them, that they all had been wounded, and had crawled in there and died from their wounds. We buried them where thousands of their comrades were buried, in rear of the Redan. The army was then quiet —no firing except an odd shot from the Russians at our fatigue parties in Sebastopol. We had no trench duty to perform— nothing but the regular camp guards; we had plenty of fuel and good rations; any amount of canteens on the ground, so we were making up in comfort for the hard times we had last winter. The army was now at a standstill, having nothing to occupy their time.

But the commanders began to look forward to a second wintering in the Crimea as a probability. Invaluable as

the railway had become, it was inadequate to the conveyance of the immense bulk and weight of supplies required day by day in the army, and hence it was necessary to do that which, if done in the early part of last winter, would have saved so many valuable lives—to construct a new road from Balaklava to the camp. Therefore the road was laid out and large numbers of our men worked on it daily; but making roads is but child's play compared with making trenches under shot, shell, grape and canister. The whole of the divisions were kept continually at road-making; the road promised to be a splendid one, and we were all anxious to make it. We had no less than 10,000 men working on this road, between Balaklava and the front. By the end of October a most excellent road was constructed, including branch roads to the several divisions. The French at the same time constructed a road across the valley which connects their camp with the main road to Kamiesch; and besides they have improved the old Tartar roads.

Our army suffered much last winter from a want of roads. This excellent road which the British army has constructed, will ever remain as a memento of British occupation. During the three weeks in September which followed the evacuation of the south side of Sebastopol, the Russians were quietly but actively strengthening their fortifications on the north side, making all the heights bristle with guns, and firing a shot whenever an opportunity offered to work mischief upon our guards, sentries and fatigue-parties in the town. We had planted

a few guns in position so as to bear on the northern heights; but no disposition was shown to open a regular fire on them, except an odd shot to remind them that we were ready for them at any time.

Camp rumours arose concerning some supposed expedition into the interior of the Crimea, but the securing of the captured city was regarded as the first duty.

On the 20th September, 1855, the anniversary of the battle of the Alma, a distribution of the medals for the Crimea, and clasps for Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman, took place among the troops, these decorations were very much appreciated by the officers and men. The day was commemorated with much festivity and amusement in both camps.

CHAPTER XXII.

EXPEDITION TO KINBURN—THE VOYAGE—ODESSA—LANDING—CUTTING TRENCHES—BOMBARDMENT—THE WHITE FLAG—CAPITULATION—THE PRISONERS—RECONNAISSANCE—THE MARCH—VILLAGE—BIVOUAC—MARCH—A VILLAGE—PIGS AND GEESE—DEPARTURE—THE FLEET—RETURN—SIR W. CODRINGTON—RUSSIAN SPY.

AN expedition to Kinburn having been decided upon by the allies, on the 6th of October a squadron of H. M. fleet were in readiness at Kamiesch Bay to convey the 17th, 20th, 21st, 57th, and 63rd Regiments, together with marines, artillery, and engineers, under the command of General Spencer. As we marched to Kamiesch Bay the morning was close and sultry. When we got a third of the way private Henratty fell out of the ranks and reported himself sick, when Captain Smith calls out, "Corporal Faughnan, take Henratty back to hospital." "Yes, sir," said I, we were then marching down a very steep hill. I marched back to the hospital, although I was badly able, for I was bad with dysentery myself at the time, and for upwards of two weeks previously, and was so weak that I could scarcely march; but I did not wish to give in and be left behind. After I gave over the sick man, I saw the regiment a long way off in the valley. I marched as fast as I was able with a full kit. In the

afternoon rain commenced to drizzle, and the regiment halted to cloak. I then gained on them and soon overtook them. When we halted at the beach I could have fallen down from weakness and exhaustion, but I kept up my pluck and never gave in. The troops were embarked on board the fleet by small steam-tenders; the 17th Regiment had the honour of being conveyed to Kinburn by the flag-ship *Royal Albert.*

On the 7th October, the troops having been on board, and everything ready, we set sail accompanied by several line-of-battle ships, small steamers, gun-boats, mortar-vessels, and three French floating batteries, constituting an armament of great magnitude. The English squadron comprised six steam line-of-battle ships, seventeen steam frigates, ten gun-boats, six mortar-vessels, three steam tenders and ten transports. The Russians north of Sebastopol were in wild excitement when this large squadron appeared; but the ships soon disappeared from the Crimea.

The admiral signaled to the several captains to rendezvous off Odessa. As we got out to sea the bands discoursed music while the officers were at dinner; before dinner they played as usual "The Roast Beef of Old England," which we had not heard for many months before.

We had no hammocks, so we were obliged to lay all round the decks in groups during the night. At eight o'clock next morning we cast anchor off Odessa, three miles from the town. It was then the turn for the citizens to be alarmed by this display of force.

The Russians on the heights, in barrack square and all

round the city became incessantly active in making ob servations. We could see the old-fashioned telegraph o the towers along the coast working, and clouds of Cos sacks, infantry and artillery, formed up along the cliffs ready to defend the place if attacked. All day on th 8th, the fleet remained at anchor, about 80 French an English vessels forming a line six miles in length, eagerl watched from the cliffs by large masses of troops. Th rocket-boats, gun-boats, mortar-vessels, and floating bat teries might have gone nearer and crumbled the city t ruins; but such was not our orders, and not a shot wa fired and thus was Odessa spared for the third tim during the war.

The object of the admirals in making this feint o Odessa was to draw the Russian troops away from Kin burn, thereby reducing the number of troops in tha garrison.

The 10th and 11th we were still at anchor, dense fog giving the seamen a foretaste of the dangers of that coast and as the 12th aud 13th were very stormy, the admiral would not risk leaving until the weather moderated thus it happened that the citizens had the threatenin fleet in view for six days. The squadrons weighed ancho on the morning of the 14th, and cast anchor off Kinbur that afternoon; in the evening some of the French an English gun-boats entered the estuary of the Dniepe passing the Fort of Kinburn under a heavy fire from th enemy.

On the morning of the 15th the troops were landed

along the beach out of range of the fort, by the launches of the ships, each being filled with soldiers, and made fast to each other by means of the painter After the troops were all got into the launches, they formed several long lines of red coats in little boats—each boat was steered by a naval officer.

The front boat of the line being made fast to a small steamer, the whole were then towed in front of the beach where we were to land. As the steamer ran in towards the shore, she cast off the line of boats, and while they were under weigh each let go the painter and headed towards the beach, running in close on a sandy bottom, when the troops jumped ashore and deployed from where we landed to the River Dnieper, while the gun-boats went up the river. By this double manœuvre the Russians were prevented from receiving reinforcements by sea, while the garrison was cut off by land. In the evening the mortar vessels began to try their range on the forts.

The troops brought no tents, and only three days' rations. After posting outlying pickets, we were set to work cutting a trench from the sea, where we landed, to the River Dnieper, a distance of five miles. While we were digging the trench during the day, the outlying pickets had a skirmish with a small force of Cossacks; but the chief labour was the landing of stores and artillery, tedious and dangerous work over the rough surf, occasioning the swamping of some of the boats. A camp was formed, but without tents. At two o'clock in the morning we had the trench cut and manned ready to receive the

Russian reinforcements for the garrison, which were expected from Odessa, but which did not come. However, a large force of Cossacks came along at three o'clock in the morning, when we opened a heavy fire upon them from our new trench, forcing them to retire quicker than they came, we then kept a good look out till morning. Generals Spencer and Bazaine made a cavalry *reconnaissance* at day-break, when the Cossacks retired altogether.

About four companies of the French and English marksmen were placed under cover at a distance of four hundred yards in rear of the fort, and kept up a fusilade on the Russian gunners; while at the same time the artillery opened a strong fire on the fort; at nine o'clock the ships opened fire on the garrison.

The *Royal Albert*, *Algiers*, *Agamemnon*, and *Princess Royal*, and four ships of the line approached abreast of the principal fort; the *Tribune* and *Sphinx* attacked the earthwork battery. The *Hannibal*, *Dauntless* and *Terrible* took position opposite the battery near the end of the fort, while the smaller vessels directed their attack on the east and centre of the fort. Thus the Russians from the shape and position of the fort, were attacked on all sides at once. Each ship poured its broadside upon the fort and the strand batteries as it passed, and received the enemy's fire in return. From nine o'clock until noon these powerful vessels maintained their terrible fire against the forts, crashing the parapets and disabling the guns, while the mortar vessels set fire to the buildings within the fort. The *Arrow* and

Lynx with others, were exposed to much danger. Having taken up a position close to the batteries to discharge their shell upon the fort, they received in return an iron torrent which tried the resolution of the crew.

At twelve o'clock the Russians hoisted a white flag, when an English and a French officer met the Governor at the entrance of the fort, when he tendered his surrender in military form by giving up his sword, but not without bitter tears and a passionate exclamation expressive of wounded national and professional honour. The officers bore the scene with dignity, but with deep mortification, and many of them were on the verge of mutiny against the Governor, so strong did they resist any proposals of surrender. The garrison laid down their arms, and were marched outside the town and placed close to our camp, with a chain of our sentries and the French around them. The number of prisoners taken was 1,560 besides 500 killed and wounded; several of our doctors were sent to attend their wounded in the fort.

The prisoners were divided, the English half were taken on board the *Vulcan*, while the other half were taken on board the French ships. The prisoners having been sent off to Constantinople, the captors proceeded to garrison Kinburn, repairing and increasing the defences, clearing away the ruins, repairing the walls and embrasures, replacing the damaged cannon by large ship guns, deepening the ditch, reforming the palisades, strengthening the parapets, restoring the casemates, completing efficient barracks and magazines in the interior of the

fort and depositing a large amount of military stores of all kinds.

When the small garrison, the other side of the estuary, opposite Kinburn, Aczakoff, found that their guns could effect little against the invaders, and that Kinburn was forced to yield, they blew up the St Nicholas battery, on the morning of the 18th, and retired a few hours afterwards. On the 20th Generals Spencer and Bazaine set out on a *reconnaissance* with several regiments of both forces about five thousand strong. After marching on a sandy plain, like a desert, ten miles, we halted close to a village, piled arms, and were allowed to go foraging into the village, which we found deserted by the inhabitants; but they left abundance of pigs, geese, fowls, and provisions, bread baking in the ovens, pails of milk and several other most useful articles, besides in the gardens we found abundance of potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes, pumpkins and almost all sorts of vegetables. We divided the town with the French : after tearing down several houses for fuel and making camp-fires, we commenced cooking fowls, turkeys, geese, potatoes, cabbages and vegetables; while others were off through the village killing pigs, geese, turkeys, and chickens, others cutting down branches of trees from a wood hard by, for the purpose of making huts to protect us for the night, as we had no tents and covering them with hay from the hay-yards, and shaking plenty of hay inside to lie on; every mess erected one of those huts. After indulging in the good things, which I can assure you we enjoyed, we laid down very comfort-

ably for the night in the hay, and slept most soundly. Next day at two o'clock General Spencer reviewed the troops under his command, with the French General and his soldiers looking on. We were to have the pleasure of another night in this camp. After enjoying boiled fowls, roast turkeys and plenty of fresh vegetables, we lay down among the hay and slept well, thanks be to God. Next morning, after breakfast, we marched to another village named Rooskey, ten miles off. We halted outside the village, and sent in foraging parties from each regiment, dividing the town with the French, and placing a line of sentries in the centre. As we approached the village the people fled, leaving everything behind, pigs, geese, ducks, fowls, bread, milk and butter. As we killed the live stock, we placed them on the commissariat waggons and brought the spoils to the camp. It was a most amusing scene, the French and English officers and soldiers shooting geese, ducks and hens, with their revolvers, and the men chasing the pigs and stabbing them with their bayonets. A soldier catches a pig by the hind leg, the animal drags him into the French lines, when a French soldier claims the animal, and a kind of a good natured quarrel ensues about the ownership of the pig. The geese rose in flocks, and the officers had the greatest sport shooting them. Those were jolly times. After ransacking the town we set fire to it, and marched back to our old bivouac, ten miles distant.

After arriving at our old camp ground, lo and behold! our huts were all demolished, and not a thing left on the

ground. The Cossacks had been there during our absence, and burned and destroyed everything. We could see them away in the distance, about 400 strong watching our movements; however, we bivouacked there as best we could that night. As we marched back, we passed several wind-mills, which we set fire to. Next morning we marched to Kinburn with the commissariat waggons loaded with pigs, geese, fowls, turkeys, potatoes, and cabbage, which were served out as rations in the usual manner.

On the 20th of October, Generals Spencer and Bazaine began their arrangements for our departure, first shipping all the stores, guns and horses, and selecting a sufficient number of troops to garrison and guard Kinburn during the winter; but to bring away all the other forces. Sir Edmund Lyons and the French Admiral selected the vessels which were to be left to protect the place from any Russian attack across the estuary. On the morning of the 29th, the troops embarked on board the fleet from the wharf at Kinburn.

The 17th Regiment was conveyed to the Crimea, by the *Terrible*. It was a most imposing spectacle, this magnificent fleet sailing in line with the two flag ships leading and signalling their orders to the captains of the other ships; the line extended over ten miles. What must the Russians along the coast think of this immense armament? The fleet cast anchor in Kamiesch Bay, on the 1st of November; and the troops disembarked at once, and marched to our old camp on Cathcart's Hill.

This expedition did the troops more good than all the medicine in the hospital could have done. I was a new man when I got back. If Henratty had braved it out as I did, and had come on with the expedition, he might have been well, instead of which he was still in hospital. The change of air and fresh vegetables worked wonders in restoring and invigorating the men's health. On our return to camp, we found that a quantity of rum which was left behind, with other regimental stores, in charge of a sergeant and twelve men, was all gone; for which the sergeant was tried and reduced, and the privates severely punished.

During the month of November we had another change in the command of the army, the appointment of General Sir W. J. Codrington, vice General Simpson. The appointment of Sir William was very popular with the army, and brought increased activity among the troops.

Among other improvements, which were made to meet the wants of the army, was a large reservoir in the ravine between the second light and the 4th divisions, in the construction of which the French took a prominent part. This reservoir was capable of supplying three divisions of the British and three of the French with abundance of good spring water during winter and summer. Everything seems to have been done to protect and meet the wants of the army during the coming winter. Almost every kind of supplies was in abundance, and the army in the best of health and spirits.

I was in command of a divisional guard, near Toher-

naya valley, when a Russian spy was given in my charge by a cavalry *reconnaissance* party. I immediately posted a sentry to take charge of this prisoner; but he watched his opportunity and slipped out under the fly of the tent. The sentry gave the alarm, when I rushed out after him, calling a file of the guard to follow me. As I gave him chase, I threw off my accoutrements, in order to give me more freedom; he had then about one hundred and fifty yards start of me, and was barefooted, while I had heavy boots on; however, I gave him chase. We had run about two miles when I saw that I was gaining on him, and I kept gaining little by little, for about five miles, when I came up behind him. I was then nearly out of breath; I kept close behind him a good while till I got my wind, then I threw my foot before him with the Connaught touch, and pitched him on his face; then I jumped on him and held him, keeping him down lest he might overpower me if he got up, as he was a most powerful man, and the file of the guard had not come up to us yet. While I gave him an odd kick, he begged for mercy, which I granted, and marched the Tartar back, meeting the file of the guard as I was returning. If I had let that spy escape, I would have been tried by a court-martial; but my Irish experience in running, before I joined the service, stood to me then; I would have run after him into the Russian camp before I would have lost him. When I got back to the tent, I tied him to the pole with a guy rope, at the same time tying his hands behind his back. I was determined that he should not get away again.

The camp followers and speculators had got so numerous that they had a large bazaar formed in the rear of the 4th division. Large shops of almost every description, saloons, billiard tables, restaurants, hotels, groceries, tobacconists, wholesale and retail liquor stores, and, in fact, almost everything that could be got in any town, could be had there for cash. There was another large bazaar in the French camp. As we assembled in Smith & Co's liquor store of an evening, drinking "Guiness's bottled stout," smoking our pipe or cigar with the greatest of comfort, we could but contrast our position with that of this time last year when the inclement weather commenced. The want of food, forage, huts, clothing, fuel, medicine, roads, vehicles, and horses, proved its tragic results. Men lay down in the mire to die of despair, and no commanding officer could tell how many of his poor soldiers would be available for duty next day. But now, towards the close of 1855, we had every kind of supply in abundance, thanks to the people of England! The army was well fed and well clothed, and we were looking out for some active operations against the enemy. The Russians continued to fortify the northern heights without firing a shot, and we occupied the south quietly, without disturbing them. How long this will last will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARMISTICE—CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES—EXCHANGE OF COINS—HEIR TO FRENCH IMPERIAL THRONE—TREATY OF PEACE—INVITATIONS—GRAND REVIEW—REMOVAL OF THE ARMY—EMBARKATION—THE VOYAGE—SHIP ON FIRE—ARRIVAL AT MALTA—JOIN THE RESERVE BATTALION—PROCEED TO ALEXANDRIA—THE VOYAGE—ARRIVAL—VISIT PLACES OF RENOWN—VISIT CAIRO—THE NILE—ARRIVAL—THE CITY—BAZAARS.

AT the end of February, 1856, the diplomatists at Paris agreed upon an armistice during the discussion of a treaty of peace. The immediate effect was observable in the Crimea, as soon as the several commanders had received information. On the morning of the 1st March, a white flag was hoisted on the Tchernaya bridge, and near it assembled the Russian commander, a staff of officers, and a troop of Cossacks. The English commander with his staff, accompanied by others from the French and Sardinians, descended across the valley to the bridge where they met the Russians with whom they discussed the details of an armistice. The cessation of hostilities was to last one month, during the consideration of the treaty. Through the aid of their interpreters they decided that the Tchernaya river was to be the boundary

between the opposing armies. The quietest month spent by the allied armies in the Crimea, was the month of March, 1856. Hostilities were entirely stopped, and yet none could say whether they might not commence again with all their horrors. The diplomatists at Paris had one month to decide the question of peace or war.

The commanders, while maintaining their boundary arrangement, did not prohibit friendly meetings of the opposing armies on their respective banks of the boundary line, where the officers and soldiers frequently assembled to look at each other in peace and try to converse in a friendly manner across the stream, when the exchange of coins and other small articles or mementos took place and an interchange of civilities such as "bono Johnny," "bono Francais," "bono Roos," beside other complimentary expressions. The intercourse was kept up during the month of the armistice. For the rest, the operations of the month differed little from those of the camp at Aldershot, all the divisions being exercised and reviewed in the open spots all round the camp. Sometimes the Russians held their reviews on the same day that we did, with the glittering bayonets of each in full view of the other, and both alike safe in the conviction that no unfriendly shot would disturb the pageant.

On the 23rd of this month, festivities in the French camp celebrated the birth of an heir to the French imperial throne; bonfires were kindled, guns fired, reviews held, horse-racing on the banks of the Tchernaya, healths drunk by the French and their allies, even the Russians

participated in the rejoicings, for they lighted fires all along their lines.

April brought with it the treaty of peace. Before the hour had arrived when the armistice would have expired, news was received that the treaty had been signed at Paris. When peace was proclaimed, an interchange of invitations took place between the Russian army and the allies. The Russian soldiers came over to our camp, in small parties at a time, and we did the same to their camp, each party in charge of a non-commissioned officer. I and twelve privates visited the Russian camp and their bazaar, which we found much the same as our own. All sorts of English goods were sold there, even "Bass's bottled ale," and "Guiness's porter," at a dollar a bottle. Their bread was as black as your boot; the coffee-houses were crowded with English, French and Russian soldiers, drinking, singing and dancing; and the interchange of any amount of "bono Johnny," "bono Roos," and "bono Francais," trying to make each other believe that they were great friends.

On the 17th April, the British and French troops had a grand review on the heights near St. George's Monastery (at which General Luders, the Russian commander, with his brilliant staff, was present). They were formed up in line of continuous quarter distance columns of battalions, when the commanders of the different armies with their gorgeous retinue of staff and cavalry officers rode along the line, with the bands of each regiment playing in succession; after which they marched past the grand assem-

blage of commanders and staff, in quick time, each regiment marching past in grand division style, with its band playing in front. General Luders returned deeply impressed with the appearance of the allied armies, and expressed himself much gratified at the attention shown him by the allied forces. Duties of a more serious character, however, now demanded the attention of the Generals. Large armies were to be removed from the Crimea, and vast stores of provisions and ammunition besides all the round shot the Russians had fired at us during the siege, which we had gathered and carried on our back to the railway depôt for shipment to England. with all the commissariat stores brought down from each divisional depôt at the front where they had been collected in such immense quantities. Day after day, during the summer months, did the various regiments leave the Crimea, some for Malta, others for the Ionian Islands, the West Indies, or Canada, but the greater part for England. All the camp equipage and stores for each regiment had to be brought into transport order, and everything brought to Balaklava for shipment!

About the 10th of May, the 17th Regiment marched from their old camp on Cathcart's Hill, and embarked at Balaklava at two o'clock in the afternoon, on board the steam transport *Sir Robert Low*. At 3 p. m. we moved slowly between the rocks which overhang the narrow entrance to the harbour. We were all on deck with tears in our eyes, taking a last sad look towards "Cathcart's Hill" where we had left so many noble comrades behind in that cold, desolate plateau, so far away from friends and

relatives; these thoughts filled us with sadness, As our ship glided through the beautiful calm, blue waters of the Euxine, the land faded from our view. We then turned our thoughts homewards, after giving thanks to God for the great mercy he had shewn in bringing us safely through all the death struggles and hardships which our brave troops had suffered; and now that we were returning alive we had every reason to be thankful.

The weather being fine we made the passage across the Black Sea in 48 hours. The second day, at 2 p. m. we passed the old fortress of Riva, which commands the entrance to the Bosphorus, passing Constantinople at 3 o'clock, taking a last look at that strange old city, with its picturesque sights, the tall minarets and the blue waters of the Bosphorus catching the golden light as the sun dipped behind the distant hills. We rounded Seraglio point and steamed down the Marmora, passing the Seven Towers on our right, and slowly the beautiful city faded from our view forever. We had a smooth passage across the Sea of Marmora. Next morning at ten o'clock, we passed Gallipoli. On the 14th May, at 9 o'clock in the evening as our ship was running at the rate of ten knots an hour, an alarm of fire came from the cook's galley. The troops were immediately formed up along the decks, and the pumps manned. After a quarter of an hour's hard work we mastered the fire and put it out, but not before it had burned a large hole in the ship's deck and destroyed the galley. We had in truth a narrow escape, the fire nearly getting the better of us. On the

morning of the 17th May we arrived at Malta, when we received orders to proceed to Quebec. The regiment being over the strength of non-commissioned officers those who had families at home got the preference of remaining behind, and joining the reserve battalion at Malta. I was one of the latter; after bidding good-bye to the old regiment, with tears in my eyes, I disembarked with twelve others and joined the reserve battalion. The regiment proceeding to Canada next morning at 8 o'clock, * and we, after landing, were quartered in Strada Reale Barracks.

The garrison was at this time filled with the soldiers of more than one nation, and the medley of tongues was rather bewildering to the ears, as was the diversity of costume to the eyes. There was the Italian and German Legions promenading the street in their gay uniforms, Malta fencibles, English artillery and infantry. The large number of soldiers in such a small place made it a perfectly military hot-house.

The Strada Reale, with its lazy moving crowds and singular architecture, was soon entered. Lights were beginning to brighten the shop-widows and streets; occasionally sparkling from the numerous bay-windows above; but though the night was approaching, the air, deeply impregnated with the fumes of tobacco and odour of garlic, was close and suffocating, more especially from the intense heat exhaled from the arid rock, which had all day blazed under a fierce sun. The barracks were so crowded, and the weather so hot, that the doctor ordered the 17th under canvas at St. Francis' Camp. An order

detailed your humble servant, Corporal Faughnan, to proceed on June 6th, by one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, to Alexandria, there to take over some marine invalids according to written instructions, and take charge of them to Malta.

June 6th. At nine o'clock a.m., I embarked on board the steamer for Alexandria. As we passed out of the harbour at 9.30, the sky was blue and pleasant, the air balmy and clear. The island, like a blue cloud in the distance, faded away, and again the trackless waste of waters stretched like a boundless expanse around us.

June 9th. It is now three days since we left Malta. We should have been in harbour to-day, but have been retarded somewhat by head winds.

June 10th. Expecting to enter port this morning, I was early on deck. We were already in sight of land. As we neared the coast, one of the first things that caught my attention was the number of windmills standing upon an eminence along the shore; at first they reminded me of a line of soldiers in skirmishing order, but as we neared them they lifted their tall, circular forms, and stretched out their sheeted arms, like huge sentinels keeping watch along the coast. The entrance to the harbour is a tortuous and difficult one; vessels cannot get in by night or by day without a very experienced pilot. We were straining our eyes to catch the first glimpse of the strange land, and there, just upon that projecting point of land, we are now passing, where you see an insignificant light-house, stood a famous and costly tower, bearing, up-

on its top, as it lifted its colossal form above the waves, a beacon-light to guide the mariner to his haven. It is said to have been so lofty it could be seen one hundred miles at sea—which, of course, is a mistake. The gigantic tower of white marble was erected by the old Egyptian kings three hundred years before the birth of Christ. It was one of the "Seven wonders of the world." But here we are safe at our moorings. How strange everything looks. There are the hulks of a number of great old ships, rotting away and falling to pieces into the water. They were once the Viceroy's fleet. The flags of many nations float from the masts around us. There is a boat approaching with a Union Jack flying and manned with blue-jackets.

After landing the passengers, we had to pass through the Custom House. A liveried servant, in Turkish costume, guarding the door, politely bowed us through, and we stood before the receiver of customs. He wore a rich Turkish costume, a magnificent turban on his head, a gold-hilted sword by his side; he addressed us in English and called all our names from a list; as we answered we passed on. No other questions were asked; personal baggage is seldom examined at this port. We had scarcely passed the door before we were surrounded by a crowd of donkey-boys in blue shirts and red fez caps. They began pulling and snatching at our baggage for the privilege of taking it to a hotel. Luckily, an omnibus—a European innovation—from the very hotel we had selected, stood at the entrance, and we made a sudden dash into it. A crack

of the driver's whip, and we were whirling through the dirty narrow streets of the Turkish quarter of the city; we soon emerged into the English part of the town, and a magical change came over the scene; a fine open square, ornamented with fountains and surrounded with beautiful stone houses presented a most inviting appearance. A runner from the hotel conducted me to the marine Hospital, when I presented the order for the invalids to return with me to Malta when the surgeon informed me that two of the men had had a relapse, and could not be removed for some time. This gave me a good opportunity to visit several of the renowned localities, places of antiquity, and monumental records, that the ravages of war and the wreck of time have failed to obliterate. During the voyage I had made the acquaintance of two Frenchmen, and after I got back to the hotel they were pleased when I told them that I would have to stop at Alexandria for some time, and did not know how long; they could speak English pretty well, and we got quite familiar. The hotel was kept by a Frenchman, and the business of the hotel was conducted on the European plan. The floors and walls were constantly crumbling, scattering sand and lime upon clothes and furniture, and affording plenty of hiding places for bugs and fleas. Of the presence of the latter we had a too strong demonstration, but fleas in Egypt are as common as sand on the sea shore, and we made up our minds to pay the tribute of blood demanded by those pests, with the resignation of martyrs.

We next visited Cleopatra's needle, since removed to London. Of these remarkable obelisks there are two

just within the walls and near the sea shore at the north-east angle of the city—one is standing, the other has fallen down and is now nearly buried in the ground. They are of the same material as Pompey's Pillar, red granite from the quarries of upper Egypt. These two obelisks stood about seventy paces apart; the fallen one lies close to the pedestal; its length, in its mutilated state, is sixty-six feet, and was given, many years ago, by Mahommed Ali to the British Government, who have lately brought it home. The standing one is about seventy feet high, seven feet seven inches in diameter at the base, and tapering towards the top about five feet.

Next day we visited the Catacombs, which are about three miles outside the city; the Frenchmen hired a guide and we all rode on donkeys. The grounds near the entrance were once covered with costly habitations, and beautiful gardens. The vast extent of these underground tenements, their architecture, symmetry, and beauty; the more wonderful from the fact that they are all chiselled out of the solid rock, must excite the greatest wonder and admiration. In these tombs, generation after generation have laid their dead; Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans and Saracens, have, no doubt, in turn used them, and different nations have here blended in the common dust, at least such is the common opinion. Ancient Alexandria, with all her magnificence and splendour, is now nothing but heaps of ruins. The modern city stands upon the ruins of the past—well may we say the great, immortal past. An Egyptian city at night is a gloomy place, business suspended,

shops all closed, no amusements, no meetings, no windows next the street to shed even a little light upon the gloomy alleys; all is involved in Egyptian darkness, but silence is not there, for dogs are among the wondrous speakers of this land. They howl about in packs like wolves, owning no master, making night hideous with their row and fights; in addition to this, the watchman's yell ran through the city every quarter of an hour; it woke me more than the guns before Sebastopol; a calm of fifteen minutes succeeds, and again the lengthened shout assures the citizens "all is well." Being disturbed by the watchman's call, howling of dogs, bugs and fleas, we could not sleep, so we were up early and had breakfast at seven o'clock, after which we all agreed to visit Cairo, and at once proceeded to the railway station, which, by the way, has only been lately constructed. The present facilities for reaching Cairo can only be appreciated by those who have been familiar with the former slow locomotion of canal and river. Then it was by the toilsome process of wind and oars. Now a first-class railroad of about one hundred miles connects the cities. At ten a.m. the signal was given, and we struck out into the great delta of the Nile; away to the left is the harbour of Aboukir, where the immortal Nelson with his fleet met the French in 1798. His victory was complete; all the French ships, except two were captured, and the victor was rewarded with the title, "Baron Nelson of the Nile."

The immense green plain stretched out each side of us as far as the eye could reach. Crops of some kind are raised all

the year round, except when the soil is covered with water from the inundation of the Nile. There is no cold weather to prevent the growth of vegetables. Look out of the carriage window; do you see that long line of water just by the side of us? It is the Nile. The Nile! The famous Nile, that has a place in history with the Euphrates and the Jordan; for thousands of years sending out a living flood from its mysterious and hidden sources, rolling onward through this great valley, and emptying itself, by its seven mouths, into the blue sea; a river which the Egyptians worshipped, and whose waters, by the rod of Moses were turned into blood.

About 5 p.m. our train came to a halt in the station of Grand Cairo. We landed on the platform amid the strangest crowd of human beings I had ever seen congregated. There was the Turkish official, with his great loose sleeves and flowing robes, gold-hilted sword, and turbaned head, loathsome looking beggars, wretched women, and squalid children. As we emerged from the station, a hotel porter, in English costume, addressed us in English, "Shepherd's hotel, sir? Omnibus just here, all right!" and in fifteen minutes we were in a good European hotel built in the oriental style, with a large open court and pleasure-grounds; terms only two dollars a day. After tea, which was ready on our arrival at the hotel, we took a walk through the city. The streets are numerous, narrow and crooked, there being but one in the business part of the town wide enough for a carriage; this public thoroughfare being only about 35 feet wide, many of the

others are not more than ten feet. The upper stories of the houses projecting over the lower ones, and the large prominent windows projecting still beyond the houses; the windows of the upper stories are brought so near together you could easily step from one to the other. The bazaars are very busy places, and are thronged by a mixed and motley multitude of people, camels, horses, donkeys, men, women and children, mingled together in strange confusion, while the noise and bustle present a wild and striking scene that can be nowhere witnessed but in an Arabic city. Amid this wild confusion may be seen a great variety of oriental costumes. But the turbaned heads predominate, the black of the Copt, the blue-black of the Jew, the green and white of the Moslem are mingled in strange variety. There moves a lordly Turk, with loose sleeves and flowing robes, with all the solemn dignity of his nation; the grandee, with his rich flowing robes of silk and lace, loose breeches, white stockings and yellow slippers; the swarthy-skinned, half-naked fellah, the bare-faced, half-dressed, toil-worn country woman with tattoed lips and eye-brows, and by her side the dignified lady with long, close veil, red trousers, long yellow boots, and dress of richly-embroidered cloth. These ladies ride astride of donkeys; the ample folds of their long veils and loose robes almost hide the little animal from view.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PYRAMIDS—CROSSING THE NILE—ISLAND OF RODA—ARK OF BULRUSHES—VISIT CHEOPS—HELIOPOLIS—PALACE OF SHOOBRA—PALM GROVES—THE CITADEL—JOSEPH'S WELL—DERVISHES—RETURN.

AFTER hiring three donkeys to take us to the pyramids, next morning at eight o'clock, we retired to rest and slept much better than we did the night before; the live stock were not quite so numerous as they were in the last hotel. We were up bright and early, had breakfast at seven o'clock, after which we mounted our donkeys and were soon in sight of Old Cairo, a town on the banks of the Nile, founded upon the site of the old Egyptian Babylon; it is much older than Grand Cairo. Here are the ruins of the old Roman fortress, besieged and taken by the Turks. The solid walls and high towers are yet standing, on the front of which may still be seen the Roman eagle. This fortress has now become a Christian town, and is dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of the Copts. There are also three convents here, one is occupied by the Roman, Armenian amd Syrian Maronites, another by the Copts, a third by the Greeks. In this Greek Convent it is said that the Virgin and the Blessed

Child Jesus had their abode during their sojourn in Egypt; here, too, are ancient structures said to have been built by Joseph, and used for treasure houses, in which corn was stored for the days of famine. In an upper chamber over one of the towers is an ancient Christian record sculptured on wood in the time of Diocletian. It is well preserved and of curious device; below is a representation of the Deity sitting on a globe supported by two angels, on either side of which is a procession of six figures representing the twelve apostles. Just on the opposite bank lies Gizeh, from which the pyramids are named, with a ferry at the upper end of the town. As we approached the ferry, we were surprised at the number of people who thronged the landing-place; numerous boats of all sizes were waiting for freight; donkeys and their riders, camels with their huge burdens, ragged men and women, were mingled together—antique-looking boats in strange confusion. After securing a ferry-boat we gave the boatman an extra sixpence each to land us for a short time upon the beautiful little island of Roda, whose grassy banks and shady groves have long been the resort of pleasure parties from Cairo. On this island stands the celebrated Nilometer; this is a square chamber built of stone, in the centre of which is a graduated stone pillar. By a scale on this pillar the daily rise of the Nile is ascertained; this is proclaimed every day during the inundation in the streets of Cairo. By this island, also, tradition fixes the place where a daughter of Levi, under the pressure of that cruel decree, took an ark of bulrushes,

daubing it with slime and pitch, and put the child therein and laid it in the flags by the river's brink. At this island the faithful sister, Miriam, half concealed among the banks, watched with anxious solicitude the fate of her infant brother. Are these the waters that went rippling by the ark of the infant Moses, and over which he afterwards stretched his miraculous rod, transforming them into a torrent of blood? Oh Scripture, how wonderful thou art in thy story. Landing from the boat, we were in Gizeh, an old town, the miserable wreck of what it once was in the days of the Mamelukes. Passing along these streets, large quantities of oranges, dates and other fruits with bread and vegetables were exposed for sale. We bought some of these things and had some lunch; after a half hour's rest we started again, we had now about four miles to make across the open plain, the huge pyramids all the time in sight; we passed three Arab villages on our way. The appearance of indolence and poverty is everywhere apparent. A dozen ferocious dogs, with bristling hair and savage howl, were sure to herald our approach. As we emerged from the last village the gray forms of those great sepulchral monuments lay just before us; their huge proportions seemed rapidly to increase as we neared them. They stand upon a rocky eminence, their base elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the plain just at the foot of the range of hills, behind which lies the vast ocean of sands constituting the great Lybian desert.

The ride was over, and we stood in amazement at the

base of Cheops. There are five groups of these pyramids, numbering in all about 40. They extend up and down the valley for ten or twelve miles; most of them have such gigantic proportions as to justly entitle them to a place among the wonders of the world. They all stand upon the brow of the hills opening back into the great Lybian desert. As we stood in deep contemplation, gazing in wonder on this mighty structure we had come to examine, what huge proportions; what an immense labour; what years of human toil! But they were built for all that, and here they stand, and have stood for thousands of years, defying the storms of the desert, and the lightnings of the firmaments; how wonderful are the works of men! About a dozen Arabs, with loose trousers, short jackets, and red fez caps, came up and spoke to us. "Want to go up de top, sah?" said the leader of the gang, "me take you up, take you inside, all round." "How much you ask?" said one of the Frenchmen. "He's the sheik," pointing to the best looking, who stood erect, holding the folds of his striped gown about him with all the dignity of a Turk, "he's the sheik, he make de bargains." We agreed with the sheik, for a guide to show us up and down, inside and all round, for a dollar. We started with our guide—we soon got up half way, and there we stopped to draw breath; the steps are from two to three feet high, corresponding to the thickness of the layers of stone; of these layers or tiers of stone, there are two hundred and sixty-five; the ascent is quite fatiguing, especially if one attempts to hurry; it took us

twenty minutes to reach the top. A few moments' rest, and I began to look about me, pondering on the magnitude of the stones, and the numerous names in many languages carved upon them. Forty feet of its top have been torn away, and what from the ground looked like a point too small to stand on, is a broad platform, thirty feet wide. I was surprised at the magnitude of the stones even at this height, two to three feet thick, and several feet long; what wondrous labour it must have been to elevate such masses of stone to such a height from the ground, and yet men now say such nations were ignorant and uncivilized!

I looked upon the broad plain that stretched away before me; there was much to charm in the air at such a height. I took a survey of the great panorama, which lay in its variety and beauty at our feet. There was the green valley of the Nile, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, welcoming the golden sunlight that came down from the cloudless sky; with the majestic and wonderful river, as it rolled in dignity onward to its ocean home. Yonder in the distance were the Arabian hills skirting the vast expanse of the Lybian desert, that lay in bleak sterility beyond; nearer by, a spot upon the landscape, was the great city "Grand Cairo," its great, grey, towering citidel. its mosques and minarets. Then I turned and looked down upon the battle-field, where Bonaparte, with thirty thousand men, met Murat Bey; where the memorable battle of the Pyramids was fought, and Abercrombie fell; where Bonaparte tried to inspire

his men with valour by pointing to these monuments exclaiming: forty centuries are looking down upon you from those mighty structures.

The thunder of the battle ceased, the smoke cleared away, thousands were left dead upon the field, and the triumphant Bonaparte camped within the walls of Grand Cairo. Cheops is a travellers' register, and many a visitor has inscribed his name upon the summit. After adding our names (an English barbarism I believe it to be; but it began in our school-days) to the many already there, we descended in safety. As we approached the base, our guide led the way to the opening that conducts to the interior. This entrance is on the north side, and about fifty feet from the base. It has a low doorway for so magnificent a structure; but who expects anything but a dark and dreary passage to the tomb? for such is the place to where this opening leads, a tomb hidden in the most stupendous pile of stones the skill and labour of man ever erected. The entrance is a low one, and we had to stoop nearly double; we had entered but a few feet when we found ourselves involved in darkness. Luckily we had brought a couple of wax candles with us from Cairo; having lighted the candles we continued to descend the narrow dismal passage. Our guide conducted us to the King's chamber: this is the great sepulchre chamber of this astonishing structure. Its length is thirty-four feet four inches; breadth, seventeen feet seven inches, and height nineteen feet two inches. The only piece of furniture this chamber contains is a chest of red granite, chiselled from a

solid block ; its size is larger than the passage leading to the chamber, so that it must have been placed there when the room was built. Was it for this sarcophagus this stupendous pile of stones was erected ? What has become of the lordly occupant ? When, and by whom, was it filled, and when did it give up its treasure ? There it stands in mute and mock defiance of every effort to ascertain the history of its owner. Like the tomb of Jesus after the morning of the resurrection, it was empty; the stone had been rolled away from the door, but no angel sat upon it to give the anxious visitor any tidings of its occupant. We now turned our attention to a few other interesting objects in close proximity. I had often heard and read of the Sphinx, but now I had the gratification of looking at this great monster. We are first struck with its peculiar formation, and its immense proportions. It is one hundred and twenty-eight feet long ; from the rock on which it rests its lion-like breast to the top of the head is fifty five feet nine inches. It is in a crouching posture, and it stretches out its enormous paws fifty feet in front of its capacious breast. This unwieldy monster is a monolith cut from the native rock of the limestone of which it forms a part. This imposing head was adorned with a covering much resembling a wig, the flowing hair of which can still be seen projecting from each side. Time, the driving sands of the desert, and the hand of violence, have left their wasting influences on this noble piece of Art. The horns that adorned the head

have been broken off, but there it stands without them, still grand, noble, and majestic.

The whole western bank in this vicinity of the green valley of the Nile, for miles and miles, has been consecrated to the repose of the dead. Here are the sepulchres of kings, mummy-pits, ibis tombs and rock-hewn chambers, for the magnificent sarcophagi of Apis bulls. Here countless thousands have been gathered unto their fathers, and the sands of the desert are every year covering them deeper and deeper. In the centre of one of these pits was a large granite chest, cut from the solid block, very much like the one I have described in the king's chamber in the pyramid. This was covered by a lid of the same material. This lid had been carefully lifted off and set on one side. Within the chest lay the sarcophagus. It was covered with hieroglyphical figures and inscriptions, and looked as fresh and perfect as when first deposited. It had not yet been opened. Within that sculptured chest was sleeping the mummied remains of some distinguished personage. For thousands of years he had enjoyed here the quiet sleep of the tomb, among his fathers and kindred, but now his long repose must be disturbed, and in some far off museum, inquisitive strangers would gaze upon the blackened and withered features, and wonder who he was! After seeing those wondrous ancient monuments of Egyptian greatness and idolatry, and paying the sheik, and backsheesh to our guide, we mounted our lively little donkeys and returned to Cairo.

The sun was just dipping his golden disk beneath the western horizon, far over the distant deserts, as we entered the gates and wound our way through the narrow crowded streets of Grand Cairo. We crossed the suburbs, gained the hotel, and enjoyed a good bath. A hard day's toil climbing the pyramids gave additional relish to the smoking viands, and refreshed, we retired to bed, to dream of stone-coffins, mummy-pits and the sphinx. We awoke next morning from a refreshing sleep. The sun was shining in at our windows, the songs of the birds were awaking inspiring echoes among the tangled foliage of the Ezbekieh, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of the sweet flowers of the East. The day was to be devoted to an excursion to some place of interest a few miles from the city. Breakfast over, we stood on the steps of the hotel, and our three donkey-boys whom we had engaged were in readiness; we mounted our donkeys and started off to visit the ruins of Heliopolis, the ancient On, or city of the Sun. These ruins are about six miles from Cairo, and the ride a most delightful one, through green fields of corn and various productions of the luxuriant soil. Now an orange grove opens upon our sight, then an extensive vineyard, while all the time our pathway was shaded by avenues of tamarack, fig and acacia, that wove their branches in tangled arches above our heads. As we approached nearer, a beautiful obelisk lifts its slender form high into the heavens, standing in solitary grandeur, the only monument left to mark the site of the ancient, opulent city. It is a single shaft of red granite, sixty-eight feet two inches high, and six feet three inches broad

at the base. This is the oldest obelisk in existence, and here it stands in its original position. Its firm base and towering head have withstood all the assaults of time, the convulsions of the elements and the devastations of war. The wreck and ruin of four thousand years have not prevailed against it. The grounds around and in the vicinity of this obelisk have been cultivated, here the fellaheen sow their seed and gather their harvest, yet here stood one of the oldest and finest cities in the world, and here are buried the remains of some of the earliest temples. The ancient Egyptian name of the city, as interpreted, is the "City of the Sun." The Greeks called it Heliopolis, and the Hebrews, Bethshemesh (House of the Sun). This place was one of the most celebrated seats of ancient learning; it was famed for astronomy, as well as the worship of the sun. The sacred bull, Mervis, shared also with the sun the divine honours of the city, and was one of the most noted among the sacred animals of Egypt. Not far from the obelisk is the beautiful fountain of the sun; the water springing directly from the earth. The people say this is the only living spring in the valley of the Nile. A few yards from this spring a very old sycamore tree spreads broad and thick its massive branches, forming an inviting shade. When Joseph and Mary, with the child Jesus, fled from the jealous and cruel Herod, and took refuge in Egypt, tradition says they reposed under the shadows of these overhanging boughs and drank water from the renowned fountain. Here, too, was the school of Moses. From the waters of the Nile that flowed but a little distance from here, the daughter of

Pharaoh rescued the weeping infant; and she called him Moses, for she "drew him out of the water." In the court of Pharaoh, he found a home. Here he became learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. How all those recollections forced themselves on me. We next visited the palace of the Shoobra; it is about four miles from the city and near the banks of the Nile. A beautiful avenue, shaded by acacia trees, leads from the city to it; when these trees are in bloom they fill the air with fragrance. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and are frequently open to the public, and large numbers of visitors resort to them. They are beautifully diversified with terraces, walks, towers, flowers and faded avenues. Many of the walks are tastefully paved with small black and white pebbles, wrought into various designs of Mosaic work. The great attraction of the garden is a noble reservoir of water, gushing from marble fountains in the form of crocodiles. From this beautiful place where the senses are regaled by nature and art, we returned to the city and made a special detour, in order to pass through an Egyptian date palm grove. These groves are planted in rows like our orchards. It is surprising what a variety of purposes the tree serves, and how useful it is made. These trees sometimes grow from fifty to seventy-five feet and are of uniform size from top to bottom. The summit is surmounted by a beautiful crown of leaves. Every part of the tree seems to be of some use; a charming beverage is made from the fruit, used among the natives; wine is made from the sap. The

bark and part of the wood are manufactured into mats, baskets, and various other useful articles, the leaves are manufactured into a great variety of fancy articles. But the large crop of fruit is what renders it most valuable, and the failure of the date crop is one of the greatest calamities that can befall the land; the tree is also ornamental as well as useful. They are the most beautiful and striking objects of Egyptian landscape scenery. This grove is very extensive and spreads over several miles of the country. But while we have visited these places of interest the day has rapidly passed, and the evening sun is throwing his parting rays upon the beautiful landscape, and we must hasten to our hotel. Once more we are threading our way through the narrow streets of the city, and our ears are saluted with strange sounds from the vendors of different articles, as they hawk them about. The streets are passed, the din of criers dies away in the distance; we are back to the hotel; a long ride and the delightful air has given us a good appetite for the evening meal which was ready on our arrival. After we had done justice to the delicious oriental viands, prepared for us by our hospitable host, we retired for the night and slept well. After breakfast next morning, we walked out to visit some of the ancient monuments of this wonderful city. The citadel was the first object of our admiration. It is the fortress of the city and tower of its defence, the depository of its munitions of war. It stands upon a hill, its massive frowning walls overlooking the city on one side, and on the other the great barren

desert that stretches away towards the Red Sea. From this tower is one of the finest views that can be obtained. First cast your eye towards the great Lybian desert, and see the time-defying pyramids, from the top of which we have before contemplated this land of the Pharoahs. On the other side, the beautiful Nile, slowly weaving his serpentine folds through groves of palm, and long green and flowery banks, and a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants at our feet, with the massive circuitous walls that enclose it; the great mosques and multitude of minarets that crown them all, forming one of the most remarkable and striking peculiarities of a Mahomedan country. Within this fortress stands a splendid palace of the Pasha, and by its side the harem, with beautiful fountains and pleasure grounds.

But what astonished us most, is the wonderful contrivance to supply the citadel with water; it is certainly worthy of the presiding genius of the land. This well is cut into the solid rock to the enormous depth of two hundred and sixty feet, and at the mouth fifty feet wide. Around the wall is a winding stairway cut also into the rock, with a partition wall of the rock left, about three feet thick, between it and the well, with occasional holes for windows to look through into the main shaft. Any one who has seen Dover shaft leading from Snargate street to the heights will at once understand how this well is constructed; the open passage through the centre of that structure corresponding to the well; the circular stairway winding round it, to the descent here, cut in the rock, by which the bottom is reached One of the most striking things connected

with the well, is the manner of elevating the water. A large ox is taken down this winding stairway near to the bottom of the well where a cogwheel machine for raising water is situated. The food is taken down to him, and he is kept here as long as he is able to work.

This well was found covered up under a wall, by Sultan Yoosef (Joseph) while clearing away the debris when building the fortress in A.D. 1711, hence "Joseph's well." Turning from the well, we next pay a visit to the mosque of Mohammed Ali. It is a gorgeous structure, the finest and most renowned in modern Egypt, standing upon the hill of the citadel and enclosed by its ramparts; it lifts its proud form high above its companions. The whole interior, pillars, walls, and arches, is of beautiful alabaster brought from the quarries of Upper Egypt.

The mosque is also a burying place. It is the tomb of Mohammed Ali. He built it during his life, chiefly with the design of making it a mausoleum for his ashes when his eventful career was at an end. A conspicuous part of the building has been set apart for his tomb; a railing surrounds it, gorgeous decorations have been lavished upon it, and near it lights are kept continually burning. Here, in pompous state he reposes, and dreams no more of rivals, of conquests or of power. Such is life! This being our last day in Grand Cairo, after tea we walked round the city to see all we could of this ancient place, and learn the habits of the people.

Here may be seen exhibitions and illustrations of all the passions and affections of the human heart. As we were returning to our hotel, we saw, under the shade of a

tree a company of Dervishes. These are a singular religious sect; they are anxious to obtain a reputation for superior sanctity, and many of them make pretensions to the performance of miracles. They are frightfully superstitious. Their devotional exercises are often of the wildest and most extravagant kind. Taking hold of hands in a large circle around a tree, they commence swinging their bodies backward and forward, jerking the head and shaking the hands, keeping time to a sort of murmuring exclamation, sometimes pronouncing the name of "Allah." As the excitement increases, they toss their hair, foam at the mouth, scream and seem to give themselves up to the wildest excesses of religious enthusiasm. They let go hands and then commence spinning around like a top, stretching out their arms, and by the velocity of their motion spreading out their loose dress like a large umbrella, for twenty minutes or more, without pause or rest, and continually increasing velocity, these religious devotees will twirl with a rapidity truly astonishing, making fifty revolutions a minute. We are indeed sorry to see their example followed in England by the Jumpers, &c. But we have seen enough of this foolish, useless, so-called religious enthusiasm. It would be well if such energy and devotion could be turned into a more useful channel. This, however, can only be done by God and His Church. Here is our hotel, and our day's excursion is ended.

We were up early next morning, and had breakfast at seven o'clock, settled our bill with the landlord, and rode to the railway station in an omnibus, and took our departure by train at ten o'clock for Alexandria.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HOSPITAL—MOHAMMEDAN SABBATH—DEPARTURE—THE VOYAGE—MALTA—DEPARTURE—VOYAGE TO ENGLAND—PORTSMOUTH—VOYAGE TO DUBLIN— ARRIVAL AT LIMERICK—THE 6TH ROYAL REGIMENT—PROMOTED—ALDERSHOT—ROUTE FOR GIBRALTAR—THE VOYAGE.

ON my arrival at Alexandria, I went to the hospital, where I was informed that I would have to wait a few days longer. The men were fast improving, but were not sufficiently recovered to warrant the doctor's confidence of their strength, or to survive the trials of a long voyage.

When I returned to the hotel, the two Frenchmen were waiting my return to dinner. Next morning they were to leave Alexandria by steamer to Jaffa, *en route* for the Holy Land. After breakfast I accompanied them to the steamer, and there we parted, perhaps for ever. They were jovial, decent fellows, and we enjoyed each other's company very much during our short acquaintance. Their names were respectively Napoleon Pomponnet and Joseph Belair.

It being Friday, the Mahommedan Sabbath, I visited one of the mosques, which is always open, and made

a place of public prayer. Here the devout come at all times of the day to perform their devotions; but the child of the Prophet does not abstain from his ordinary work on the Sabbath, except at the hour of prayer about mid-day, and then the mosques are crowded. The mosque is built round a central square; around this square a portico is built, and in the centre of it is a fountain of water for ablution. A good supply of water seems to be considered indispensable among Mohammedans, to purify for worship. The side of the building facing Mecca is the most important one. The portico on this side is more spacious, and has one or two extra rows of columns. This side of the mosque is the place of prayer. A niche in the wall marks the direction of Mecca, and in that direction the faces of the worshippers are always turned—Christians always turn to the east. To the right of this niche stands the pulpit, and on the opposite side is a raised platform supported by small columns, on which is a desk, upon which is kept a volume of the Koran, and from it a chapter is read to the congregation. The floors have no seats, and are covered with matting to accommodate the worshippers; the rich and the poor pray side by side. Females scarcely ever go to pray to the mosque; if they go at all they go at different hours to the men, and by themselves —but they are taught that it is better to pray in private. Indeed, it is said, women seldom, if ever, pray at all! One little ceremony however, must not be forgotten. Do not attempt to enter a mosque with your boots on. Recollect that Oh, Englishmen! The devout attend-

ants would lift up their hands in holy horror, and send you back as a dog. Stockings are not generally worn, except by the best classes, who wear cotton socks in very cold weather; the only covering for their feet ever worn is a low kind of a slipper, made of yellow morocco leather, sharply pointed and turned up at the toes. As these are always slipped off when one enters a mosque they are turned down at the heel. The Mohammedan Sabbath comes on Friday, the Jews' on Saturday, and the Christians' on Sunday—the Lord's Day. Here I am, where the Sundays come in succession, so that extremes meet, for we have no Sunday at all, although five periods are set apart in each day as special seasons of prayer. These, every good Mohammedan is expected to observe, but they are neglected, and many persons, it is said, do not pray at all. But this neglect does not arise from the want of an admonition. From the minarets of their mosques the call is regularly made. One of these calls is just after midnight, another about the break of day. At the appointed hour, the muezzin ascends to the gallery of the minaret, pitches his voice to a monotonous chant, and commences, "God is great! God is great! Prayer is better than sleep! I testify that there is no deity but God! I testify that Mohammed is God's prophet! Come to prayer, come to prayer!" Sometimes quite long exhortations are given. The Mohammedan Sabbath is but little regarded. The bazaars are all open, and labour of every description is carried on. The mosques are opened an hour at noon, and yet but few take any notice of the call

to prayer. Here are several Christian places of worship —both Roman Catholic and Protestant—besides several Greek chapels.

Monday morning, at ten o'clock, I went to the hospital, when the doctor informed me that the men would proceed by the steamer which arrived from the east yesterday afternoon on her way to Malta. I then returned to the hotel, settled with the landlord, came and received the invalids from the hospital, and marched them on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. At two p.m. we moved out from the harbour, the sky was of a deep blue, not a cloud or film of vapour as big as a man's hand to cast a flitting shadow on the calm, blue waters as they glistened in the summer sun. I stood upon the promenade deck, my eyes intently fixed upon the receding shore, and as it faded from my view I bade farewell to Egypt. "Adieu, thou strange and wondrous land! Land of the old wonders, the phœnix, the pyramids, and sphinx, I shall never see thee more! Egypt, what a treasure-book of history and of study thou hast been! Once thou wert the pride and glory of the earth, but now how changed and fallen! Thy temples and gods have crumbled into dust! Plundered even of the remnants of thy former greatness! The occupants of thy tombs have been borne away, thy obelisks removed, and what remained of thy statues, altars and images, stolen to adorn the parks and enrich the museums of modern cities. But though thou sittest in silence, solitude and degradation, the traveller will still come and

muse among thy ruins, and thou wilt ever continue to be a teacher among the nations!" Such were the reflections that passed through my mind as the dark line of shore grew fainter and fainter, blending with the rolling billows of the deep blue sea, till all was out of view. I looked about me—there was the ship on which I stood, the deep blue vault of the heavens over my head, the vast expanse of waters that encircled me, and all the rest had disappeared. We have about four days' sail from Alexandria to Malta. The attention, civility, and politeness with which the passengers were treated during this voyage by the captain and crew deserve our warmest gratitude. After a delightful voyage of nearly four days, we entered the harbour of Valetta, about eight o'clock on the morning of the 25th June, 1856. After landing I reported myself at the brigade office, and handed over the invalids at the general hospital, marched out to St. Frances' camp, and joined my battalion there. While stationed in Malta, we were exercised by the general commanding the garrison, with a battalion of the German and Italian legion, twice a week on Flori-Anne Square. Except these general reviews, we did very little drill, duty was very easy, and the rations, to us, after the hard-tack we were used to in the Crimea, seemed excellent. We got a generous supply of smoking warm goat's milk in our coffee every morning, and also for our tea in the evening. The milkman brought his flock of goats round to our tents, crying out, "Milk! Johnny me change milk with mungey for the goat." We traded pieces of bread for goat's milk.

The houses are built of gray stone; the streets are steep and narrow; many of them have stone stairways cut in the solid rock, and some of them are arched over head. One of the most venerable and interesting structures in this ancient city is the old church of St. John, which was built in honour of the patron saint of the knights; it is 240 feet long by 60 feet wide. The most curious part of this church is the floor; beneath it many of the old knights are entombed, and above them the armorial bearings of all the Grand Masters of the order are inlaid in Mosaic of various and beautifully coloured marbles. The hand of time has faded the fine fresco paintings of the dome of this venerable structure, but the elaborate Mosaic work of the floor is still the wonder and admiration of every visitor. The climate is warm and exhilarating, the air salubrious and invigorating, and many invalids come here from colder latitudes to restore their health during the winter months. But our time at this delightful station is short; we embark for England on the 18th July.

At last the long wished for day (by some) has arrived and we embarked on board H.M.S. *Simoon*, in Valetta harbour, at ten o'clock a.m., the 18th of July, 1856. All being ready at two p.m., we steamed slowly out of the harbour, amid cheer after cheer from the citizens and soldiers who crowded the batteries along the harbour to give us a last cheer and wave of their handkerchiefs; we all stood on the deck, returning the cheers, and waving our handkerchiefs also, until the island, like a little cloud vanished from view in the distance.

The sky was blue, the air clear and invigorating, and scarce a ripple on the face of the deep. As our noble ship glided smoothly through the clear blue waters of the Mediterranean, our hearts were glad and our joy was great to think that we were returning to our homes, our families, and our friends, who were anxiously waiting our return. The afternoon was occupied in swinging hammocks, and drawing blankets and provisions from the ship's steward ; the men were in the best of spirits, and amused themselves during the voyage in singing, dancing, and all sorts of amusing games. We had excellent rations during the voyage, plum-pudding and pea-soup on alternate days. On the morning of the fourth day we sighted the old rock of Gibraltar, rearing its lofty crest to the sky. As we rounded Europa Point, our transport hoisted her number (every ship that passes the rock must show her colours), which was answered from the signal station, which stands on the loftiest point of the rock. At twelve o'clock we cast anchor in the quarantine harbour, where we had a delay of two hours, during which time we were surrounded by bumboats, selling all sorts of delicious fruits, oranges, lemons, cigars, tobacco, and pipes to the men. At two p.m., we weighed anchor, and steamed down through the straits, soon leaving the rock of Gibraltar far behind. As our ship glided swiftly before a beautiful breeze, with studding-sails set, sweeping onward like some huge bird of prey through "The Gut," we could not help noticing the contrast of scenery between the Spanish and African sides of the straits: the

former beautifully clothed in a mantle of green, with herds of sheep pasturing along its undulating banks down to the water's edge; while the latter, with its barren-looking and sun-scorched hills, and tremendous precipices rising several thousand feet above the sea, looked more wild and picturesque. The evening was so delightful, we all sat on deck till a late hour enjoying the sublimity and grandeur of the scene; the moon shone so clear and brilliantly from her celestial throne, and the stars twinkling bright and shining in the clear blue firmament, throwing a pale light over the face of the deep, watching at the same time our noble ship, as she glided swiftly through the smooth clear waters, dashing the sparkling spray and foam from her bows. On the morning of the fifth day from Gibraltar, we sailed round the green shores of the Isle of Wight, on the one side, while the low sandy coast of Hampshire, indented by the roadstead of Portsmouth that showed a perfect forest of masts towering above its sea defences, made the beautiful island look most lovely, recollecting it was the place where Her Majesty lived, and which she loved. We passed through the stately ships of war, as they rode majestically at anchor; an interchange of signals took place between the flag ship and ours directing our captain where to anchor we supposed, and soon we cast anchor off Portsmouth harbour, and shortly after the troops disembarked, and marched to Anglesea Barracks, where we were quartered *pro tem.* Soon after our arrival, my wife and two children joined me; we rested here a week, when we embarked on board a small

steamer for Dublin, landing at the north wall, on the 6th August, after a rather rough passage ; all the women and children were sea sick ; marched to Kingsbridge Station where we took the train for Limerick, arriving there at four p.m. we joined the depot in the New Barracks. I was here about three months when my oldest child, a boy, six years old, took sick with the scarlet fever, and on the 23rd November, 1856, he died. I was very happy previous to this, but the death of this my only boy made me very sorrowful.

On the first of March, 1857, I was appointed assistant school teacher at the garrison school, where I continued until the 22nd November, 1857 when I volunteered with several other non-commissioned officers to the 2nd Battalion 6th Royal Regiment, which was then being raised at Preston, by Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser. Our depot being over the strength of non-commissioned officers, we were allowed to volunteer to this new battalion. At ten o'clock a.m., on the 22nd November after signing our accounts, and receiving our pay up to that time, we took the train for Dublin, thence by steamer to Liverpool, where we landed at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd, had breakfast at a hotel, and proceeded by the ten o'clock train to Preston ; arriving there at two p.m., marched to barracks, and reported ourselves at the orderly room of the 2nd Battalion 6th Royal Regiment. Next morning at ten o'clock, Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser, with Adjutant Kitchener, inspected us at the orderly room, and posted us to our respective

companies. That evening my name appeared in regimental orders thus :—

"1085, Corporal Thomas Faughnan to be Colour-Sergeant from the 22nd instant, and posted to No. 5 Company."

Next day, Lieutenent Kelson, who commanded No. 5 Company, appointed me the pay-sergeant. The company were 150 strong, and not one of them had yet received their uniform and kits. Between the drills and parades, which were long and frequent, I drew the recruits' uniforms, knapsacks and kits from the quartermaster's store, marked them myself, and had their clothing altered and properly fitted at the master tailor's shop. I must say the Crimea was nothing to what I went through in Preston. After the battalion had got organized, clothed and fairly drilled, we got the route for Aldershot.

On the 25th February, 1858, at ten o'clock in the morning, we proceeded by rail to Aldershot, arriving at Farnborough station at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and marched to South Camp, where we were quartered in the huts of L lines. During our term at Aldershot, the battalion was put through a strict course of drill. On the 15th of April, H. M. the Queen, and H. R. H. Prince Albert, reviewed the troops in camp, when we marched in grand divisions. They were much pleased at the manner in which the movements were performed by the young battalion, and H. R. H. Prince Albert expressed himself in a highly complimentary manner to the general, who conveyed it to the troops in orders. After the review was over Her Majesty and Prince Albert drove round the camp in

an open carriage as the men were at dinner, when the band of each regiment played "God Save the Queen" as they passed each respective regiment. That was the last time I ever saw H. R. H. Prince Albert, for he died, deeply lamented by the British Army, on the 14th December, 1861. On the second day of May we received a letter of readiness for Gibraltar. On the 12th, the colonel received the route to proceed by rail on the 18th inst. to Portsmouth, there to embark on board of H. M. Ship *City of Manchester* for Gibraltar. On the morning of the 18th May, 1858, the second Battalion 6th Royal Regiment marched from South Camp to Farnborough Station, where we took the train for Portsmouth. The signal being given, the train moved out of the station with its living freight of red-coats, rattling steadily on over the beautiful green landscapes. Trees seem to go rushing past; still on and on, panting in its rapid course, flies the long train, clattering past walls and bridges with a crash whistling shrill to warn the unwary of its approach, and howling like a demon pursued, as with hiss and roar it plunges into the tunnel. To describe all the incidents which came under my notice at the station might be thought tedious. Suffice it to say that we arrived at Portsmouth at 2 p.m., and embarked on board H. M. Ship *City of Manchester*, in the main dockyard. At 4 p.m. all being reported present and correct, the Captain gave the signal and we moved out from the wharf amid loud cheers from the spectators, which were heartily returned by the red-coats on board, and we passed down the bright

sparkling Solent, glistening in the sunshine of a beautiful May day.

The spectacle was not lost on many of us, as our ship passed through the crowds of magnificent men-of-war and transports, with their sails glittering like silver in the summer sun. After we passed through the Needles, late in the afternoon, the wind being favourable, we spread our wide canvas to the evening breeze, and now the sun went down leaving a pale glare over the dark horizon; the wind began to freshen and the sea to rise. The beacon on the Eddystone lighthouse faintly faded like a little spark and disappeared; on went the good ship bounding beneath a starry firmament, the dim tractless ocean stretching before us like the undiscovered realms of the future, and I once more bade farewell to England. At nine o'clock the last post sounded, when those who were not already in their hammocks now turned in. I stopped on deck watching the sailors reefing sails and handling the ship, and when tired of listening to the piping of the wind through the rigging, and the shrill sound of the boatswain's whistle, I followed the example of my comrades and turned into my hammock. I was awakened in the middle of the night by a tremendous noise on deck. Footsteps rattled, shuffled, and stamped above my head, and every now and then, amidst hoarse shouting, whistling, and yells of "Aye, aye, sir," there was a sound of banging down upon the deck of heavy coils of rope. The ship was tilted over very much on one side, and at times shivering from bow to stern as a heavy sea struck her on the beam.

Several of the recruits, on hearing this uproar, jumped from their hammocks with fright; some thought the mast had gone overboard, or that the ship was on fire, or had sprung a leak and was fast going to the bottom; but I divined the cause at once, and told them that the wind had changed, and the sailors were reefing topsail, when they all turned into their hammocks again.

The motion of the ship, now heading against a heavy sea, became very unpleasant; she heaved, jolted and pitched so that I found it in vain to sink again into sleep, but after a couple of hours I again sank into the arms of Morpheus, where from a heavy and dreamless slumber I was once more aroused between five and six o'clock in the morning by the orderly sergeant rousing the men to stow away hammocks and wash decks, and a hard job he had of it, for most of them were very sick. Just hear the orders and the replies: "Peter Riley, come, get out of that hammock," said the sergeant, "Tommy Devanny," said a voice, "d'ye hear the sergeant? Are you going to lay there all day like a lazy land-lubber?" "Och, sergeant, I'm that sick, I'm as wake as wather, and not able to stand on my feet, I'm so sick!" "You get a piece of fat pork and bob it up and down your throat, then swallow it and see if that doesn't get you all right." "Och, sergeant, for the love of God, lave me alone, I'm dyen', send for the docther, and the Lord have marcy on yer mother's sowl." The latter supplication was addressed to Sergeant Bramall, who, unable any longer to restrain his indignation, had seized the blankets, and was tugging

and tearing them out of Private Tommy Devanny's hammock. A thud on the deck, and a loud roar of laughter, announced that the sergeant had succeeeded in dragging the offender from his hammock.

The men were soon up and busily engaged, the pump and hose were set going, and the inundation and swabbing went on briskly; all hands were at work with swabs, scrubbers and scrapers. The ship was still heaving, although the warm sun had burst through the heavy clouds. When the breakfast bugle sounded at eight o'clock, many of the recruits were absent through sea-sickness. Time will not permit me further to detail the distresses of landsmen who encountered at starting a gale of wind which lasted nearly two days; I only wish, good reader, you may never experience it. I shall simply record the satisfaction experienced by many of the red-coats on board the *City of Manchester,* when the wind changed and sent us flying at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour, as we shaped our course across a well-known bay of tempestuous character, which, however, on the present occasion was found quiet enough. It was, however, a joyful moment when the rocky and precipitous coast of Cape St. Vincent, loomed up distinctly through the hot mist of the early morning; and before many hours had elapsed our transport was bounding before the breeze through the straits of Gibraltar. The men were now perfectly recovered from sea-sickness, and they assembled on deck looking out for the long wished-for haven, and gazed on the much-talked of "old rock of

Gibraltar," which was to be our present home. At three o'clock p.m., 25th May, 1858, we moved into our moorings at the new mole, and, in half an hour, disembarked and marched to the Town Range Barracks, and part to the Wellington Front and King's Bastion.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARRIVAL—SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS—LIUET. JACKSON—CHANGE QUARTERS—THE ROCK—MONKEYS—CAVES—GARDENS—WAR IN ALGIERS—CORFU—VOYAGE—ARRIVAL—SANTA MARIA—DESERTION—THE MARCH—GREEKS.

THE 2nd Battalion 6th Royal Regiment was stationed in Gibraltar four years, during which time we were changed from one barracks to another, about every twelve months. In the summer of 1859, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales visited Gibraltar, when the troops gave him a right royal reception. St. Michael's Cave, all the caverns and subterranean passages, as well as the city, were illuminated on the occasion, with a grand military ball at the convent, and a public one at the theatre. The inhabitants turned out *en masse*, and gave him a hearty welcome as he drove through the streets in an open carriage, with military bands playing and guards of honour as he entered and got out of his carriage, at the entrance to the convent. On the 31st July, Captain J. E. Tewart joined the regiment, and took charge of No. 5 company at the King's Bastion. On the 15th of August, myself and several other sergeants of the garrison, with their wives, rode into Spain, some on horseback, more on side-cars, to witness a bull-fight at San Roque. On ar-

rival we put up our horses at an hotel, and paid a dollar each to go in.

Where the bull-fight was held is a large structure, capable of containing ten thousand people. It is built of stone, with seats like a circus, and enclosed with a high wall of ancient architectural design, gaily ornamented, with flags waving all round on its summit.

One half of this enclosure is allotted and carefully decorated, with an elaborately fitted box and a canopy surmounted with the Royal Arms of Spain, for the Royal family, and a splendid military band on a platform over the entrance. When drawing near the opening scene, the seats were all filled with a gaily dressed audience, the Spanish ladies in their gorgeous fineries, with their fans waving continually. In the ring were six mounted cavaliers, armed with lances and coats of mail, and six more on foot, with silk mantles lined with crimson across their arms, and swords drawn.

Then the gate flies open, and the bull rushes into the ring; the people cheer and shout; the bull roars and paws the ground, runs at a horseman, when the rider sticks him with his lance. Madly he rushes at a red cloak held out by a footman, and falls headlong on his face. In this way they tease him until he foams with rage. The footmen throw gaily dressed, loaded darts, and stick them in his neck, when the dart explodes with a loud report. This maddens him; he shakes his head and rushes at a horse, tearing out his entrails and raising him on his horns; the footmen fool him with the red cloaks and

loaded darts, when the bull corners a man, he slips into a side-place made for that purpose. After he is well exhausted, and having over two dozen darts dangling from his neck, the professor undertakes to kill him. He plays with him a long time, fooling him with the red cloak and sword; at last, when he gets a good chance, he sinks the sword to the hilt just in the back of the head. When the bull gives the last roar and drops, throwing his life blood out of his mouth, the professor salutes the audience, who cheer him vociferously.

Three gay teams of smart ponies, with rich trappings, enter the ring, and draw off the dead bull and horses; when the band plays while the ring is being cleared for another fight. As we returned from the bull fight, we passed some Spaniards who were driving mules; the road being narrow, one of the sergeants shoved a mule out of the road, when the Spaniard threw a stone, striking one of the ladies who were on the side-car; then colour-sergeant Marshall jumped down to chastise the Spaniard; they closed on each other, the sergeant throwing him down in the scuffle; the Spaniard drew his stiletto and stabbed the sergeant, who cried out, "I am stabbed," when the Spaniard ran away. Some British sailors who were passing at the time gave chase and caught him; one of the sailors took out his jack-knife, and cut the sign of the cross deep on the Spaniard's back, saying, "If I have to swear against you, I will have a mark so as I may know you again;" giving the Spaniards a good thrashing, they left them. The wound which the sergeant

received did not seem much at first, but he was taken to the hospital, where he lay for eight days, and died from the wound, deeply regretted by the battalion. The Spaniard was caught, tried, convicted, and transported for two years, on the sailor's evidence, who marked him on the back with the jack-knife.

After putting in four months in camp at the Old North Front, where we went through a course of rifle instruction and ball practice, under our instructors, Captain Kerr, Lieutenant Nugent, and Sergeant Parkinson, we were changed to the South Barracks. Here the colonel and officers encouraged all sorts of amusements amongst the men. Each captain purchased a boat for his company, and the sergeants got out a splendid outrigger, forty feet long, from Clasper, the famous boat-builder on the Tyne. In addition to the boating, Lieutenant Jackson, of the Royal Artillery, organized garrison reading-rooms, where all the latest periodicals and newspapers, with excellent libraries, were at the service of the troops, and even schools where the men could learn English, French and Spanish, and all sorts of amusing games, such as billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, dominoes, and chess. This is what ought to be in every barracks, it keeps the men from the low dram-shops and saloons, and makes men and soldiers of us, giving us *esprit de corps*. Lieutenant Jackson was a barrack-room word with the garrison. He made himself very popular amongst the troops by the unremitting exertions he used in order to improve the condition, habits, education, comfort, and amusement of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the garrison

At those barracks the Roman Catholics and Protestants occupied the same church, the former at ten o'clock, and the latter at eleven. The English church chaplain, Rev. Mr. Gardiner, was a most eloquent preacher, and a very popular clergyman, so much so, that the sergeants of the 6th Regiment subscribed and sent to London for a beautiful Bible, which we presented to him, with an address. couched in the warmest expressions of admiration and gratification for his ability as an eloquent preacher, as well as his sincerity, enthusiasm, passionate ardour, and unremitting attention to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the 2nd Battalion 6th Royal Regiment, who will long remember Mr. Gardiner as being a father to both Roman Catholics and Protestants of the battalion while stationed at Gibraltar. The Lord bless him and keep him, prays the author.

The rock is about three miles long, by three quarters of a mile broad. Its inhabitants are called "Rock Scorpions." They are composed of English, Italians, Spaniards, Moors and Jews. The population, exclusive of the garrison, is about 16,500. The strip of peninsula connecting Gibraltar with Spain is called the "Neutral Ground."

The approaches both from the Neutral Ground and from the sea are guarded by a great number of very powerful batteries, so that the rock may be regarded as impregnable. Monkeys are very numerous, and can be seen from the Alameda, looking down from the rock on the soldiers at drill, and running up and down the old Moorish Wall leading to the signal station; some of them

are very large. In visiting the company's barrack-room, when orderly-sergeant, one day, the men being all out at drill, I found a large baboon stealing the men's bread off the shelf in the barrack-room. As soon as he saw me he sprung out of the window, on to a wall which divided the steep rock from the barracks, and then stood and looked at me. They watch the barrack-rooms from this wall and when they see the men going out to drill they enter the room and steal the bread. The rock at its highest point attains an elevation of 1,440 feet above the sea. It is perforated by numerous caverns, the largest of which is called Saint Michael's Cave, which has an entrance about 1,000 feet above the sea. Thence there is a descent through a succcesion of caves, some ample chambers, others mere passages through which it is barely possible to creep, to a depth of 500 feet below the entrance; at this point the foul air has barred further ingress, but the roaring of the sea has been distinctly heard, which leads to the inference that these gloomy hollows have communication with the waves beneath. Large stalactites are found in most of the caverns, and congealed stone, of which many useful and ornamental articles are made by the soldiers and others, such as shirt-buttons, brooches, studs and rings, with several other useful articles. There are no springs of fresh water on the rock, and the inhabitants are therefore compelled to depend on the heavy rainfall, and every precaution is adopted to preserve as much of the water as possible: large tanks are placed so as to catch the rain-water off the roofs of the houses, and conduits are made

to guide the water from the rock surface into great public reservoirs. Among the latter, the Navy Tank, for the supply of ships coming to the port is conspicuous, its capacity being 11,000 tons of water.

At present England guards this formidable rock with jealous care; every available point of defence bristles with guns; the steep rock is honeycombed with galleries and bombproof barracks; deep ditches with drawbridges, steep escarps bar all approach, and batteries are hewn in the solid rock, frowning alike on friend or foe. The drawbridges are closed when the evening gun fires at sun-down, and are opened at sunrise, by a sergeant detailed for that duty, who is called the "key sergeant," his post when not opening or closing the gates, is at the Convent guard, where he keeps the keys of the fortress. There are several pleasant walks about the rock, but perhaps the best is in the Alameda, and the gardens situated at the south end. They are prettily laid out; a bronze bust on a column has been erected in these gardens to the memory of *General Eliott, its heroic defender.* Plants and different sorts of tropical flowers, dwarf-palm, Spanish-broom, the yellow blossoms of which are mixed with the varied colours of fuchsia,—orange and oleanders interspersed along the beautiful walks and round the shaded rustic seats, with the profusion and aroma of the flowers, rendered it a most charming promenade, and during the fine evenings military band performances take place, when it is usually thronged with visitors.

The adjacent Spanish towns of Campamiento, San

Roque and Algeciras are much resorted to by excursionists from the rock, and during the summer months are selected by numerous families for a prolonged stay. However little pleasure or interest a ride over this arid and sandy plain affords, when once arrived at Campo, the rider enjoys a most charming prospect, as there is probably no other point from which the isolated rock appears so grand or picturesque than from this neat little village.

During the summer of 1860, a war raged between the Queen of Spain and the Dey of Tangiers, when about five hundred women and children of the Moorish Jews from Tangiers fled to Gibraltar for protection ; they were sent to the North Front where they were supplied by our authorities with tents and rations during the war, which lasted for six months ; their husbands were kept behind to fight, and only a few old men accompanied the women to Gibraltar. After putting in a little over four years on the rock of Gibraltar, we embarked on the afternoon of the 25th June, 1862, on board H. M. S. *Himalaya* which lay at the New Mole for the Island of Corfu. As we lay at the wharf expecting to go to sea early in the morning, Rev. Mr. Gardiner came on board about eight o'clock, to bid the battalion a last farewell; the moon was clear and shone down with a silver brightness on the mass of redcoats who assembled on deck to hear Mr. Gardiner address the battalion. He stood on the quarter deck and delivered a most eloquent and sympathetic address, which touched the men's hearts, and drew tears from most of those strong soldiers who were present.

At five o'clock next morning we steamed out from the New Mole and proceeded round Europa point, passing the pillars of Hercules, and as we steamed out we gradually lost sight of the coast, which was beautifully illuminated by the rising sun, affording us a last glimpse of the old rock of Gibraltar. This magnificent transport, one of the best in her Majesty's service, is kept up to man-of-war fashion in discipline and cleanliness. After a splendid voyage of five days we reached Corfu at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st July, 1862. No. 5 company, consisting of Captain Tewart, Lieutenant Hall, and Ensign Græme, myself and four sergeants, and one hundred and sixty rank and file, were ordered to proceed on detachment to Santa Maura, and No. 3 company to Ithica. During the afternoon the headquarters and the companies for Corfu disembarked, the companies for detachment stopped on board, and at four o'clock next morning the steamer proceeded with these detachments to their respective stations, arriving at Santa Maura, about three o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, when we disembarked, the *Himalaya* proceeding on to Ithica with No. 3 company. The garrison of Santa Maura, consisted of Captain Tewart (commandant), one garrison sergeant-major, four sergeants, and two hundred rank and file, including the artillery; that day I was appointed garrison sergeant-major and orderly room clerk besides. We were stationed at Santa Maura about twelve months. One of the Austrian steamers came in every Sunday morning with the mails from Corfu, which I had to answer by seven p.m. the same day, before the

steamer returned in the evening. This was the only mail during the week. The Island of Santa Maura is separated from Greece by a broad lagoon which abounds with wild ducks; they came in immense flocks in the evening to feed during the night, and flew away at daylight. Many a night the officers of the garrison put in after those ducks. After drills and parades the men amused themselves with different games, such as cricket, ball-playing, skittles, and pitching quoits. There was only one thing that marred our pleasure, and that was desertion; an idea had got into the heads of some of the worst characters to desert—Greece being close, and only the shallow lagoon between them and freedom; a few of them, whom we were much better without, deserted into Greece.

We had a lance-corporal named John Smith (a Yankee), who was in charge of a fatigue party outside the barrack gate, when he induced the six men to desert. The alarm being given by the sentry on the battery, that the fatigue party were escaping across the lagoon, I seized a rifle, ran out the back gate, loading as I went along, sighting it for six hundred yards. I fired at Smith as he was crossing the water, striking him in the heel, knocking the boot off his left foot, leaving it behind in the water where we found it with the bullet hole through it. After they got into Greece they were free, and we could not touch them; they carried the wounded man off with them.

A man named John Nobles, who was servant to Lieutenant Hall, robbed his master of thirty-six sovereigns, and deserted into Greece. The sentry on the battery saw him

with his dog early in the morning walking on the spit towards Greece, but did not suspect that he was going to desert, as he told the sentry he was going to give his master's dog a run on the spit, when he let him pass, as he was an officer's servant. About ten o'clock in the morning the officer missed his servant; his suspicions being aroused he opened his cash box, and found the money gone; he reported it to Captain Tewart, who ordered myself and a corporal to start after Noble, the chief of police sending a policeman as an interpreter. We scoured the country as far as Missalonghi, where we arrived about six o'clock in the evening, and were shown great attention, and treated well by the Tetrarch, who sent an escort of cavalry with us next morning, besides furnishing us with horses. We divided into three parties, each taking a different road; towards evening we halted at a village. I put up at a respectable private house, there being no public-houses in the place; my escort were billeted on the people of the village. It being their dinner-hour, the hostess spread a clean white cloth on the carpet in the middle of the floor, on this were placed a pepper-box, salt-cellar, and a roll of bread for each person, little mats were placed round on which the dishes were placed in succession; all sat down cross-legged round the cloth; a long, narrow strip of white linen was spread round on our knees; there were eight persons sitting round this spread. A large soup-tureen containing a kind of thick soup and meat stood in the centre, when we were all politely invited to commence. They all dipped their spoons in the tureen,

and asked me to join them, but I declined by saying that "I did not like soup just then." After soup other dishes, consisting of stewed mutton, fish, rice, milk, vegetables and fruit were handed round; they all helped themselves. The left hand is used to convey the food to the mouth. The thumb and two first fingers doing the duty of forks. There is a neatness in the Grecian way of manipulating the food that can only be acquired by care and long practice; the thumb and two fingers alone must touch the meat the rest of the hand remaining perfectly clean and free from contact with it. An amusing incident occurred, tending to increase our merriment. Mustard, an unusual condiment on a Greek's table, was handed round, perhaps in honour of my presence. An old lady, not knowing what it was took a spoouful, and before any one had time to interfere, had swallowed it. Her face became crimson, tears ran down her cheeks, she sneezed and appeared choking; but at last, with a supreme effort, she regained her composure, and tried to look as pleasant as circumstances would allow. It is considered a mark of great attention on the part of the hostess, to pick the daintiest bit of food, and place it in the mouth of any of her guests. Native wine was handed round in small tumblers. I managed to make an excellent dinner, being used to squatting down to my meals in camp before Sebastopol; therefore I was not at all awkward on this occasion. Dinner being over, the cloth was removed, when coffee and cigarettes were handed round. Next morning we had a cup of coffee and started off scouring the country; at last we passed

through a wood where we saw Noble's dog and close to him was the body of Noble covered up with a little earth. We immediately acquainted the authorities, who held a *post-mortem* examination on the body. We then searched and found the guide that accompanied him, and had him searched, when the money was found on him, except two dollars which Noble had paid for horse-hire for himself and his guide. When travelling along through the wood, this Greek guide, whom he hired to show him the way, murdered him for the money, and buried him in the woods. Only for the faithful dog we might never have found either the murdered man or the murderer. The money was retained by the Greek authorities until after the trial.

We then returned to Missalonghi when I returned the Tetrarch many thanks for the assistance he rendered us in securing the murderer and the money. He then gave me a letter of congratulation to the Commandant, when we returned to Santa Maura.

The guide was tried by the Greek authorities, when, by a force of circumstantial evidence, he was found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SIR HENRY STORKS—ALBANIA—VISIT NECROPOLIS—THE BRIGAND CHIEF—TURKISH BATHS—COFFEE HOUSES—TURKISH LADIES' COSTUME —SERGEANTS' BALL—THE ROUTE—CORFU—ROUTE—WEST INDIES—THE VOYAGE—THE BURNING MOUNTAIN—GIBRALTAR—MADEIRA—TENERIFFE—SANTA CRUZ—CAPE DE VERDE ISLANDS—TRINIDAD—JAMAICA.

IN the month of October, Sir Henry Storks, Lord High Commisioner of the Ionian Islands, with his aide-de-camp, visited Santa Maura, when he inspected the troops, barrack and fortifications, and expressed himself highly pleased at the appearance and discipline of the troops, the cleanliness of the barrack and the good order and thorough repair in which the guns, shot, shell and fortifications were kept. Several of the naval officers of H. M. S. *Icarus* in which he came from Corfu, accompanied him on shore and invited the commandant to lunch with them on board. In November, myself, two other sergeants and three Greeks, went on an excursion to Previsa, a town in Albania, seven miles across the bay. We rowed across in a large four-oared boat. The entrance to the harbour was indeed a pretty sight; nothing could be more romantic than the little bay stretched out before us, the variety and beauty of the numerous groves of olive

and fruit trees along the banks, the number of little boats gliding about on the smooth, clear blue waters, and small vessels cruising from one island to another, with the tall minarets towering high above the numerous white houses making up as charming a picture as could be imagined. On landing we were surprised to see the appearance of the town. A few of the houses are good, substantial buildings and comparatively clean and comfortable, but the rest of the town had a dirty and slovenly appearance. The streets are narrow and crooked, the shops are little recesses from six to eight feet deep, without windows; they close with folding doors, which are thrown open during business hours. Here the occupant sits, sells, works and carries on almost every conceivable kind of business. In one of these places you can see a dry-goods merchant with his stock stored in a little space not more than eight feet square. The floor is elevated two steps above the street and the tradesman sits behind a little counter. The customers stand at the open front and all the business is done in the street; every one sits down, the merchant at his shop, the mechanic at his work.

It is amusing to see what ingenuity they exercise in getting everything within their reach, that they may not change their position. After we had walked through several streets we visited the barrack, where the guard turned out, and the sentries presented arms as we passed their posts; we supposed that they did not know our rank or else they never would have presented arms, but we were neatly dressed in our uniform and swords, and we

supposed they took us for commissioned officers. One of the Turkish officers accompanied us round the barracks and showed us through the hospital. Oh ! what a contrast between British soldiers' barracks and hospitals and the Turkish, the latter are dirty and the men dirty, squating round the rooms and lounging on their little dirty looking beds, and the hospital was even worse ; the smell was intolerable, the boards black and greasy, in fact everything was filthy and smelled strongly of oil and garlic.

We thanked the officer and left the barracks.

One of the Greeks who accompanied us took us to a friend's house where we had luncheon, which consisted of rolls of brown bread, cheese, salad, cakes and coffee ; after which we hired six Turkish ponies and started off to visit the ruins of the ancient city of Nicropolis. A ride of fifteen miles in an easterly direction from Previsa, was soon passed in pleasant and cheerful company ; the beauty of the groves, the luxuriant vegetation, the mild and balmy air, all conspired to add to the pleasure of the ride ; and now we are approaching the ancient city. What do we see ? Before us immense ruins for miles around, old walls towering high in the air, wide enough to drive a coach and four on their top, with high arched doorways. A large amphitheatre with massive stone seats, encircled by a colossal wall, surmounted with ancient-looking figures in marble, half man, half beast.

After visiting a great many of these wonderful old ruins and learning all we could of their ancient history from our guide, who was well informed and could make

himself understood in English,—at his suggestion we took a detour to visit some robbers' caves, which he said were worth seeing.

One of the wild, deep passes through which he led us is celebrated as the scene of the exploits of a robber chieftain, named Abdallah Niebhr. No one could go through this narrow pass without his sanction. The solitary pedestrian as well as the grand carriage were alike the objects of his plunder. The whole country stood in fear of him; travellers trembled at his name; a pasha on one occasion, attempting to pass here with his retinue, was shot dead by this daring bandit. For over forty years he contrived to elude capture and prosecuted his career of bloodshed, plunder, and crime. At last he and his accomplices fell into the hands of the Turkish authorities and were sent to Constantinople. The passage is now safe and has been for many years, but the remembrance of these bloody atrocities often sends a thrill of terror through the heart of the timid traveller. Continuing our journey through olive groves, we arrived at our friend's house at seven o'clock, and had just time for a bath before dinner. This refreshed us after our journey in the hot sun and also increased our appetites to relish the dish of lamb, roast whole, and stuffed with rice and pistachios, besides other trimmings, consisting of rolls of brown bread, eggs fried in butter, cheese, garlic and oil, fruit and vegetables. Dinner being over, coffee was handed round, and at ten o'clock we retired to rest. After a good night's rest we were up early and had a Turkish bath. This is

by far the best fitted and most useful part of the whole establishment. It comprises a suite of three rooms, the first is a square apartment, chiefly constructed of marble, and terminating in a cupola studded with little panes of glass, through which the light enters; a deep reservoir attached to the outer wall, with an opening which is heated by a furnace built under it, a number of pipes attached to the furnace circulate through the walls of the bath and throw great heat into it. A graceful fountain conducts the water from the reservoir, and on each side of the fountain is a low wooden platform which serves as a seat for bathers, who sit cross-legged, and undergo a long and complicated process of washing and scrubbing. The second room is called the Touklouk, is construced very much in the same style, but is smaller and has no furnace but a marble platform upon which mattresses and cushions are placed for the use of those who wish to repose between intervals of bathing, or do not wish to face the cooler temperature of the Hammam (the first room). This room is furnished with sofas, on which the bathers rest and dress after quitting the bath. Turkish women are very fond of this bath, and capable of remaining for hours together in that hot and depressing atmosphere. They smoke cigarettes, eat fruit and sweets, and drink sherbet; and finally, after all the blood has rushed to their heads and their faces are crimson, they wrap themselves in soft garments and pass into a third or outer chamber, where they repose on a luxurious couch until their systems shake off part of the heat and languor

that these baths produce. A bath being an indispensable appendage to every house, one is to be found in every Turkish dwelling.

The outer bath room is a large stone building, lighted by a cupola, with wooden platforms running all round, upon which small mattresses and couches are spread for the men. A fountain of cold water stands in the outer hall of the public baths. Coffee houses are to be met with everywhere, and are very numerous in the towns. The Albanians resort to them when they leave their home early in the morning to take a cup of coffee and smoke a nargile before going to business. In the evening they step in to have a chat with their neighbours and hear the news of the day. Turkish newspapers are becoming common of late in these coffee-houses, and are to be found in all of them. Few of these establishments possess an inviting exterior or can boast any arrangements with regard to comfort or accommodation ; a few mats are placed round on a raised seat, and some low stools for strangers ; small gardens are attached to some, where the Turk may be seen sitting cross-legged and smoking his tchibouk, while others atone for the deficiencies of their interior by the lovely situation they occupy in this picturesque and luxurious land. What a Turk heartily enjoys is his tchibouk and coffee, sitting by the side of a running stream, or in some spot commanding a fine view. This quiescent pleasure he calls "taking kaif" (comfort); on the whole his capacity for enjoyment is rather of a passive than an active kind. The costume worn by ladies consists of a

gown of cloth or damask silk, with a border of similar workmanship; opening upon the breast. It displays a handsome white silk gauze frill around the neck; the sleeves hang loosely at the wrists, covered by a velvet jacket, richly worked with gold thread; indoors they wear a red cap covered with pearls and precious stones; the slippers are equally adorned with embroidery and jewels according to the rank of the lady. The yaskmak (veil) and feridji (cloak) are universally worn by the Turkish women of all classes out of doors. The former varies according to the rank and place of residence of the wearers, from ordinary calico to the finest tarlatan, while the latter may be of almost any colour or material, but green is the prevailing colour; the trousers of red silk hanging loosely over a high-heeled and neat fitting yellow morocco boot, with wrinkles over the ankle. As we were standing in the consul's office getting our passports vized, Sergeant Parkinson's rifle was accidentally discharged, the bullet passing through the ceiling over the office. The consul's lady had a narrow escape, for the bullet passed through her dress. After paying the consul fifty cents each for having our passports vized, and thanking our friend for the attention shown us while at his house, we departed, rowing back to Santa Maura, where we arrived at nine o'clock in the evening, after enjoying three days' pleasure which will be long remembered by us.

At Christmas, the sergeants gave a ball, and issued invitations to several friends and a few civilians. Dancing commenced at eight o'clock and kept up with "esprit"

till twelve, when supper was announced, after which the president proposed the health of the Queen, which was drunk with a right royal good will, the band playing the National Anthem, and afterwards toasts, songs and speeches were indulged in by many round the board; when dancing was again resumed, and kept up till the small hours in the morning.

On the 9th of May, 1863, we were relieved at Santa Maura by a detachment of the 9th Regiment, the "Holy Boys," who arrived from Corfu in the morning, by steamer, and we embarked on the same steamer in the afternoon for Corfu, arriving there by five o'clock next morning, when we were ordered on detachment at Vedo, a small island close to Corfu, but a strong fortification, commanded by Colonel Sankey, of the 9th Regiment, where garrison duty and field days are frequent.

On the 6th November, the British government agreed to give up the Ionian Islands to the Greeks. On the 1st of January, 1864, Colonel Hobbs took command of the 2nd Battalion 6th Royal Regiment, vice Colonel Fraser, and on the same day we commenced to blow up the forts before giving up the island to the Greeks. In Vedo, the lunette and keep were blown up by the end of January, and Fortneuf and the citadel were all demolished by the 1st of March, 1864.

On the 4th of March, 1864, the 2nd Battalion 6th Royal Regiment embarked on board of H. M. S. *Orontes*, for Jamaica, in the West Indies. At two o'clock in the afternoon we steamed out of the harbour and bid farewell

to the Ionian Islands. The weather was fine and clear, the water blue and smooth; our ship glided onwards at the rate of ten knots an hour, soon leaving the land far behind. In the evening the moon shone forth in all her glory and brightness on the face of the smooth, blue waters of the Mediterranean.

On the evening of the third day we sighted Mount Etna, raising its fiery summit towards the sky, and sending up volumes of fire and smoke as it were among the stars, illuminating the country for miles round. Many of us stopped on deck till a late hour watching this grand phenomenon.

On the morning of the 10th of March, we arrived at Gibraltar, and moored alongside the New Mole. Here the regiment disembarked and encamped on the New Mole for a week, with a view to the health of the troops, during which time the ship coaled, cleaned, and was fumigated. At the same time the troops got their linen washed, and everything clean and ready for the long voyage to the West Indies.

On the 17th of March we again embarked, and in the afternoon moved out from our moorings and proceeded round the New Mole, and passed Bona-vista Barrack, when we bid a last farewell to the old rock of Gibraltar, and, as the day was well advanced, hastened on so as to pass through the straits before dark. Early next morning we passed the southerly point of Europe, and as we steamed on we gradually lost sight of the land, which was beautifully illuminated by the rising sun, affording us a

faint view of the sun-scorched peaks of the African coast. The weather was delightful, with scarce a ripple on the water.

On the morning of the 21st of March, we passed close to the beautiful island of Madeira. The first impressions of this island are delightful and striking, with its luxurious gardens smiling with gorgeous flowers, and its mountain sides cultivated almost to their summits with beautiful plants. Nature exhibits herself here with such varied charms that imagination can scarcely picture a lovelier scene.

The product which has made the name of Madeira famous and familiar is its wine, now produced in great quantities; this and the cultivation of the sugar-cane form its principal trade. At twelve o'clock we passed the Desertas, a group of barren rocks. These rocks appear to be only frequented by fishermen. One of these isles is a high pyramidal rock which, at a distance, very much resembles a sail.

March 23rd. At daylight the brilliant light on Cape Teneriffe was descried ahead. We ran in for the land, and the high precipitous rocks, all bleak and bare, here and there broken by deep and rugged clefts, rose in bold outline before us. Somewhat later, as the clouds cleared away, the celebrated Peak was in sight, a grand and solitary object towering to the clouds in seeming desolation; for, though there is a certain amount of fertility on its sides, it was not apparent as we approached it. By eight o'clock we ran into the wharf at Santa Cruz, and after a

visit from the health officer, all were free for a run on shore while the ship was coaling. There is little at Santa Cruz itself to interest the stranger. The houses are poor structures, the streets narrow, but they are kept very clean; there are no public buildings with any pretensions to taste or elegance. Nevertheless, one is repaid for a stroll in the country, where the scenery is remarkably wild and impressive—deep ravines, from which bold rocks rise abruptly, void of every trace of vegetation except a few cacti and other hardy plants.

There is a sort of wondrous grandeur in this volcanic scenery—in the scorched craters of these enormous rocks, ribbed at the sides, no traces of life, no appearance of vegetation—all is arid, dry and parched, while away to the southward can just be discerned a fine picture of woodland scenery, arresting the eye at once by its great contrast, and as it were, compelling one to admire the extreme beauty afforded by the charming landscape. Here and there were noticed enclosures of cacti, used in rearing the cochineal, which, with the castor-oil plant, appears to be largely cultivated for exportation. I and two sergeants with our wives, entered a saloon to take refreshments, as well as to learn the custom and habits of the people. During the time we were enjoying the lunch, we heard the landlady say to her husband in Spanish, "charge them English well, they have plenty of money," fortunately one of the sergeant's wives, being a Spaniard, understood what was said, when they had a most amusing row in the Spanish language, the landlady coming off se-

cond best ; she did not get as much out of us as she had anticipated. Santa Cruz boasts of a very ancient and time-worn cathedral, which we visited. It was here that Nelson (1797) undertook an expedition against Teneriffe, which, although unsuccessful and disasterous, displayed great heroism and bravery. The two flags captured on this occasion are retained in this old cathedral, and the inhabitants still bear in mind the attack and repulse. Here the immortal Nelson lost his arm, and it was the only affair in which he was unsuccessful.

Towards evening we left the harbour of Santa Cruz, the bright moonlight affording us a capital view of the Peak, which frowned upon us in all its grandeur, its head hoary with many a winter's snow. A fine favouring breeze was with us all night ; at the dawn of the following morning the island of Teneriffe was looming far behind us on the distant horizon. From the present may be said to commence our dreary, monotonous, long voyage from the pillars of Hercules in the east across the broad Atlantic to the West Indies. Life on board ship and the varied incidents at sea, all tend to rouse feelings and sensations which are reserved alone for those whose business is on the great waters. To the officers and soldiers—as well as the ladies, the routine on board ship especially of this splendid transport, was entirely different from that we had hitherto enjoyed on shore. Fortunately the varied scenes were under most favourable circumstances as regards the weather. At first the usages of naval every-day life seemed particularly vexatious, and

annoying when so many human beings were packed so closely into such a small place ; but after a few days, when sea-sickness had been got over, one and all perceived, to a certain extent, the necessity of order, cleanliness, and good discipline. Scrubbing, washing, and holystoning the decks, cleaning brass and wood work, the troops parading, watches assembling, sailors mustering at quarters and divisions, are all measures which tend to enforce the discipline so essential to good government. Existence in the limited space of a ship, with so many troops on board, for weeks completely isolated from the outer world, is so peculiar and interesting to those unacquainted with the sea, that I may be permitted to make a few remarks as to our daily routine. From the hour of four o'clock in the morning, as soon as the watch has been mustered, bustle and activty begin, lasting through out the day, and even to the hour when the night reminds one of sleep ; pumps are manned, water is splashed over the decks in all direction, yet it is absolutely essential to the preservation of the health and comfort of the troops and those on board. By six o'clock the washing is nearly finished, when all the hammocks are piped up and stowed. It is now time for breakfast, consisting of cocoa and biscuit. The men then prepare and dress for parade at ten o'clock, which lasts for about an hour. At noon the dinner bugle sounds, and although consisting as it invariable does, of either salt junk, and plum duff, or salt pork and pea soup, there are few men healthier than soldiers while on board ship. Grog time comes next

(when half a gill of rum, lime juice, with two pints of water are supplied to each man), and with the hour of smoking, constitutes a pleasant break in the day. During the afternoon, the band plays on the quarter-deck, and the men sit around in groups, singing, dancing, and all sorts of amusing games until four o'clock, when the sailors assembled at their stations with rifle, cutlass, and pistol for inspection by their divisional officers. The inspection over, the sailors resume their work to make or furl sail, according to the wind. Supper is now prepared, consisting of tea and biscuit, after which, at eight o'clock, smoking is permitted, but not between decks, hammocks having been piped down at 7:30.

The orderly officers always go the rounds of the decks to ascertain that all is correct, when those off watch are expected to turn into their hammocks, and so ends the day and its duties. This was the routine every day during the whole voyage.

At six o'clock the officers, both naval and military, usually dine together, when the incidents of the day, and the progress of the ship, and other matters which are sure to turn up, form a lively conversational hour, during which time the band plays. After dinner, the assembly of smokers usually muster on deck, where all sorts of yarns and topics engross the attention until bed-time. Sunday alone seems to break the monotony and routine of every day life at sea ; when, after divine service at ten o'clock, the remainder of the day is usually spent in reading or sleeping.

On the morning of March 31st, we sighted Cape de Verde Islands, and by two in the afternoon we took in coal at Port Grand, St. Vincent; here we had a good view of African negroes, who coaled our ship with baskets which they carried on their heads. They were very tall and powerfully built men, with no clothing except a little round their loins. What a contrast in the scenery between this place and Madeira! Here are barren rocks, and not the faintest indication of vegetation to be seen in any direction, although its formation is somewhat similar.

The town, if it can be so named, consists of a few straggling houses, and the stores of the coal contractors, situated along the shore, while stretching away behind are several high, rough and jagged peaks and mountains, affording a fine background for the barren and uninteresting coast scenery.

Next day, at eight o'clock, we reached Santiago, another island of the same group; here we stayed for two or three hours. The houses, with a few exceptions, were poor specimens of habitations, nearly all built of stone. and one story high. The interiors present only a few articles of absolute necessity; of home comfort or cleanliness, in our sense of the word, they seem to have no idea.

The population appear to be made up of an intermixture of Portuguese settlers and negroes, who cultivate little patches of land in the valleys where are produced a few tropical fruits.

During the voyage our drum-major and a private fell

down the hatch-way; the soldier was killed, and the drum-major severely injured, so much so that it laid him up for ever afterwards.

After parade next morning, the bell tolled, and the regiment were present to pay their last tribute to their comrade. The ship's captain read the beautiful and appropriate service for a burial at sea, and on reaching that portion, "we commit his body to the deep," it was slid out of the port, wrapped in a hammock, with a round shot at its feet, into the bright blue deep sea, to be seen no more until that day when the sea shall give up its dead.

On the 12th we cast anchor in the harbour of Trinidad, where two companies were landed on detachment. The town has no pretensions to size or elegance, it is, however, most picturesquely situated along the shore of the island, backed up by a curiously shaped hill with a large pitch lake on its summit. This is a very important port of the West Indies, particularly for the mail service, some eight or ten different lines reaching here monthly.

At four o'clock in the evening we left the anchorage under sail and steam, with a fresh evening breeze, running along at twelve knots an hour. On the 18th April, 1864, at seven a.m., the island of Jamaica was in sight. At nine o'clock we took a pilot on board to navigate the vessel through the intricate and dangerous narrows between the reefs, as the ship approached and rounded Port Royal. We cast anchor in Kingston harbour, at eleven a.m. As we lay at anchor, the night was indeed beautiful,

the city with its white houses peeping out from amongst the dark green foliage; with Newcastle looming up in the distance with its white wooden barracks, on the side of St. Catharine's peak, with its lofty summit towering towards the heavens, the mountains covered with forests of mahogany, cedar, yellow sander and coffee plantations, and the valley covered with large green plantations of sugar-cane. Nature was indeed looking charming; the view in every direction, was exquisite,—look where we would there was nature's beauties before us. The entrance to the harbour at the end of Port Royal, broken into little islands, where tradition says a town was submerged by an earthquake, the sparkling sea running here and there into creeks, bays and inlets, together with the evergreen foliage of tropical trees and flowers, made up a very attractive landscape, which gave us a most favourable impression of Jamaica. Directly in front of us are the landing place and jetties, where several vessels are flying the flag of Old England.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we disembarked and formed on the quay, where we were surrounded by a conglomeration of the inhabitants of all shades of colour. After detailing two companies for detachment, one at Port Royal and the other at Uppark Camp, we marched off to Newcastle, a distance of 18 miles, seven of which were up a steep mountain zigzag foot-path. The weather being so hot we did not attempt to march during the heat of day. The word being given, we marched off with the band playing, followed through the streets by a motley

crowd of negroes, mulattoes, and creoles, raising a cloud of sand and dust as we advanced. After a very fatiguing march of ten miles we halted at a place called the gardens, where we piled arms and rested for two hours, resuming our journey at one o'clock in the morning, up a mountain road which tried many of our best marchers, arriving at Newcastle barrack at sun-rise, very much fatigued after the march during the close, warm night. But as we marched up the mountain the wild scenery surpassed anything that I have yet seen, and compensated somewhat for the fatiguing march;—the mountain side clothed with the loveliest tropical fruits, hanging over our heads as we stooped under them by the way, bananas, mangoes tamarinds, pine-apples, pomegranates, bread-fruits, oranges, lemons, coffee and sugar-cane; while the air was perfumed with the aroma of the sweet-smelling rose-trees, oleanders, fuschias, myrtles, ferns and odoriferous magnolias, with the deep gullies at our feet where the sparkling waters jump and foam as they rush in torrents down the steep rocks, towards their ocean home.

One must travel a long way indeed before he meets with prettier scenery or a place that will surpass in fragrance and loveliness the floral beauty and picturesque landscapes of this island.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JAMAICA—THE EXHIBITION—MARKET—RECEPTION—THE COMMISSION—COL. HOBBS—THE VOYAGE—ROUTE—VOYAGE—QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY—EDINBURGH—CALTON HILL—TOLBOOTH—QUEEN MARY'S ROOM—DUNOON—DISCHARGED—DALKEITH—GLASGOW—EMBARK FOR CANADA—THE VOYAGE—ARRIVAL—MONTREAL—KINGSTON—PICTON—THE DUNKIN BILL—THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

THE barracks or camp were situated on a high ridge of St Catharine's mountain, called Newcastle, famous for its exhilarating, pure air, with immensely deep gullies on each side; each wooden hut, built on terraces, one above the other, consists of one room. The officers' quarters were neat little isolated cottages, surrounded with lovely flowers, trees and shrubs. The parade ground was a large terrace which had been excavated and levelled with a nice mound round its lower edge, forming a promenade as well as a drill ground. We had one large wooden building where divine service was held by all denominations in their turn; it also served as a schoolhouse and lecture hall. The married sergeants' quarters were distributed on each side of the ridge, in separate little cottages, with flower gardens to each. The means by which the troops were supplied with water was a novel and most clever proof of our engineer's skill. From the

upper end or source of the gully stream, which was many feet above the barracks, the water was conducted along the brow of the ridge by means of a large trough of bamboos resting on trestles, passing into a large reservoir situated a little above the barracks, from which pipes conducted the water to the respective quarters and rooms. Before this improvement, the water had to be carried from the bottom of the gully in large leather bags by donkeys and was doled out to the troops daily. Above the barracks on a flat side of the mountain, Col. Hobbs apportioned a garden for each company, which we reclaimed and cultivated, raising almost all sorts of vegetables, viz: yams, cocoas, sweet potatoes, cauliflowers, cabbages, potatoes, celery, lettuces, &c., besides pine apples and strawberries, with a variety of beautiful flowers.

Many of the officers and most of the colour-sergeants kept horses. Being the wine and mess sergeant to the officers, I had the privilege of keeping four horses, which I frequently hired out to the officers. These horses enabled us to travel through the mountainous country for many miles.

On Christmas eve of 1864, one of our much respected comrades, Qr-M. Sergeant Thomas Bellinton, died of heart disease, much regretted by the battalion, leaving a wife and three small children to mourn his untimely end.

In the beginning of 1865, Colonel Elkington was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General at Kingston. During the summer we had an exhibition in the hall of fancy, useful and ornamental articles, manufactured by the soldiers

of the battalion; and the number of articles, as well as the skill manifested in their manufacture, was very much admired by the visitors from the city of Kingston and the surrounding country. Among some of the distinguished visitors present, whose names the author entered in his note book, were Governor Eyre and lady, General O'Connor and lady, Deputy Adjutant-General Lieutenant-Colonel Elkington and lady, and others. Some of the articles on exhibition were wonderfully good, and sold at a high price. A Lancashire weaver made a miniature loom out of the bones which he saved from time to time, and wove a miniature web of fine texture on it to the amusement of those present. This was bought for fifteen pounds. William Sugden, a carpenter, made a model of the cantonment of Newcastle, which was sold to Rev. Mr. Fife for fifteen pounds. Henry Foreman made a model battery from bone—sold for ten pounds; Corporal Gilchrist, a bed quilt, sold for nine pounds. Other articles such as fancy work-boxes, shirt-buttons, and several articles of furniture and wearing apparel, too numerous to mention, were exhibited and sold. In June, 1865, Sergeant James Rance, Officers' Mess Sergeant, died of heart disease, leaving a wife and four children to mourn his loss. I, being the senior Colour-Sergeant in the battalion, was chosen and appointed to the vacancy caused by his death. Sergeant-Major Robert Hyde was promoted to Quarter-Master, and Colour-Sergeant Neale appointed Sergeant-Major in his place.

We had a market every Wednesday and Saturday

round the canteen, when the negroes from the country brought in all sorts of produce, some on donkeys, but most on their heads. A line of black women might be seen on those days, very early in the morning, coming to market along the narrow mountain path, with baskets of yams, cocoas, plantains, bananas, pine-apples, mangoes, oranges, lemons, bread-fruit and pomegranates, besides provisions in abundance. The people come miles with their loads, and barefooted, their clothes tucked up to their knees by a handkerchief tied round a little below the hips, securing them in graceful folds, with a light, gay handkerchief on their heads. They wear light, showy garments, and are very fond of any common jewellery, which they wear in their ears and on their fingers.

We were enjoying every comfort in this delightful station, when we were aroused by a report that the negroes had broken out in open rebellion at Morant Bay. It appears, from what we could learn afterwards, that a local preacher, named George W. Gordon, had been for some time urging the black population of Saint-Thomas-in-the-east to rise in rebellion against the Government, telling them there were back lands which they could get, and urging them to pay him money for the purpose of agitation. This, it is said, was the doctrine he preached in his chapel. And a few compatriots of his named Paul Bogle, William Bogle, William Burie, James Burié and others, were engaged in swearing in, drilling, and organizing forces in order to attack the white population, when at dinner on Christmas night, kill them, and take their

wives. But an accident occurred which fortunately, nay, providentially, brought this base conspiracy to light.

On the 7th October, 1865, which was Saturday, and market day at Morant Bay, a Court of Petty Sessions was held in that town. A man who had been convicted by the court for some crime, afterwards interrupted the proceedings of the court, and when the police endeavoured to arrest him, he was rescued from their hands by the mob. For this act warrants were issued against two ringleaders named Bogle, and several others.

On Tuesday, the 10th, six or eight policemen and some constables proceeded to Stony Gut to execute the warrants; they found Paul Bogle, who, after the warrant for his apprehension had been read to him, told them that he would not go with them. When they proceeded to arrest him, he cried "Help here!" and immediately a body of men, from four to six hundred in number, rushed out from Bogle's chapel and attacked the police; these men were armed with muskets, pistols, cutlasses, pikes, sticks and stones. The police were overpowered and severely wounded by the mob. In the meantime information of this rising was at once sent to the custos, Baron Von Ketelfeldt, who applied to the governor for military aid.

On the 11th a meeting was held at Morant Bay, at twelve o'clock, and proceeded with its business till about four, when it was disturbed by the noise of a large crowd approaching, a few volunteers were drawn up outside the Court House; the crowd advanced; the Riot Act was read by a magistrate, when stones were thrown at the

volunteers, who fired at the mob and retired into the Court House, when the infuriated rebels surrounded the Court House and set fire to it. The inmates were then compelled to leave the building, and endeavoured to conceal themselves; some fled with their families into the woods, but others were dragged from their houses and hiding places and beaten to death; some left for dead on the ground. Women and children fled for their lives into the woods, and there remained for days and nights without food or shelter, while their husbands were left murdered. The mob gained strength daily, murdering every white man they came across. They attacked houses and villages, and numbers of white inhabitants were killed and brutally treated. At Farrington they halted and organized in military order, prepared to resist the authorities, and any force that might be brought against them. On the 21st October, the Maroons marched out to meet them, when a smart skirmish ensued; eventually the Maroons got the best of it when the rebels fled. The letter of Baron Von Ketelfeldt, written on the 10th October, requesting military aid was taken by the authorities into immediate consideration, and within twenty-four hours of its receipt the 2nd Battalion 6th Regiment was on the march to Morant Bay, where troops were also landed from Spanish town, and martial law was proclaimed in the affected district. After the troops had arrived, they took many of the rebels and had them tried and executed or flogged, according to the nature and degree of the offence. George Wm. Gordon was arrested on the 17th

and plaeed on board H. M. S. *Wolverine*, and conveyed to Morant Bay, where he was tried by a court martial on the 20th, and on the 21st found guilty and executed on the charge of high treason against Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Paul Bogle was apprehended on the 23rd, and on the 24th was conveyed a prisoner to Morant Bay, where he was tried and executed with other leaders. Had it not been for the prompt and stringent measures resorted to by Governor Eyre in crushing this rebellion, before it had assumed its intended magnitude, no one can tell how much more innocent blood of Her Majesty's subjects would have been spilled by the semi-savage rebels, urged on by the preacher. As it was, they murdered Baron Von Ketelfeldt and other justices of the peace, altogether they killed and wounded fifty-six white people. These details disclose the worst features of the negro character, but when white men urge them on, they are guilty of the greater sin. The merciless beating to death, the mutilation of the living and the dead, the delight in blood and murder, tell how the spirit of the savage still lurks in the hearts of many of the black population of Jamaica. The promptness and decision with which Governor Eyre quelled the rebellion, deserved the approhation and consideration of the Government. Instead of which, however, he was censured by partisans. The social circle in England were divided, and controversy began to rage on the question. In order to satisfy the public and settle the question, the Crown issued a commission of inquiry.

On the 30th December, the Commission issued to Sir Henry Storks, William R. Gurney, Q.C., and Mr. J. B. Maul, requiring them to make full inquiry into the "origin, nature, and circumstances of the disturbances, and respecting the means adopted in the course of the suppression of the same, and respecting the conduct of those concerned in such disturbances or suppression." The gentlemen selected were a sufficient guarantee to the public that the inquiry would be what it was wished it should be,—full, searching, and impartial.

The Commission was opened at Kingston, Jamaica, on January 23rd, 1866, and closed its prolonged sitting on March 25th. The Commissioners having discharged their duties with extraordinary industry, and with the ability and impartiality which were to be expected of them. They arrived at the conclusion that there was on the part of the leaders of the rioters a preconcerted plan, and that murder was "distinctly contemplated." They nevertheless find that there was no general conspiracy against the Government, and the inference is, that the riot, though of considerable magnitude and danger, was not the result of any very long standing organization, and that it was foolish, barbarous, and wicked in its origin, although of a local character.

Those who wish to know more about the question can find it by a search, with moderate diligence, in the blue books, or the pigeon-holes of the war office. What I assert here is from my own knowledge and experience, being present during the affair.

Sir Henry Storks was the guest of the officers of the 6th Royal Regiment, for several days after the inquiry was finished. After the Insurrection, the Maroons were entertained in the city hall, as a mark of approbation and gratitude for the manner in which they assisted in quelling the rebellion.

At the end of January, Colonel Hobbs took ill and got deranged in his mind, when he was placed in the sanitarium under surveillance. In February he was sent to England, accompanied by his wife and family, with two hospital orderlies, to guard and tend him. During the voyage, watching an opportunity when walking the deck he jumped head first down the ashshoot. The ship hove to at once, boats were lowered to try and rescue him, but he could not be found; he sank to rise no more till that day when the sea shall give up its dead. The regiment was deeply affected at this sad intelligence. He was very much respected by all classes, and his loss to the regiment was much deplored.

In the summer of 1866, the Marquis of Lorne (now Governor-General of Canada) visited Jamaica, when he and his tutor were guests of the officers of the 6th Regiment at Newcastle. He was tall and slight, and very intelligent, with fair hair, and about eighteen years old. During the three years we were in Jamaica, we had one officer (Ensign Newman) and three privates die with yellow fever.

On the 24th March, Her Majesty's Ship *Tamar* arrived at Kingston harbour with the 84th Regiment, to

relieve the 2nd Battalion, 6th Regiment. On the 25th we marched from Newcastle to Uppark Camp, and there remained until the 1st April, 1867, when we embarked on board the *Tamar* for Cork. At 2 p. m. we weighed anchor and steamed out of harbour, rounding Port-Royal, homeward bound; when well clear from the land we picked up the trade winds and ran on merrily through the Tropics towards the Azores, at the rate of twelve knots an hour, full of the hope of speedily seeing the coast of Ireland.

In the afternoons the band played on the quarter-deck, and every facility was given to the men to enjoy themselves by the gentlemanly commander, Captain Sullivan.

The evening of the 6th May, a bright light at Queenstown harbour was seen, and the next morning we entered the port and cast anchor off Queenstown, where we hoped to land. But we were too sanguine; for after the mails were brought on board, a large official document was received directing the regiment to proceed to Edinburgh, there to be stationed. After a short stay, we weighed anchor and steamed out of the harbour, but not before we got a supply of good fresh bread and beautiful Irish butter, which appeared to us most delicious, after the hard tack and salt pork we were so tired of during the voyage. Next morning, amidst haze and fog, we had our first sight of the English coast, as we passed up channel amidst a very maze of shipping, outward and homeward bound. Onward we go, sighting the old familiar headlands and land-marks, the Eddystone light, the Start, the white

cliffs of Portland and St. Alban's Head, until, at the last, the Needles were in sight. After a few hours' steaming through the Solent, we reached Portsmouth harbour and moored alongside the famous old *Camperdown*, where we took in coal, and afterwards steamed out of the harbour, and steered our course for Scotland.

On the 9th of May, 1867, we cast anchor in the Frith of Forth, after a delightful voyage of 40 days. During the passage many events took place, which, although trivial in themselves, contributed to render the voyage less tedious and monotonous; occasionally we spoke or sighted a vessel, but what seemed to impart an extra interest to our every day life when clear of the Tropics, was the vast number of seabirds constantly accompanying us, probably attracted by the numerous fragments of provisions thrown overboard; cape pigeons, those prettily marked birds about the size of doves; the majestic albatross, stormy petrels of all sizes, followed on in motley groups, never seeming to weary in their search for food. These birds appear to possess remarkable capacity for remembering the exact time when they are likely to get a feed, for, day after day, soon after noon, the vicinity of the vessel was usually animated with their shrill shrieking, and fighting with each other for the dainty morsels thrown overboard.

At ten o'clock, a. m., we disembarked at Leith Pier and marched to Edinburgh Castle, "Modern Athens," amid a crowd of citizens, the band playing "Blue Bonnets over the border," and other popular Scottish airs, during the

march through the city to the castle, where we were to be quartered; then the usual bustle of taking over barracks, bed-filling, &c., was gone through. Edinburgh is a very small garrison, there being only guards to furnish, viz: The Castle, Holyrood Palace, and Jock's Lodge. The forces consisted of the 2nd Battalion 6th Regiment and the 14th Light Dragoons. On arrival the men had a good sum of ship's clearance to draw, and being flush with money, made it lively for the police about the Canongate and Lawn market, so much so that the police undertook to take some of them to the station-house. This the soldiers strongly objected to, when a fight ensued; the police got the worst of it, and the soldiers were rescued. Afterwards they never attempted to take any of our men prisoners, instead of which they reported them at the orderly room, when the offenders were punished by the commanding officer. During the twelve months which the 2nd Battalion 6th Royal Regiment was stationed in Edinburgh, the officers were delighted with the society, which is regarded as unusually polished, from the predominance of the professional and literary elements in its composition. This arises partly from its being a University town, and partly from the presence of the Supreme Law Courts of Scotland, all the important legal business being attracted thither on that account; the lawyers have charge of most estates throughout the country, so that there are an unusual number of lawyers and accountants; its medical practitioners, surgeons and physicians have a high reputation. It is much resorted to for the sake of education, for its universities and medical

schools, its high schools, and its numerous private schools. For the poorer classes, part of the enormous funds of "Heriot's Charity" have been diverted for cheaper schools throughout the city. It is largely resorted to by visitors to the Highlands of Scotland, and has an unusual number of well appointed hotels.

There are four theatres, and abundance of amusements, including an open-air gymasium, open to the public daily, admission sixpence. In the southern environs are fine, open fields, where the game "Golf" has been played from time immemorial. Excellent street-cabs are to be found, and street cars run on all the principal streets, and to the suburbs. From the Castle, which crowns the highest point in the city, a splendid view of Edinburgh and the surrounding country can be obtained. The old town, clustering along the heights extends gradually along the top and sides of the ridge which slopes downwards to the east. For some centuries the city was confined entirely to this ridge, and was flanked on the north by a marsh called the Nor' Loch. The Calton Hill offers to the view a wide-spreading panorama, with the Leaning Tower away in the distance towards Granton Pier. At our feet are the smoking chimneys of "Auld Reekie," from which we gladly turn our eyes to the blue waters and the shores of Fife coast, or seek out rest in the shadow of Salisbury Crags or Arthur's Seat, the tottering arch and crumbling walls of Holyrood Abbey. The country round is finely varied on the south, and the richly wooded Corstorphine Hills, on the east, all within a mile or two of the city; while

farther off rise the Pentland hills, four miles to the South-west, and to the north the Frith of Forth. In former times, Edinburgh, with its Castle, was selected as the only place of safety for the Royal household, the Parliament, the mint, and various important offices. By this means rising in importance, it became densely peopled, and the houses were built to an unsual height, that the inhabitants might keep within the walls, for the sake of protection.

The stranger who enters what is apparently the ground floor of one of these houses on the north side of High Street, is often surprised to find himself, without having gone upstairs, looking from a fourth story window in the rear. This is due to the steep slope on which the houses stand and gives them the command of a beautiful view, including New Town, and extending across the Frith of Forth to the varied shores of Fife. The town then consisted of the original High Street, reaching to the Lawn Market and Canongate, where a heart-shaped figure, on High Street pavement, marks the spot where the Heart of Mid-Lothian once stood ; and on the south a narrow way, called the Cowgate, connected with each other by several narrow closes and wynds, between dense clusters of houses. Most of these houses consist of a succession of flats, each being a separate dwelling, and of such flats there are seldom fewer than six, and sometimes ten or twelve, towering to an immense height, and rendered still more imposing from the manner and position in which they are built.

A striking object in the vicinity is the Canongate Tol-

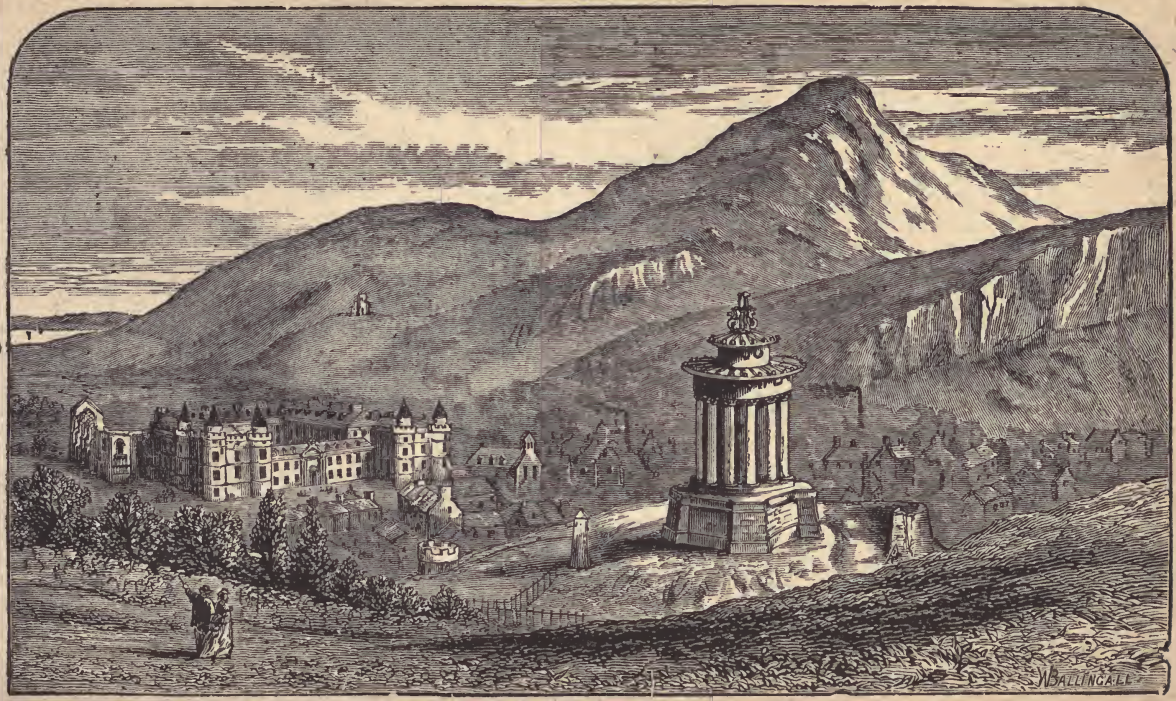
booth, with turrets and clock projecting from the front, on iron brackets, which have taken the place of the original carved oaken beams. Executions sometimes took place in front of this building; but a more frequent place of execution was the Girth Cross, near the foot of the Canongate. The citizens remained content with these confined limits until the North Bridge was erected, connecting the Old Town with the fields in the north, on which the New Town was beginning to be built. Shortly afterwards the line of this bridge was extended southwards, and thus a level was opened to the southern suburbs, which have since rivalled the New Town in rapid growth. The Nor' Loch was drained, and partially bridged over by the mound formed from the earth dug from the foundations of the New Town, and its situation is occupied by fine public and private gardens, which now lie in the centre of the city, and separate the New Town from the Old, where a military band plays every Thursday afternoon, to the delight of the citizens who promenade these gardens. The New Town being built with much regularity, in straight streets, and in squares and in crescents, with numerous gardens, contrasts with the crowded though picturesque masses of the Old Town. In recent years, however, great changes have been made, and several new streets have been opened through the most crowded and ruinous localities. Among the most interesting features of the city is the Castle, in which are shown the ancient regalia of Scotland, and Queen Mary's room, where King James was let down from the window in a

basket, and Queen Margaret's little chapel, which stands on the ramparts, close to which is "Mons Meg," said to be the oldest cannon in Great Britain. It is constructed of thick staves of wrought iron, with bands of the same material. Hundreds of visitors enter the Castle daily to see Queen Mary's room, the ancient regalia, and other subjects of great antiquity. Holyrood Palace, which contains Queen Mary's apartments, in which her bed-room is furnished just as it was when she occupied it; and the blood-stained boards in the hall, where Rizzio was murdered, is plainly yet to be seen. The Bank of Scotland, recently rebuilt; the Scott Monument in Princes Street gardens, Heriot and Donaldson's Hospital, the Post-Office, the National Gallery, the University and Museum of Science and Art, and hotels of Princes Street and George's Street.

These are places of great resort, and well worthy of a visit from the tourist or stranger.

But the New Town has two great features about which all are agreed. We need hardly say that these are Princes Street and the Calton Hill. Princes Street extends along the gardens, from Calton Hill to the West End, and is the principal and most beautiful street in the city. Near Calton Hill stands Burns' Monument, which is a circular building, with columns and cupola; it has all the outward appearance of a tomb, so one is rather startled to find it tenanted by a "canny Scot,"—a live one,—who presides, with becoming sepulchral gravity, over a two-penny show of miscellaneous trumpery connected with Robert Burns.

In October, I went to Dunoon, on a visit to an old



HOLYROOD PALACE AND BURNS' MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.

friend of mine, who was discharged soon after our arrival from Jamaica. I went by the Caledonian Railway to Glasgow, thence to Greenock, and by boat to Dunoon, where I enjoyed myself in one of the most frequented sea-bathing places and summer resorts in the West of Scotland. It is situated in the south-west of Argyleshire, on the west side of the Firth of Clyde, nine miles west of Greenock. A village existed here from a very early date, but a new, well-built town, with fine villas around, has of late years sprung up. Dunoon Castle, of which only a small portion now remains, stood on a conical hill near the pier, and was once a Royal Palace and strong fortress. The Argyll family once lived here, but the building became a ruin over a century ago. After a week's pleasure, fishing, bathing, and boating, I bade my friend farewell; after thanking him much for his attention and kindness to me during my visit, I left for Edinburgh Castle, where I arrived at 6 p.m.

The 2nd Battalion 6th Royal Regiment was stationed in Edinburgh Castle over twelve months, when they got the route for Aldershot camp, on the 30th May, 1868. Previous to the regiment leaving, I got my discharge on the 26th May, 1868, after twenty one years' service of Her Majesty.

Away with my firelock!
Here, take my red coat!
On military glories,
No longer I'll dote.

No daring adventures
  Shall rise in my breast;
The old soldier subsides,
  And ambition's at rest.

Nor will ever the sound
  Of the trumpet or drum
Warn the broken soldier
  Of fierce battles to come.

So hie for the land
  Where the green maples grow,
Where the beaver and muskrat
  Find a home in the snow.

I parted with the 6th Regiment and my red coat with the deepest sorrow, and lost my regimental home and friends. I afterwards went to Dalkeith, a pensioner and civilian, and was employed as mess-man to the Duke of Buccleuch's regiment of militia, the "Duke's Canaries," during their training. This town is about seven miles from Edinburgh, stands near the junction of the North and South Esk, and is a station of the North British Railway. It chiefly consists of one main street. It is one of the largest grain markets in Scotland, with a large and commodious market hall. Dalkeith Palace, the chief seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, is a large, square structure overhanging the North Esk, amid fine grounds, in which the Esks flow and unite. The Duke's chapel stands within the palace grounds. While in Dalkeith, I received two encouraging letters from Canada, one from my sister and the other from my nephew, advising me to come to Canada.

After the training was over, I sold out my furniture by auction, and proceeded by the North British Railway to Glasgow, where I took an intermediate passage for Canada for my wife, daughter and myself, on board the steamship *St. Andrew*, Captain Scott, one of the Allan line, which was to sail on Tuesday, 14th July, 1868, for Quebec, This left us five days to wait in Glasgow, during which time I took the opportunity of visiting many interesting places in this industrial metropolis of Scotland, and one of its largest and most important cities. It is situated on the Clyde, in Lanarkshire. This river divides the north from the south side of the city, and is crossed by five bridges, much admired for their light and graceful architecture, and suspension bridges besides. Below the bridges ferry-boats ply at all hours. The city has somewhat a smoky aspect, while many of the streets are continually thronged with passengers, and noisy carts, cabs, and omnibuses. In other respects it has many attractions.

The houses facing the river stand well back, leaving spacious thoroughfares on each side, and affording full and noble views of the bridges, and of the harbour with its steam-funnels and forests of masts ; most of the leading streets run from east to west, parallel to the river, and almost all the streets are laid off in straight lines. The houses are generally lofty, and built of freestone; the floors of each tenement, being occupied by separate families, are entered by a common stairs.

Many of the public buildings deserve notice. The Cathedral is one of the finest churches in Scotland. The

Royal Exchange, on Queen street, several of the banks and many of the churches, likewise present fine specimens of architecture in a variety of styles.

The several equestrian statues include those of William III., at the Cross, the Duke of Wellington, in front of the Royal Exchange, and Queen Victoria, in George's Square. In the Green, there is an obelisk 144 feet high, to Nelson, forming a conspicuous object in the landscape. In George's Square there is a statue of Sir Walter Scott, a fine statue of Sir John Moore, a statue of James Watt, and a statue of Sir Robert Peel. Charitable institutions and benevolent societies abound. There are several theatres and museums, and numerous halls in which soirees and concerts are held nightly during the winter.

The wealthier inhabitants migrate to the coast in shoals during the summer, and cheap Saturday excursions by river and rail, are extensively taken advantage of by the working classes. To the north-west of the city is a botanic garden, which is thrown open every summer during the fair holidays, at a mere nominal charge. With the additional attractions of the conservatory, large numbers visit these gardens. There are several cemeteries in the vicinity, of which Sighthill is the most picturesque.

There are besides, four public parks, one in each quarter of the city, namely, the Green, occupying the level next the Clyde at the east end; Queen's Park, finely situated on a rising ground in the south; Kelvin Grove, rounding the face of the hill, crowned with noble terraces, and sloping down to the Kelvin, at the west end of the city.

Our time here was short; the ship sails at six o'clock this evening.

After paying the landlord at the George Hotel, we drove to the Broomielaw, where the ship lay alongside the wharf, when we went on board, and at 6.15 p.m. we sailed with the tide. As we steamed out slowly among the shipping in the harbour, the town of machinery and tall chimneys out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever, and never got uncoiled; the Clyde, as the tide receded, looked like a river that ran purple with ill-smelling dye, and vast piles of buildings full of windows, where there was a rattling and trembling all day long; and where the piston of the steam engine worked monotonously up and down in a state of madness. It was a lovely evening in July. The sun was throwing a hazy light across the landscape on either side of the Clyde as we proceeded; where rich golden harvest fields waved, and the perfume of a thousand flowers was wafted by the zephyrs, which sighed among the young leaves, and a thousand songsters sent forth their melody in joyous chorus. As we passed Greenock we could not help admiring the large rectangular buildings, containing an endless number of windows garnished with machinery, pipes puffing steam, and long chimneys vomiting smoke. As we steamed down, so narrow and crooked was the river in places that we ran aground at 7.15 p.m., when we had a delay until two tug steamers came and pulled us off, when we continued our course, and cast anchor off the tail of the bank at 8.15 p.m. Here

we were delayed until 2 p.m. next day, when we weighed anchor and steamed down the Firth of Clyde, with one hundred and seventy passengers on board, westerly, and a head wind, making eight knots an hour. The night was lovely, the clear, bright moon threw a silvery light athwart the face of the deep, glistening waters, as our ship dashed onwards, reaching Kingston at 10 a.m next day, where we cast anchor, and witnessed a regatta. The harbour was so crowded with yachts that we had to anchor at its mouth.

At 11 a.m. we weighed anchor again and were piloted outside of Howth. Passing the Isle of Man and calling at Moville in Lough Foyle, where we took the mails and more passengers on board. After some other preliminaries with the authorities on shore, we finally went to sea against a stiff head-wind that dashed the long swells of the broad Atlantic over our decks, and laid most of the passengers on their backs in the agony of sea-sickness.

Oh! what a miserable thing is a voyage at sea in rough weather. The ocean and sky are beautiful things when seen from green woods and waving meadows, or some solitary tower by some pebbly beach. But their picturesque effect loses its charms for want of contrast. After the first two or three days, however, the weather became more favourable and the sea calmer. Many of the passengers had got over their sea-sickness, but the eternal sameness of everything around grows every day less supportable. The monotony of the voyage, however,

was greatly diversified by the ship's doctor, whose amusing stories, funny anecdotes and puzzles (the latter were his own invention) had not only alleviated the agony of sea sickness to an amazing extent, but had the passengers in roars of laughter during the most of the voyage. He possessed the real faculty of a genuine story-teller. There was a wondrous aptitude in the way in which he would vary a tale or anecdote to suit the tastes of the audience, while his moralising invariably took the tone of a humoristic quiz on the company. When I think of his amusing stories, anecdotes, rich Scotch accent and gesture, without a smile upon his countenance when every bodyelse was in roars of laughter, I can scarcely restrain myself from again giving vent to immoderate laughter.

I will endeavour, for the edification of my gentle reader to recount, as near as I possibly can, one of the many thrilling stories which he related.

"Jus' afore the Crimean war broke out," commenced the doctor, "I've had the honour o' being an assistant surgeon on board H. M. ship *Terrible*, commonly ca'd *Black Sea Cat*. Weel dee I remember that same time, ma'sel' had na' o'er much o' the warl's-gear then, we were up the Caspian Sea. Sune after castin' anchor i' a cosie nook a pairty whilk consisted o' ma'sel', twa officers, an' twelve sailors an' marines were sent ashore by the skipper tae survey alang the valley o' the Volga. We took twa tents, rifles an' ammunition wi' three days' cooked rations. We advanced about three miles an' pitched our tents close by a clear stream whilk wimplined thro' a charmin' valley,

the picturesque appearance o' whilk was heightened by the surroundin' craigs an' chasms. After supper I lit ma pipe an' started off for a lang walk by the braes o' the river.

"'Sandy,' said Donald Beggbie tae ma'sel', 'if you're goin' frae a lang walk ye'd meikle need tae tak' yer rifle i' yer hand, frae ye dinna ken the number o' wild beasts that infect thae regions.'

"I hesitated for a moment deliberatin' on the proposition, but I concluded not tae encumber ma'sel' wi' it, sae aff I dawnerd quietly alang the river, till I fin' ma'sel' on the tap o' the highest peak enjoyin' ma smeek an' feastin' my een on the magnificent scenery aroun' as far as the ee could see. Some hundreds o' feet below I could hear the rushin' waters boundin' an' foamin' alang its rugged channel. While e'er an' anon the howls an' cries o' various wild beasts assailed my ears wi' a wierd feelin' o' solitude an' desolation; a' taegether the picture was grand but awe-inspirin'. While speculatin' on the picturesque scenery aroun' I was unconscious o' the flight o' time. Seein' that the sun was fast descendin' below the horizon I retraced my steps slowly towards ma camp, ruminatin' o'er ma past follies, when I was roused frae ma reverie by a low growl an' crashin' o' braken' branches amang the whins an' haggs. This startled me vera much, an' I quickened my pace. I hadna proceeded far afore anither growl much louder than the first warned me o' my danger. I therefore hurried on at a rapid pace, hopin' tae outstrip any wild animal that might be lurkin' i' the shrubs. In-

stinct tald me that I was pursued, when on lookin' ahint I discovered tae my horror a meikle grizzly bear followin' i' my fitsteps at a rampageous pace. The cauld perspiration poured aff me as I realized the extent o' my danger. Sairly did I regret my disregeerd for Donald's warnin', by no armin' ma'sel' wi' my rifle previous tae leavin' ma tent. But I hadna time for reflection for the bear was fast closin' on me. Weel mon I dinna ken fat tae dae, wild wi' terror I rin at the tap o' my speed roun' a stey brae whilk I wanted tae put atween ma'sel' an' bruin. For a short time I lost sight o' my pursuer an' began ta breathe mair freely. I rin alang the shelter o' thae craigs for some distance an' thocht that I had eluded my dreadfu' enemy. But bruin anticipatin' me, took a short cut an' cam' out on the paith afore me. Bewildered to deeth wi' fright I turned tae the left an' rin up a stey cliff at ma vera atmost speed, thinking tae evade the brute. By the time I reached the tap o' the craig the brute was clase ahint me, Mad wi' deep despair I seized a mickle stane about five pun's weight whilk lay at ma fit, the only ane I cauld fin' an' wap at him wi' a' my micht, straikin', the beast on the side w' a thud. A loud, angry growl was a' the effect the wap had on him. I hadna e'en a kebbie nar stane by ma tae defin masel' wi' but the ane I hurdled at him. I noo gav' up a' hope o' escape, thar I stood wi' the yawnin' precipice on ane side an' the grizzly bear on the ither. If a riever ha' pointed a loaded seven shooter at ma head, I wouldna ha'e felt half the terror that came o'er me. I could neither advance na' retreat, sae

thar I stood tremblin' an' glarin' at the beast waitin' for ma fate. I wasna kept lang i' suspense, for the bear giv' sic a loud growl whilk went thro' my brain as if pierced wi' a rifle bullet, gav' ane jump on his hin legs, wi' his mouth open, and seized ma'sel with his tusks at the same time sinkin' his lang tusks i' my shudher. I' the tussle that ensued we baith fell o'er the edge o' the cliff an' rolled doon hirdie girdie ane o'er the ither, about sixty feet. Luckily for me we landed on the ledge o' a rock whilk o'er-hung the deep chasm, I might ha'e bin mair seriously injured i' the descent only bruin hugged me vara closely in his embrace. While he was squeezin' me tae death i' his strong arms, wi' his tusks sank i' my shoudher, I betho' o' my skenedhu an' wi' the greatest difficulty I worked baith my hands doon atween me an' the brute, an' takin' out my skene by a superhuman effort, I opened it wi' my left hand. I then felt for a safe spot o' his baggie. Bad luck till the tailor that mad' yer breeks, fat a ticht fit he gav' ye, said I tae ma'sel as I plunged my sharp skenedhu intil his stamach an' ripped him open, whan wi' a deein bellow he relaxed his grip an' fell dead beside me. At the same time I fainted awa, I dinna ken hoo lang I lay there insensible. On survivin' a wee bit, I ken't the birr o' my pairty wha cam' after me aboon me on the tap o' the cliff.

"'Thar's bin a ficht here,' said one.

"'Some wild beast has attacked him.'

"'See here's whar they baith fell o'er.' said anither The next moment I heard my name ca'ed by Donald, I answered him as loud as I was able.

" 'What's the matter, Sandy, whar are thee laddie,' ' said he.

" 'Ah ! mon come doon afore I dee,' said I as loud as I could hollow. They clambered doon alang the side o' the steep brae an' foun' ma'sel' awfu' bad wi' pain, lyin' alang side the dead bear. They then houket some zig-zag steps wi' a pick an' shovel one o' the pairty had fetched frae the tent on first discoverin' my position. Then wi' their assistance I herpled up the steps, I was taken tae the tent, awfu' bad wi' a sarkfu'-o'-sair-bones, thence on boord o' ship whar I lay on ma back for many a lang day ere I recovered. Fever ha'in' set in consequent o' the scaur an' the fearful scaith i' my shoulder, tagither wi' many ithar scoups an' the squeezin' the beast gav' me. When I recovered ye wouldna hae known me I looked sae scranky. Ne'er sin' ha'e I disregeerded a comrade's warnin' whilk i' this case would ha'e saved me frae a fearfu' adventure,"

The doctor's story drew forth immense applause from the audience.

On Sunday, the 26th, we sighted St. Peter's light, Newfoundland, the coast of which looked bare and barren with heaps of snow on the hills. Next day we passed a small village called Port Basque, which is the telegraph station of the Atlantic Cable from Ireland via Heart's Content, thence to Cape Breton and to Nova-Scotia. As we sailed up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the sea became calm, all hands got well of their sea-sickness, and were in good spirits, with excellent appetites.

Wednesday 29th steamed along the coast of Lower Canada, but a thick fog came on which caused much delay. However, now and then the fog cleared away for a short time as it were to let us have a bird's-eye view of the country on either side of us. The houses were all white and built of wood. The land for the most part appeared covered with thick forests; but near the villages were some spots cleared and under cultivation which were green with either grass or crops After a pleasant voyage of fifteen days, we arrived at Quebec, on the 30th July, where we took the express train to Montreal, and put up at the Albion Hotel. The scenery along the line of the railway seemed to me so strange; the country was covered with wood; wherever I looked there was wood. Next morning we took the train for the ancient city of Kingston, where we stayed till next day, when we took the steamer *Bay of Quinté*, for Picton. The prospect along the banks of the beautiful Bay of Quinte was delightful; the evening being salubrious and pleasant I stayed on deck during the voyage; I was so enchanted with the wild landscape and picturesque scenery, which produced the most enjoyable panoramic view imaginable.

On arrival at Picton, I had a delightful holiday visiting my relatives, who drove me all over the county of Prince Edward, and introduced me to their acquaintances, who manifested the greatest friendship and consideration towards me. Picton, being most charmingly situated on a gently rising ground at the head of the Bay of Quinte, afforded myself as well as many other strangers and lovers

of the picturesque, who visit this favoured locality during the summer months, much pleasurable delight during our walks and drives, consequent on the excellent roads, shady avenues and long sweeping vistas, which abound throughout the country, especially those leading towards the famous Sand Banks, where thousands of excursionists and pic-nic parties regale themselves on the green turf, beneath the wide spreading branches of pine groves, and other coniferous trees, which abound in close proximity to this famous locality. The Sand Banks themselves are deserving of mention in this category. Like the pyramids of Egypt, as you approach them the eye becomes bewildered as you gaze on their vast proportions. For miles along the shores of Lake Ontario, where the storms of medieval ages have been rearing these Sand Banks to an immense height, their appearance, however, are greatly enhanced as you approach them, in consequence of their whiteness glistening in the summer sun, somewhat resembling snow-capped mountains, when seen in the distance. A visit to them never fails to impress the tourist or excursionist with a feeling of pleasurable delight. Like the Toboggan slides in winter, these Banks afford a similar amusement in summer, for the lovers of exhilarating exercise and wholsome amusement, especially the young people of both sexes, who climb to the summit, and roll down to their base. The sand is so clean and white that instead of soiling one's clothes, it cleans them beautifully. In close propinquity to these Sand Banks, are excellent facilities for boating, fishing, and bathing; and besides, the

hotel accommodation cannot be surpassed at any fresh-water summer resort in Canada.

There are many other natural curiosities proximate to Picton, amongst the foremost of these is the far-famed Lake on the mountain, where the bay steamers call twice daily during the summer months, and land their precious freight of pleasure seekers.

Space will not admit of a more definite description of Picton and its environs; suffice it to say that I became so captivated with this charming locality, that I settled down in Picton, and adopted it as my future home.

About four p.m., the 29th May, 1879, His Excellency the Right Honourable the Marquis of Lorne, and His Royal consort, Princess Louise, arrived at Kingston, for the purpose of laying the corner-stone of the Queen's College, having been invited for that purpose by Dr. Grant, the Principal of the Queen's University. On arrival, the Royal guests were received by the corporation and other civic dignitaries, professors, and officers of the Royal Military College. A Royal salute was fired from Fort Henry.

After the singing of "God save the Queen" by over one thousand little children, the Mayor read the address of welcome to the Royal guests, which was graciously responded to by his Excellency in a loud, clear, and distinct voice. After which a procession was formed, and the Vice-Regal party entered their carriage, which was drawn by four horses with postilions, and escorted by a troop of cavalry. The procession moved off amid loud cheering from the citizens, who lined the streets, which were

beautifully decorated with splendid arches, appropriate mottoes, and evergreens. The Princess looked very much pleased, and bowed most graciously to the delighted crowd. His Excellency and the Princess alighted from their carriage at Mr. Geo. A. Kirkpatrick's house, where they were guests.

In the evening His Excellency and the Princess held a drawing-room in the City Hall, which was beautifully illuminated, and fitted up with swords and bayonets, forming most exquisite designs and mottoes tastefully arranged.

Next day His Excellency and H. R. H. Princess Louise laid the corner-stones, one on each side of the front entrance of the Queen's College, and planted two trees, one of maple and the other of birch, in front of the entrance to the college, after which the degree of L.L.D. was conferred on the Marquis by the Chancellor, who delivered to him the diploma, which was a beautiful work of art, being embossed on parchment in India ink and gold, with Royal Arms, and the crest of the noble House of Argyll, within a chaste and elaborate border of the scenery, views, and buildings of the city. Tuesday morning, the Vice-Regal party left Kingston, by the steamer *Spartan, en route* for Quebec. As the steamer moved out from the wharf, a royal salute was fired from Fort Henry, and the citizens cheered heartily. His Excellency and the Princess Louise most graciously bowed their acknowledgments, and seemed delighted with their reception at Kingston.

LINES ON THE OCCASION OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE VISITING KINGSTON.

Of a Royal Princess we now can boast,
And drink a health and loyal toast
To QUEEN VICTORIA, whom God may spare,
Who honoured Canada with her daughter fair.

From deceitful enemies or their foes,
May God the Royal couple keep in sweet repose ;
And let other nations see that this fair land
Can uphold Royalty with heart and hand.

Kingston, fair city of the thousand isles,
Where the noble St. Lawrence so gently smiles ;
With its Royal Military College of much renown,
And the grand old buildings of this ancient town.

Though this city much of limestone smell,
There are British hearts that ever swell
To respond to Royalty, and one so fair,
As the Princess Louise who visited there.

Was e'er such honour paid Kingston before,
As a Princess and Marquis inside their door ?
The honour paid her was much deserved,
For she stood true and loyal when others swerved.

With the noble Marquis, and fair Louise,
The loyal Kingstonians were much pleased ;
At their reception the Mayor did preside,
With the city aldermen on either side.

To welcome loyally those we love so dear,
And show our loyalty in old Kingston here,
For we Kingstonians are all sworn,
To stand together—aye, for Lorne.

T. FAUGHNAN.

So now here, in the quiet, but picturesque town of Picton, Ont., I must give my gentle reader the parting hand of fellowship. We had a long, and I hope, interesting journey, from my enlistment to my discharge; I trust not an unprofitable one. We have travelled over the ground of battle scenes, of blood, carnage and slaughter during that memorable campaign of the Crimean war; stood on the hoary ruins of palaces, mosques, and temples. We have seen Egypt and that great and terrible Lybian desert; we have been around, inside and on the summit of the mighty pyramids, and gazed in wonder and awe at their vast proportions. We have seen the ruins of fallen empires and broken altars, and the paraphernalia of idolatrous worship preserved in tombs and sarcophagi of the ancient kings, and felt the vanity of human greatness. Our time together has passed pleasantly; we part, I trust, mutual friends, and so ends the story of an old soldier, who only asks your pardon for the many defects and weaknesses in this simple narrative, and who also hopes it may amuse the young and old, and show them that a steady, sober, and well-conducted man will ever get on well and be happy in the service of Her Most Gracious Majesty, whom God may long preserve, is the prayer of her humble and dutiful pensioner,

THOMAS FAUGHNAN.

PICTON, 1886.

THE YOUNG HUSSAR;

OR,

LADY IRIS'S ADVENTURE.

A THRILLING MILITARY NARRATIVE OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE,

BY

THOMAS FAUGHNAN, Cr. Sergt. 6th Royal Regt.,

AUTHOR OF "STIRRING INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER."

The facts of the above story having come under my observation while on active service in the Army, and feeling, like most Irishmen, an inexhaustible store of fun and buoyancy of spirit within me, led me to believe that I could further contribute to the Public a truthful story not only abounding in facetious effusions but which will, I am sure, cause a hearty laugh at very little expense.

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